COLIN CLOVTS
COME HOME AGAINE.

By *Edm. Spencer.*

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TO THE RIGHT VVORTHY and noble Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Captaine of her Maieſties Guard, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of the Countie *of Cornwall.*

SIR, that you may ſee that I am not alwaies idle as yee thinke, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether vndutifull, though not preciſely officious; I make you preſent of this ſimple Paſtorall, vnworthy of your higher conceipt for the meaneneſſe of the ſtile, but agreeing with the truth in circumſtance and matter. The vvhich I humbly beſeech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite debt in which I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden vnto you (for your ſingular fauours, and ſundry good turnes ſhewed to me at my late being in England) and with your good countenaunce protect againſt the malice of euill mouthes, which are alwaies wide open to carpe at and miſconſtrue my ſimple meaning. I pray continually for your happineſſe. From my houſe at Kilcolman, the 27. of December. 1591.

Yours euer humbly.

Ed. Sp.

COLIN CLOVTS
come home againe.

THE ſhepheards boy (beſt knowen by that name)
That after TITYRVS firſt ſung his lay,
Laies of ſweet loue, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his cuſtome was) vpon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe vnto his peres,
The ſhepheard ſwaines that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedy liſtfull eares,
Did ſtand aſtoniſht at his curious skill,
Like hartleſſe Deare, diſmaid with thunders ſound.
At laſt, when as he piped had his fill,
He reſted him: and ſitting then around,
One of thoſe groomes (a iolly groome was hee,
As euer piped on an oaten reed,
And lou'd this ſhepheard deareſt in degree,
Hight HOBBINOLL) gan thus to him areed:
COLIN, my liefe, my life, how great a loſſe
Had all the ſhepheards nation by thy lacke?
And I, poore ſwaine, of many, greateſt croſſe:
That ſith thy Muſe firſt ſince thy turning back
Was heard to ſound as ſhe was wont on hie,
Haſt made vs all ſo bleſſed and ſo blythe.
Whilſt thou waſt hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to waile full many a ſythe,
And all their birds with ſilence to complaine:
The fields with faded flowers did ſeeme to mourne,
And all their flocks from feeding to refraine:
The running waters wept for thy returne,
And all their fiſh with languour did lament:
But now both woods, and fields, and floods reviue,
Sith thou art come, their cauſe of meriment,
That vs late dead, haſt made againe aliue:
But were it not too painefull to repeate
The paſſed fortunes which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,
Now at thy leiſure them to vs to tell.
To whom the ſhepheard gently anſwered thus,
HOBBIN, thou tempteſt me to that I couet:
For of good paſſed, newly to diſcus,
By double vſurie doth twiſe renew it.
And ſince I ſaw that Angels bleſſed eye,
Her worlds bright ſun, her heauens faireſt light,
My mind full of my thoughts ſatietie,
Doth feed on ſweet contentment of that ſight:
Since that ſame day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling haue in any earthly pleaſure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes ſole bliſſe, my hearts eternall treaſure,
Wake then my pipe, my ſleepie Muſe awake,
Till I haue told her praiſes laſting long:
HOBBIN deſires, thou maiſt it not forſake,
Harke then ye iolly ſhepheards to my ſong.
With that, they all gan throng about him neare,
With hungry eares to heare his harmonie:
The whiles their flocks, deuoid of dangers feare,
Did round about them feede at libertie.
One day (quoth he) I ſate (as was my trade)
Vnder the foote of MOLE, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my ſheepe amongſt the cooly ſhade,
Of the greene alders by the MVLLARS ſhore:
There a ſtrange ſhepheard chaunſt to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whoſe pleaſing ſound yſhrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight: himſelfe he did ycleepe,
The ſhepheard of the OCEAN by name,
And ſaid he came far from the main-ſea deepe.
He ſitting me beſide in that ſame ſhade,
Prouoked me to play ſome pleaſant fit.
And when he heard the muſicke which I made,
He found himſelfe full greatly pleaſd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he tooke in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many,
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill hee cond)
Himſelfe as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip't, I ſung: and when he ſung, I piped,
By change of turnes, each making other mery,
Neither enuying other, nor enuied,
So piped we, vntill we both were wearie.
There interrupting him, a bonny ſwaine,
That CVDDY hight, him thus atweene beſpake:
And ſhould it not thy ready courſe reſtraine,
I would requeſt thee COLIN, for my ſake,
To tell what thou didſt ſing, when he did play.
For well I weene it worth recounting was,
Whether it were ſome hymne, or morall lay,
Or caroll made to praiſe thy loued Laſſe.
Nor of my loue, nor of my Laſſe, quoth he,
I then did ſing, as then occaſion fell:
For loue had me forlorne, forlorne of me,
That made me in that deſart chooſe to dwell.
But of my riuer BREGOGS loue I ſoong,

Which to the ſhiny MVLLA he did beare,
And yet doth beare, and euer will, ſo long
As water doth within his banks appeare.
Of fellowſhip, ſaid then that bonny Boy,
Record to vs that louely lay againe:
The ſtay whereof, ſhall nought theſe eares annoy,
Who all that COLIN makes, do couet faine.
Heare then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In ſort as I it to that ſhepheard told:
No leaſing new, nor Grandams fable ſtale,
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.
Old father MOLE, (MOLE hight that mountain gray
That walls the Northſide of ARMVLLA dale)
He had a daughter freſh as flowre of May,
Which gaue that name vnto that pleaſant vale;
MVLLA the daughter of old MOLE, ſo hight
The Nymph, which of that water courſe has charge,
That ſpringing out of MOLE, doth run downe right
To BVTTEVANT, where ſpreading forth at large,
It giueth name vnto that auncient Cittie,
Which KILNEMVLLAH cleped is of old:
Whoſe cragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To trauellers, which it from farre behold.
Full faine ſhe lou'd, and was belou'd full faine.
Of her owne brother riuer, BREGOG hight,
So hight becauſe of this deceitfull traine,
Which he with MVLLA wrought to win delight.
But her old ſire, more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did thinke to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which ALLO hight, Broad-water called farre:
And wrought ſo well with his continuall paine,
That he that riuer for his daughter wonne:
The dowre agreed, the day aſsigned plaine,
The place appointed where it ſhould be donne.
Nath'leſſe the Nymph her former liking held;
For loue will not be drawne, but muſt be ledde,
And BREGOG did ſo well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got, her firſt to wedde.
But for her father ſitting ſtill on hie,
Did warily ſtill watch which way ſhe went,
And eke from farre obſeru'd with iealous eye,
Which way his courſe the wanton BREGOG bent,
Him to deceiue for all his watchfull ward,
The wily louer did deuiſe this ſlight:
Firſt into many parts his ſtreame he ſhar'd,
That whilſt the one was watcht, the other might
Paſſe vneſpide to meet her by the way;
And then beſides, thoſe little ſtreames ſo broken,
He vnder ground ſo cloſely did conuay,
That of their paſſage doth appeare no token,
Till they into the MVLLAES water ſlide.
So, ſecretly did he his loue enioy:
Yet not ſo ſecret but it was deſcride,
And told her father by a ſhepheards boy.
Who wondrous wroth for that ſo foule deſpight,
In great auenge did roll downe from his hill
Huge mightie ſtones, the which encomber might
His paſſage, and his water-courſes ſpill.
So of a Riuer, which he was of old,
He none was made, but ſcattred all to nought,
And loſt emong thoſe rocks into him rold,
Did loſe his name: ſo deare his loue he bought.
Which hauing ſaid, him THESTYLIS beſpake,
Now by my life, this was a mery lay:
Worthy of COLINS ſelfe, that did it make.
But read now eke of friendſhip I thee pray,
What dittie did that other ſhepheard ſing?
For I doe couet moſt the ſame to heare,
As men vſe moſt to couet forraine thing.
That ſhall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His ſong was all a lamentable lay,
Of great vnkindneſſe, and of vſage hard,
Of CYNTHIA the Lady of the Sea,
Which from her preſence, faultleſſe him debard.
And euer and anon with ſingults riſe,
He cried out, to make his vnderſong,
Ah my loues Queene, and Goddeſſe of my life,
Who ſhall me pittie, when thou dooſt me wrong?
Then gan a gentle boy laſſe to ſpeake,
That MARTIN hight, Right well he ſure did plaine,
That could great CYNTHIAES ſore diſpleaſure break,
And moue to take him to her grace againe.
But tell on further COLIN, as befell
Twixt him and thee, that thee did hence diſſwade.
When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of ſinging made,
He gan to caſt great liking to my lore,
And great diſliking to my luckleſſe lot,
That baniſht had my ſelfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waſte, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leaue, thenceforth he counſeld mee,
Vnmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his CYNTHIA to ſee:
Whoſe grace was great, & bountie moſt rewardfull.
Beſides her peerleſſe skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did farre excell:
Such as the world admyr'd, and praiſed it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perſwaded forth with him to fare:
Nought tooke I with me, but mine oaten quill,
Small needments elſe need ſhepheards to prepare.
So to the ſea we came; the ſea? that is,
A world of vvaters heaped vp on hie,
Rolling like mountaines in wide wilderneſſe,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarſe cry.
And is the ſea, quoth CORIDON, ſo fearefull?
Feareful much more, quoth he, then hart can feare:
Thouſand wilde beaſts, with deep mouthes gaping dire
Therin ſtill wait, poore paſſengers to teare. (full,
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with feare,
And yet would liue with heart halfe ſtony cold,
Let him to ſea, and he ſhall ſee it there.
And yet as ghaſtly dreadfull as it ſeemes,
Bold men, preſuming life for gaine to ſell,
Dare tempt that gulfe, and in thoſe wandring ſtreames
Seeke waies vnknowne, waies leading downe to hell.
For as we ſtood there waiting on the ſtrond,
Behold, an huge great veſſell to vs came,
Dauncing vpon the waters back to lond,

As

As if it ſcorned the danger of the ſame;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and fraile,
Glewed together with ſome ſubtile matter,
Yet had it armes and wings, and head and taile,
And life to moue it ſelfe vpon the water.
Strange thing, how bold & ſwift the monſter was,
That neither car'd for wind, nor haile, nor raine,
Nor ſwelling waues, but thorough them did paſſe
So proudly, that ſhe made them roare againe.
The ſame aboord vs gently did receaue,
And without harme, vs farre away did beare,
So farre, that land our mother vs did leaue,
And nought but ſea and heauen to vs appeare.
Then hartleſſe quite and full of inward feare,
That ſhepheard I beſought to me to tell,
Vnder what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I ſaw no liuing people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that ſame was the Regiment
Of a great ſhepheardeſſe, that CYNTHIA hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then, quoth I, a ſhepheardeſſe ſhe bee,
Where be the flocks and heards, which ſhe doth keepe?
And where may I the hills and paſtures ſee,
On which ſhe vſeth for to feed her ſheepe?
Theſe be the hills, quoth he, the ſurges hie,
On which faire CYNTHIA her heards doth feed:
Her heards be thouſand fiſhes with their frie,
Which in the boſome of the billowes breed.
Of them the ſhepheard which hath charge in chiefe,
Is TRITON, blowing loud his wreathed horne:
At ſound whereof, they all for their reliefe
Wend to and fro at euening and at morne.
And PROTEYS eke with him does driue his heard
Of ſtinking Seales and Porcpiſces togither,
With hoary head and deawie dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he liſt, and whither.
And I among the reſt of many leaſt,
Haue in the Ocean charge to me aſſigned:
Where I will hue or die at her beheaſt,
And ſerue and honour her with faithfull mind.
Beſides, an hundred Nymphs all heauenly borne,
And of immortall race, do ſtill attend, (ſhorne,
To waſh faire CYNTHIAES ſheepe, when they be
And fold them vp, when they haue made an end.
Thoſe be the Shepheards which my CYNTHIA ſerue,
At ſea, beſide a thouſand moe at land:
For Land and ſea my CYNTHIA doth deſerue
To haue in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wondred much, till wondring more
And more, at length we land far off deſcride:
Which ſight much gladded me; for much afore
I feard, leaſt land we neuer ſhould haue eyde:
Thereto our ſhip her courſe directly bent,
As if the way ſhe perfectly had knowne.
We LYNDA paſſe; by that ſame name is ment
An Iland, which the firſt to Weſt was ſhowne.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the ſea in ieopardie,
And round about with mightie white rocks hemd,
Againſt the ſeas encroching crueltie.

Thoſe ſame the ſhepheard, told me, were the fields
In which dame CYNTHIA her land-heards fed,
Faire goodly fields, then which ARMYLLA yeelds
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The firſt to which we nigh approched, was
An high head-land, thruſt far into the ſea,
Like to an horne, whereof the name it has,
Yet ſeem'd to be a goodly pleaſant lea:
There did a loftie mount at firſt vs greet,
Which did a ſtately heape of ſtones vpreare,
That ſeemd amid the ſurges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which vs did beare:
There did our ſhip her fruitfull wombe vnlade,
And put vs all aſhore on CYNTHIAS land.
What land is that thou meanſt, then CYDDY ſaid,
And is there other, then whereon we ſtand?
Ah CYDDY, then quoth COLIN, thou's a fon,
That haſt not ſeene leaſt part of Natures worke:
Much more there is vnkend, then thou dooſt ken,
And much more that does from mens knowledge lurke.
For that ſame land much larger is then this,
And other men and beaſts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corne, faire trees, freſh herbage is,
And all things elſe that liuing creatures need.
Beſides, moſt goodly riuers there appeare,
No whit inferiour to thy FYNCHINS praiſe,
Or vnto ALLO, or to MYLLA cleare:
Nought haſt thou fooliſh boy ſeene in thy daies.
But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
And is their heauen likewiſe there all one?
And if like heauen, be heauenly graces there,
Like as in this ſame world where we do won?
Both heauen and heauenly graces doe much more,
Quoth he, abound in that ſame land, then this,
For there all happy peace and plenteous ſtore
Conſpire in one to make contented bliſſe:
No wayling there nor wretchednеſſe is heard,
No bloodie iſſues, nor no leproſies,
No grieſly famine, nor no raging ſweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The ſhepheards there abroad may ſafely lie,
On hills and downes, withouten dread or danger;
No rauenous Wolues the good mans hope deſtroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the foreſt ranger.
There learned Arts do floriſh in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peereleſſe price:
Religion hath lay powre to reſt vpon her,
Aduauncing vertue, and ſuppreſſing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to vſe:
For God his gifts there plentiouſly beſtowes,
But graceleſſe men them greatly doe abuſe.
But ſay on further, then ſaid CORYLAS,
The reſt of thine aduentures, that betyded.
Forth on our voyage we by land did paſſe,
Quoth he, as that ſame ſhepheard ſtill vs guided,
Vntill that we to CYNTHIAS preſence came:
Whoſe glory, greater then my ſimple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatnes I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,

I would

I would her liken to a crowne of Lillies,
Vpon a virgin brides adorned head,
With Roſes dight, and Goolds and Daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the Rainebowe bee;
Or like faire PHOEBES garlond ſhining new,
In which all pure perfection, one may ſee.
But vaine it is to thinke by paragone
Of earthly things, to iudge of things diuine:
Her power, her mercy, & her wiſedome, none
Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I baſe ſhepheard bold and blind,
Preſume the things ſo ſacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,
The image of the heauens in ſhape humane.
With that, ALEXIS broke his tale aſunder,
Saying, By wondring at thy CYNTHIAES praiſe:
COLIN, thy ſelfe thou mak'ſt vs more to wonder,
And her vpraiſing, dooſt thy ſelfe vpraiſe.
But let vs heare what grace ſhe ſhewed thee,
And how that ſhepheard ſtrange, thy cauſe aduaunced?
The ſhepheard of the Ocean (quoth he)
Vnto that Goddeſſe grace me firſt enhanced:
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her eare,
That ſhe thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it deſir'd at timely houres to heare,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.
For not by meaſure of her owne great mind,
And wondrous worth ſhe mott my ſimple ſong,
But ioyd that country ſhepheard ought could find
Worth harkening to, emongſt that learned throng.
Why? ſaid ALEXIS then, what needeth ſhee
That is ſo great a ſhepheardeſſe her ſelfe,
And hath ſo many ſhepheards in her fee,
To heare thee ſing, a ſimple ſilly Elfe?
Or be the ſhepheards which doe ſerue her laeſie?
That they liſt not their mery pipes apply,
Or be their pipes vntunable and craeſie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?
Ah nay, ſaid COLIN, neither ſo, nor ſo.
For better ſhepheards be not vnder skie,
Nor better able, when they liſt to blow
Their pipes aloude, her name to glorifie.
There is good HARPALVS, now woxen aged,
In faithfull ſeruice of faire CYNTHIA,
And there is CORIDON, but meanly waged,
Yet ableſt wit of moſt I knowe this day.
And there is ſad ALCYON, bent to mourne,
Though fit to frame an euerlaſting dittie,
Whoſe gentle ſpright for DAPHNES death doth tourn
Sweet layes of loue, to endleſſe plaints of pittie.
Ah penſiue boy purſue that braue conceipt,
In thy ſweet Eglantine of MERIFLVRE,
Lift vp thy notes vnto their wonted height,
That may thy Muſe and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is PALIN, worthy of great praiſe,
Albe he enuie at my ruſticke quill:
And there is pleaſing ALCON, could he raiſe
His tunes from layes, to matter of more skill.
And there is old PALEMON, free from ſpight,
Whoſe carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himſelfe may rewed be more right,
That ſung ſo long vntill quite hoarſe he grew.
And there is ALABASTER throughly taught
In all his skill, though knowen yet to few:
Yet were he knowne to CYNTHIA as he ought,
His Eliſeis would be redde anew.
Who liues that can match that heroïck ſong,
Which he hath of that mightie Princeſſe made?
O dreaded Dread, doe not thy ſelfe that wrong,
To let thy fame lie ſo in hidden ſhade:
But call it forth, ô call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun:
That when he finiſht hath as it ſhould be,
No brauer Poeme can be vnder Sun.
Nor PO nor TYBVRS ſwans, ſo much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece ſo highly praiſed,
Can match that Muſe, when it with Bayes is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raiſed.
And there is a new ſhepheard late vp ſprong,
The which doth all afore him far ſurpaſſe:
Appearing well in that well tuned ſong,
Which late he ſung vnto a ſcornfull Laſſe.
Yet doth his trembling Muſe but lowely flie,
As daring not too raſhly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loues ſoft layes, and looſer thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly DANIELL,
And to what courſe thou pleaſe thy ſelfe aduaunce:
But moſt, me ſeemes, thy accent will excell,
In Tragicke plaints and paſſionate miſchance.
And there that ſhepheard of the OCEAN is,
That ſpends his wit in loues conſuming ſmart:
Full ſweetly tempred is that Muſe of his,
That can empierce a Princes mightie hart.
There alſo is (ah no, he is not now)
But ſince I ſaid he is, he quite is gone,
AMYNTAS quite is gone and lies full lowe,
Hauing his AMARILLIS left to mone.
Helpe, ô ye ſhepheards, helpe ye all in this,
Helpe AMARILLIS this her loſſe to mourne:
Her loſſe is yours, your loſſe AMYNTAS is,
AMYNTAS, flowre of ſhepheards pride forlorne:
He, whilſt he liued, was the nobleſt ſwaine,
That euer piped on an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintaine,
And eke could pipe himſelfe with paſſing skill.
And there, though laſt not leaſt is AETION,
A gentler ſhepheard may no where be found:
Whoſe Muſe, full of high thoughts inuention,
Doth like himſelfe heroïcally ſound.
All theſe, and many others moe remaine,
Now after ASTROFELL is dead and gone.
But while as ASTROFELL did liue and raigne,
Amongſt all theſe was none his Paragone:
All theſe do floriſh in their ſundry kind,
And doe their CYNTHIA immortall make:
Yet found I liking in her royall mind,
Not for my skill, but for that ſhepheards ſake.
Then ſpake a louely Laſſe, hight LVCIDA:
Shepheard, enough of ſhepheards thou haſt told,
Which fauour thee, and honour CYNTHIA,

But

But of ſo many Nymphs which ſhe doth hold
In her retinew, thou haſt nothing ſaid,
That ſeemes, with none of them thou fauour foundeſt,
Or art ingratefull to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deſerts reſoundeſt.
Ah far be it, quoth COLIN CLOVT, from me,
That I of gentle Mayds ſhould ill deſerue:
For that my ſelfe I doe profeſſe to be
Vaſſall to one, whom all my dayes I ſerue.
The beame of beautie ſparkled from aboue,
The flowre of vertue and pure chaſtitie:
The bloſſome of ſweet ioy and perfect loue,
The pearle of peereleſſe grace and modeſtie,
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my hart I nightly martyrize:
To her my loue I lowely do proſtrate,
To her my life I wholly ſacrifice,
My thought, my heart, my loue, my life is ſhee:
And I hers euer onely, euer one:
One euer I, all vowed hers to bee,
One euer I, and others neuer none.
Then thus MELISSA ſaid; Thrice happy Mayd,
Whom thou dooſt ſo enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleyes, thou haſt made
Her name to eccho vnto heauen hie.
But ſay, who elſe vouchſafed thee of grace?
They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praiſe: but in the higheſt place,
VRANIA, ſiſter vnto ASTROPELL,
In whoſe braue mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heauenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich then pearles of INDE, or gold of OPHER,
And in her ſex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne leſſe praiſe worthy I THEANA read,
Whoſe goodly beames though they be ouer-dight
With mourning ſtole of carefull widowhead,
Yet through that darkſome vale do gliſter bright.
She is the vvell of bountie and braue mind,
Excelling moſt in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Courts chiefe garlond, with all vertues dight.
Therefore great CYNTHIA her in chiefeſt grace
Doth hold, and next vnto her ſelfe aduance,
Well worthie ſhe of ſo honourable place:
For her great worth and noble gouernance.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy is her ſiſter deare,
Faire MARIAN, the Muſes onely darling:
Whoſe beautie ſhineth as the morning cleare,
With ſiluer deawe vpon the Roſes pearling.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy is MANSILIA,
Beſt knowne by bearing vp great CYNTHIAE traine:
That fame is ſhe to whom DAPHNAIDA
Vpon her neeces death I did complaine.
She is the patterne of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthy next after CYNTHIA to tread,
As ſhe is next her in nobilitie.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy GALATHEA ſeemes,
Then beſt of all that honourable crew,
Faire GALATHEA with bright ſhining beames,
Inflaming feeble eyes that her doe view.
She there then waited vpon CYNTHIA,
Yet there is not her won, but heere with vs
About the borders of our rich COSHMA,
Now made of MAA, the Nymph delitious.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy faire NEAERA is,
NEAERA, ours, not theirs, though there ſhe be,
For of the famous SHYRE, the Nymph ſhee is,
For high deſert, aduaunſt to that degree.
She is the bloſſome of grace and curteſie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the branch of true nobilitie,
Belou'd of high and lowe with faithfull harts.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy STELLA do I read,
Though nought my praiſes of her needed are,
Whom verſe of nobleſt ſhepheard lately dead
Hath praiſd and raiſd aboue each other ſtarre.
Ne leſſe praiſe-worthy are the ſiſters three,
The honour of the noble familie:
Of which I meaneſt boaſt my ſelfe to be,
And moſt, that vnto them I am ſo nie.
PHYLLIS, CHARILLIS, & ſweet AMARILLIS,
PHYLLIS the faire is eldeſt of the three:
The next to her is bountifull CHARILLIS.
But th'youngeſt is the higheſt in degree.
PHYLLIS, the flowre of rare perfection,
Faire ſpreading forth her leaues with freſh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflexion,
Bereaue of ſenſe each raſh beholders ſight.
But ſweet CHARILLIS is the Paragone
Of peerleſſe price, and ornament of praiſe,
Admyr'd of all, yet enuied of none,
Through the mylde temperance of her goodly raies.
Thrice happy doe I hold thee noble ſwaine,
The which art of ſo rich a ſpoile poſſeſt,
And it embracing deare without diſdaine,
Haſt ſole poſſeſſion in ſo chaſte a breſt:
Of all the ſhepheards daughters which there bee,
(And yet there be the faireſt vnder skie,
Or that elſewhere I euer yet did ſee)
A fairer Nymph yet neuer ſaw mine eye:
She is the pride and primroſe of the reſt,
Made by the Maker ſelfe to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high addreſt,
That is with ſparks of heauenly beautie fired.
But AMARILLIS, whether fortunate,
Or elſe vnfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from CVPIDS yoke by fate,
Since which, he doth new bands aduenture dread.
Shepheard what euer thou haſt heard to be
In this or that prayſd diuerſly apart,
In her thou maiſt them all aſſembled ſee,
And ſeald vp in the treaſure of her hart.
Ne thee leſſe worthy gentle FLAVIA,
For thy chaſte life and vertue I eſteeme:
Ne thee leſſe worthy curteous CANDIDA,
For thy true loue and loyaltie I deeme.
Beſides yet many mo that CYNTHIA ſerue,
Right noble Nymphs, & high to be commended.
But if I all ſhould praiſe as they deſerue,
This ſun would faile me ere I halfe had ended.
Therefore in cloſure of a thankfull mind,

I deeme

I deeme it beſt to hold eternally,
Their bountious deeds & noble fauours ſhrynd,
Then by diſcourſe them to indignifie.
So hauing ſaid, AGLAVRA him beſpake:
COLIN, well worthy were thoſe goodly fauours
Beſtowd on thee, that ſo of them dooſt make,
And them requiteſt with thy thankfull labours.
But of great CYNTHIAES goodneſſe and high grace
Finiſh the ſtorie which thou haſt begunne.
More eath, quoth he, it is in ſuch a caſe,
How to begin, then knowe how to haue done.
For euery gift, and euery goodly meed,
Which ſhe on me beſtowd, demaunds a day;
And euery day, in which ſhe did a deed,
Demaunds a yeere, it duly to diſplay.
Her words were like a ſtreame of honny fleeting,
The which doth ſoftly trickle from the hiue,
Able to melt the hearers hart vnweeting,
And eke to make the dead, againe aliue.
Her deeds were like great cluſters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
Offring to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of timely Wine.
Her lookes were like beames of the morning Sunne,
Forth-looking through the windowes of the Eaſt:
When firſt the fleecie cattell haue begun
Vpon the perled graſſe to make their feaſt.
Her thoughts are like the fume of Frankincence,
Which from a golden Cenſer forth doth riſe:
And throwing forth ſweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes vp to the vaulted skies.
There ſhe beholds with high aſpiring thought,
The cradle of her owne creation:
Emongſt the ſeats of Angels heauenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all forme and faſhion.
COLIN, ſaid CYDDY then, thou haſt forgot
Thy ſelfe, me ſeemes, too much, to mount ſo hie:
Such loftie flight, baſe ſhepheard ſeemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.
True, anſwered he: but her great excellence,
Lifts me aboue the meaſure of my might:
That beeing fild with furious inſolence,
I feele my ſelfe like one yrapt in ſpright.
For when I thinke of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to ſpeake it fitly forth:
And when I ſpeake of her what I haue thought,
I cannot thinke according to her worth.
Yet will I thinke of her, yet will I ſpeake,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death theſe vitall bands ſhall breake,
Her name recorded I will leaue for euer.
Her name in euery tree I will endoſſe,
That as the trees doe growe, her name may growe:
And in the ground each where will it engroſſe,
And fill with ſtones, that all men may it knowe.
The ſpeaking woods, & murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen termes to frame:
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for CYNTHIA by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongſt the ſhepheards daughters dauncing round,
My layes made of her ſhall not be forgotten,
But ſung by them with flowrie gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who ſo ye be, that ſhall ſurviue,
When as ye heare her memorie renewed,
Be witneſſe of her bountie here aliue,
Which ſhe to COLIN her poore ſhepheard ſhewed.
Much was the whole aſſembly of thoſe heards
Moov'd at his ſpeech, ſo feelingly he ſpake:
And ſtood awhile aſtoniſht at his words,
Till THESTYLIS at laſt their ſilence brake,
Saying, Why COLIN, ſince thou foundſt ſuch grace
With CYNTHIA, and all her noble crew:
Why didſt thou euer leaue that happy place,
In which ſuch wealth might vnto thee accrew?
And backe returnedſt to this barren ſoile,
Where cold and care and penurie doe dwell,
Here to keepe ſheepe, with hunger and with toile:
Moſt wretched he, that is and cannot tell.
Happy indeed, ſaid COLIN, I him hold,
That may that bleſſed preſence ſtill enioy,
Of fortune and of enuy vncontrold,
Which ſtill are wont moſt happy ſtates t'annoy:
But I by that which little while I prooued,
Some part of thoſe enormities did ſee,
The which in Court continually hooued,
And followd thoſe which happy ſeemd to bee.
Therefore I ſilly man, whoſe former dayes
Had in rude fields been altogether ſpent,
Durſt not aduenture ſuch vnknowen waies,
Nor truſt the guile of fortunes blandiſhment,
But rather choſe back to my ſheepe to tourne,
Whoſe vtmoſt hardneſſe I before had tride,
Then hauing learnd repentance late, to mourne
Emongſt thoſe wretches which I there deſcride.
Shepheard, ſaid THESTYLIS, it ſeemes of ſpight
Thou ſpeakeſt thus gainſt their felicitie,
Which thou enuieſt, rather then of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou dooſt ſpie.
Cauſe haue I none, quoth he, of cancred will
To quite them ill, that me demeand ſo well:
But ſelfe-regard of priuate good or ill,
Moues me of each, ſo as I found, to tell,
And eke to warne young ſhepheards wandring wit,
Which through report of that lifes painted bliſſe,
Abandon quiet home, to ſeeke for it,
And leaue their lambes to loſſe, miſled amiſſe.
For ſooth to ſay, it is no ſort of life,
For ſhepheard fit to lead in that ſame place,
Where each one ſeeks with malice and with ſtrife,
To thruſt downe other into foule diſgrace,
Himſelfe to raiſe: and he doth ſooneſt riſe
That beſt can handle his deceitfull wit,
In ſubtill ſhifts, and fineſt ſleights deuiſe,
Either by ſlaundring his well deemed name,
Through leaſings lewd, and fained forgerie:
Or elſe, by breeding him ſome blot of blame,
By creeping cloſe into his ſecrecie;
To which him needs, a guilefull hollow hart,
Masked with faire diſſembling curteſie,
A filed tongue, furniſht with tearmes of art;
No art of ſchoole, but Courtiers ſchoolery.

For

For arts of ſchoole haue there ſmall countenance,
Counted but toyes to buſie idle braines:
And there profeſſors find ſmall maintenance,
But to be inſtruments of others gaines.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Vnleſſe to pleaſe, it ſelfe it can apply:
But ſhouldred is, or out of doore quite ſhit,
As baſe, or blunt, vnmeet for melodie.
For each mans worth is meaſur'd by his weede,
As Harts by hornes, or Aſſes by their eares:
Yet Aſſes been not all whoſe eares exceed,
Nor yet all Harts, that hornes the higheſt beares.
For higheſt lookes haue not the higheſt mind,
Nor haughtie words moſt full of higheſt thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen vp with wind,
That beeing prickt doe vaniſh into noughts.
Euen ſuch is all their vaunted vanitie,
Nought elſe but ſmoke, that fumeth ſoone away:
Such is their glorie that in ſimple eye
Seeme greateſt, when their garments are moſt gay.
So they themſelues for praiſe of fooles doe ſell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall:
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchaſe higheſt roomes in bower and hall:
Whiles ſingle Truth and ſimple Honeſtie
Do wander vp and downe deſpyſd of all;
Their plaine attire ſuch glorious gallantry
Diſdaines ſo much, that none them in doth call.
Ah COLIN, then ſaid HOBBINOL, the blame
Which thou imputeſt, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honeſt mind might there be found at all.
For well I wot, ſith I my ſelfe was there,
To wait on LOBBIN (LOBBIN well thou kneweſt)
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As euer elſe in Princes Court thou vieweſt.
Of which, among you many yet remaine,
Whoſe names I cannot readily now gheſſe:
Thoſe that poore Suters papers doe retaine,
And thoſe that skill of medicine profeſſe.
And all thoſe that do to CYNTHIA expound
The ledden of ſtrange languages in charge:
For CYNTHIA doth in Sciences abound,
And giues to their profeſſors ſtipends large.
Therefore vniuſtly thou dooſt wite them all,
For that which thou miſlikedſt in a few.
Blame is, quoth he, more blameleſſe generall,
Then that which priuate errours doth purſew:
For well I wote, that there amongſt them be
Full many perſons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of ſpotleſſe honeſtie,
And for profeſſion of all learned arts,
Whoſe praiſe hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame doe light on thoſe that faultie be;
For all the reſt doe moſt what fare amis,
And yet their owne miſfaring will not ſee:
For either they be puffed vp with pride,
Or fraught with enuie, that their galls doe ſwell,
Or they their daies to idleneſſe diuide,
Or drowned lie in pleaſures waſtefull vvell,
In which like Moldwarps nouſling ſtill they lurke,
Vnmindfull of chiefe parts of manlineſſe,
And doe themſelues for want of other worke,
Vaine votaries of lacſie loue profeſſe,
Whoſe ſeruice high ſo baſely they enſew,
That CVPID ſelfe of them aſhamed is:
And muſtring all his men in VENVS view,
Denies them quite for ſeruitors of his.
And is loue then, ſaid CORYLAS, once knowne
In Court, and his ſweet lore profeſſed there?
I weened ſure he was our God alone:
And onely woond in fields and foreſts here.
Not ſo, quoth he, loue moſt aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windowes there are writ,
All full of loue, and loue, and loue my deare,
And all their talke and ſtudie is of it.
Ne any there doth braue or valiant ſeeme,
Vnleſſe that ſome gay Miſtreſſe badge he beares:
Ne any one himſelfe doth ought eſteeme,
Vnleſſe he ſwim in loue vp to the eares.
But they of Loue and of his ſacred lere,
(As it ſhould be) all otherwiſe deuiſe,
Then we poore ſhepheards are accuſtomd here,
And him doe ſue and ſerue all otherwiſe.
For with lewd ſpeeches and licentious deeds,
His mightie myſteries they doe prophane,
And vſe his idle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vaine.
So him they do not ſerue as they profeſſe,
But make him ſerue to them for ſordid vſes.
Ah my dread Lord, that dooſt liege harts poſſeſſe,
Auenge thy ſelfe on them for their abuſes.
But we poore ſhepheards, whether rightly ſo,
Or through our rudeneſſe into errour led,
Do make religion how we raſhly go,
To ſerue that God, that is ſo greatly dred:
For him the greateſt of the Gods we deeme,
Borne without Syre or couples, of one kind:
For VENVS ſelfe doth ſolely couples ſeeme,
Both male and female, through commixture ioynd.
So, pure and ſpotleſſe CVPID forth ſhe brought,
And in the gardens of ADONIS nurſt:
Where growing, he his owne perfection wrought,
And ſhortly was of all the Gods the firſt.
Then got he bowe and ſhafts of gold and lead,
In which ſo fell and puiſſant he grew,
That IOVE himſelfe his powre began to dread,
And taking vp to heauen, him godded new.
From thence he ſhootes his arrowes euery where
Into the world, at random as he will,
On vs fraile men, his wretched vaſſals heere,
Like as himſelfe vs pleaſeth ſaue or ſpill.
So we him worſhip, ſo we him adore,
With humble harts to heauen vp-lifted hie,
That to true loues he may vs euermore
Preferre, and of their grace vs dignifie:
Ne is there ſhepheard, ne yet ſhepheards ſwaine,
What-euer feeds in foreſt or in field,
That dare with euill deed or leaſing vaine,
Blaſpheme his power, or termes vnworthy yield.
Shepheard it ſeemes that ſome celeſtiall rage
Of loue, quoth CVDDY, is breath'd into thy breſt,

That

That powreth forth theſe oracles ſo ſage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art poſſeſt.
But neuer wiſt I till this preſent day,
Albe of loue I alwaies humbly deemed,
That he was ſuch an one, as thou dooſt ſay,
And ſo religiouſly to be eſteemed.
Well may it ſeeme by this thy deepe inſight,
That of that God the Prieſt thou ſhouldeſt bee:
So well thou wot'ſt the myſterie of his might,
As if his godhead thou didſt preſent ſee.
Of loues perfection perfectly to ſpeake,
Or of his nature rightly to define,
Indeed, ſaid COLIN, paſſeth reaſons reach,
And needs his prieſt t'expreſſe his powre diuine.
For long before the world he was y'bore,
And bred aboue in VENVS boſome deare:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appeare.
For how ſhould elſe things ſo far from attone,
And ſo great enemies as of them bee,
Be euer drawne together into one,
And taught in ſuch accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to couet heate,
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th'heauie downe to peize; the hungry t'eate,
And voidneſſe to ſeeke full ſatietie.
So beeing former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by little learne to loue each other:
So beeing knit, they brought forth other kinds,
Out of the fruitfull wombe of their great mother.
Then firſt gan heauen out of darkneſſe dread
For to appeare, and brought forth cheerfull day:
Next gan the earth to ſhewe her naked head,
Out of deepe waters which her drownd alway.
And ſhortly after, euery liuing wight
Crept forth like wormes out of their ſlimie nature,
Soone as on them the Suns like giuing light,
Had powred kindlie heat and formall feature,
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to loue,
And like himſelfe deſire for to beget,
The Lyon choſe his mate, the Turtle Doue
Her deare, the Dolphin his owne Dolphinet:
But man that had the ſparke of reaſons might,
More then the reſt to rule his paſſion,
Choſe for his loue the faireſt in his ſight,
Like as himſelfe was faireſt by creation.
For beautie is the bayt which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind,
Beautie, the burning lampe of heauens light,
Darting her beames into each feeble mind:
Againſt whoſe power, nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,
But being hurt, ſeeke to be medicind
Of her that firſt did ſtir that mortall ſtownd.
Then doe they cry and call to loue apace,
With prayers lowd importuning the skie,
Whence he them heares, & when he liſt ſhew grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwiſe would die.
So loue is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powrfull ſaw:
All beeing made the vaſſalls of his might,
Through ſecret ſenſe which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all louers of their Lord to deeme:
And with chaſte heart to honour him alway:
But whoſo elſe doth otherwiſe eſteeme,
Are out-lawes, and his lore doe diſobay.
For their deſire is baſe, and doth not merit
The name of loue, but of diſloyall luſt:
Ne mongſt true louers they ſhall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thruſt.
So hauing ſaid, MELISSA ſpake at will,
COLIN, thou now full deeply haſt diuin'd
Of loue and beautie, and with wondrous skill,
Haſt CVPID ſelfe depainted in his kind.
To thee are all true louers greatly bound,
That dooſt their cauſe ſo mightily defend:
But moſt, all vvemen are thy debtors found,
That dooſt their bountie ſtill ſo much commend.
That ill, ſaid HOBBINOLL, they him requite:
For hauing loued euer one moſt deare,
He is repayd with ſcorne and foule deſpite,
That yrkes each gentle heart which it doth heare.
Indeed, ſaid LVCID, I haue often heard
Faire ROSALINDE of diuers fowly blamed:
For beeing to that ſwaine too cruell hard,
That her bright glorie elſe hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cauſe had that faire Mayd
To vſe him ſo that loued her ſo well:
Or who with blame can iuſtly her vpbrayd,
For louing not? for who can loue compell?
And ſooth to ſay, it is foolehardie thing,
Raſhly to wyten creatures ſo diuine,
For demigods they be, and firſt did ſpring
From heauen, though graft in frailneſſe feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it ſpoken,
How one that faireſt HELENE did reuile:
Through iudgement of the gods to been ywroken,
Loſt both his eyes, and ſo remaind long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with trebble praiſe:
Beware therefore, ye groomes, I read betimes,
How raſhly blame of ROSALINDE ye raiſe.
Ah ſhepheards, then ſaid COLIN, ye ne weet
How great a guilt vpon your heads ye draw:
To make ſo bold a doome with words vnmeet,
Of thing celeſtiall, which ye neuer ſaw.
For ſhe is not like as the other crew
Of ſhepheards daughters which emongſt you bee,
But of diuine regard and heauenly hew,
Excelling all that euer ye did ſee.
Not then to her, that ſcorned thing ſo baſe,
But to my ſelfe the blame, that lookt ſo hie:
So hie her thoughts as ſhe her ſelfe haue place,
And loath each lowly thing with loftie eye.
Yet ſo much grace let her vouchſafe to grant
To ſimple ſwaine, ſith her I may not loue:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praiſe her worth, though far my wit aboue.
Such grace ſhall be ſome guerdon for the griefe,
And long affliction which I haue endured.
Such grace ſometimes ſhall giue me ſome reliefe,
And eaſe of paine which cannot be recured.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which doe see
And heare the languours of my too long dying,
Vnto the world for euer witnesse bee,
That here I die, sought to the world denying,
This simple trophee of her great conquest.

So, hauing ended, he from ground did rise,
And after him vprose eke all the rest:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skies,
Warned them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

FINIS.

ASTROPHEL.

A Pastorall Elegie vpon the death of the most Noble and valorous Knight, Sir Philip Sidney.

DEDICATED

To the most beautifull and vertuous Ladie, the Countesse of *Essex*.

ASTROPHEL.

SHepheards that wont on pipes of oaten reede,
Oft-times to plaine your loues concealed smart:
And with your pitious layes haue learnd to breed
Compasion in a country-lasses hart;
Harken ye gentle shepheards to my song,
And place my dolefull plaint, your plaints emong.

To you alone I sing this mournfull verse,
The mournfulst verse that euer man heard tell:
To you whose softned hearts it may empierse,
With dolours dart, for death of *Astrophel*.
To you I sing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they beene, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to heare, or couet them to read:
Thinke he, that such are for such ones most fit,
Made not to please the liuing, but the dead.
And if in him found pittie euer place,
Let him be moou'd to pittie such a case.

A Gentle Shepheard borne in ARCADY,
Of gentlest race that euer shepheard bore:
About the grassie banks of HAEMONY,
Did keepe his sheepe, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields, and ASTROPHEL he hight.

Young ASTROPHEL, the pride of shepheards praise,
Young ASTROPHEL, the rusticke Lasses loue:
Far passing all the Pastors of his dayes,
In all that seemely shepheard might behoue.
In one thing onely fayling of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest.

For from the time that first the Nymph his mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambes to feed,
A slender swaine, excelling farre each other,
In comely shape, like her that did him breed,
He grew vp fast in goodnesse and in grace,
And doubly faire wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle vsage, and demeanure mild:
That all mens harts with secret rauishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguild.
Ne spight it selfe, that all good things doth spill,
Found ought in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were faire, his ioyance innocent,
Sweet without sowre, and honny without gall:
And he himselfe seemd made for merriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightfull play,
When ASTROPHEL so-euer was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and caroll sweet,
Emongst the shepheards in their shearing feast:
As Sommers larke, that with her song doth greet
The dauning day, forth comming from the East.
And layes of loue he also could compose.
Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchsafe emongst his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
For her that did his hart with loue inflame.
For which they promised to dight, for him,
Gay chapelets of flowers and gyrlonds trim.

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brooke,
Soone as his oaten pipe began to shrill:
Both crystall wells and shadie groues forsooke,
To heare the charmes of his enchanting skill.
And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruite, if it were haruest time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood Gods for them often sighed sore:
Ne for their gifts, vnworthy of his wit,
Yet not vnworthie of the countries store.
For one alone he car'd, for one he sigh't,
His lifes desire, and his deare loues delight.

STELLA the faire, the fairest starre in skie,
As faire as VENVS, or the fairest faire:
(A fairer starre saw neuer liuing eye)
Shot her sharpe pointed beames through purest ayre,
Her he did loue, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his songs were all vpon her.

To her he vowd the seruice of his daies,
On her he spent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymnes of immortall praise,
Of onely her he sung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of loue he worthy deemed,
For all the rest but little he esteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
And verses vaine, (yet verses are not vaine)
But with braue deeds to her sole seruice vowed,
And bold atchieuements her did entertaine.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wise and hardie (too hardie alas)

In wrestling, nimble; and in running, swift;
In shooting, steddie; and in swimming, strong:
Well made to strike, to throw, to leape, to lift,
And all the sports that shepheards are emong.
In euery one, he vanquisht euery one,
He vanquisht all, and vanquisht was of none.

Besides, in hunting, such felicitie,
Or rather, infelicitie he found:
That euery field, and forest farre away,
He sought, where saluage beasts do most abound.
No beast so saluage but he could it kill,
No chace so hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with such courage as he had,
Did pricke him forth with proud desire of praise:
To seeke abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His Mistresse name, and his owne fame to raise.
What needeth perill so be sought abroad,
Sith round about vs, it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous game
In forraine soile pursued far away:
Into a forest wide and waste he came,
Where store he heard to be of saluage pray.
So wide a forest, and so waste as this,
Nor famous ARDENNE, nor fruitle ARLO is.

There his wel-wouen toyles and subtill traines
He laid, the brutish nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practise and with paines,
That he of them great troupes did soone entrap.
Full happy man (misweening much) was hee,
So rich a spoyle within his power to see.

Eftsoones all heedlesse of his dearest hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thrust,
To slaughter them, and worke their finall bale,
Least that his toyles should of their troupes be burst.
Wide wounds emongst them many one he made,
Now with his sharpe bore-speare, now with his blade.

His

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might scape (so partiall vnto none)
Ill mind, so much to mind anothers ill,
As to become vnmindfull of his owne.
But pardon that vnto the cruell skies;
That from himselfe to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongst that beastly rout,
A cruell beast of most accursed brood:
Vpon him turnd (despaire makes cowards stout)
And with fell tooth, accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischieuous might,
That it both bone and muscles rived quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deepe the wound,
And so huge streames of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured not the direfull stound,
But on the cold deare earth himselfe did throw:
The whiles the captiue heard his nets did rend,
And hauing none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his shepheard peares,
To whom aliue was nought so deare as hee?
And ye faire Maydes, the matches of his yeares,
Which in his grace did boast you most to bee?
Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
To stop his wound that wondrously did bleed?

Ah wretched boy! the shape of drerie head,
And sad ensample of mans sudden end:
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Vnpitied, vnplaynd, of foe or friend.
Whilst none is nigh, thine eye-lids vp to close,
And kisse thy lips like faded leaues of rose.

A sort of Shepheards sewing of the chace,
As they the forrest ranged on a day:
By fate or fortune came vnto the place,
Whereas the luckelesse boy yet bleeding lay:
Yet bleeding lay, and yet would still haue bled,
Had not good hap those shepheards thither led.

They stopt his wound (too late to stop it was)
And in their armes then softly did him reare:
Tho (as he wild) vnto his loued Lasse,
His deerest loue him dolefully did beare.
The dolefulst beare that euer man did see,
Was ASTROPHEL, but dearest vnto mee.

She when she sawe her loue in such a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her deare fauours dearely well adorned,
Her face, the fairest face that eye mote see,
She likewise did deforme, like him to bee.

Her yellowe locks, that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beames in fairest summers day:
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong,
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.
And her faire brest, the treasurie of ioy,
She spoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with teares, and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses suckt the wasting breath,
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and soft.
And oft she cald to him, who answerd nought,
But onely by his lookes did tell his thought.

The rest of her impatient regreet,
And pitious mone the which she for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can set,
But he whose hart like sorrow did inuade.
At last, when paine his vitall powres had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when she saw, she staied not awhit,
But after him did make vntimely haste:
Forth-with her ghost out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaste:
To proue that death their harts cannot diuide,
Which liuing were in loue so firmly tide.

The Gods which all things see, this same beheld,
And pittying this paire of louers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blew.
It first growes red, and then to blew doth fade,
Like ASTROPHEL, into that same was made.

And in the midst thereof a starre appeares,
As fairly formd as any starre in skyes:
Resembling STRELLA in her freshest yeeres,
Forth darting beames of beautie from her eyes,
And all the day it standeth full of deow,
Which is the teares, that from her eyes did flow.

That hearbe of some, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others, PANSIA, though not so well:
But thou, where euer thou doost find the same,
From this day forth doe call it ASTROPHEL.
And when soeuer thou it vp doost take,
Doe pluck it softly for that shepheards sake.

Heereof when tydings farr abroad did passe,
The shepheards all which loued him full deare
(And sure full deare of all he loued was)
Did thither flocke, to see what they did heare.
And when that pitious spectacle they vewed,
The same with bitter teares they all bedewed.

And euery one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguish, and great griefe oppreſt:
And euery one did weepe, and waile, and mone,
And meanes deuis'd to shew his sorrow best:
That from that houre since first on grassie greene
Shepheard kept sheepe, was not like mourning seene.

But first, his sister, that CLORINDA hight,
The gentlest shepheardesse that lines this day:
And most resembling both in shape and spright
Her brother deare, began this dolefull lay.
Which, least I marre the sweetnesse of the verse,
In sort as she it sung, I will rehearse.

AY me! to whom ſhall I my caſe complaine,
That may compaſſion my impatient griefe?
Or where ſhall I vnfold my inward paine,
That my enriuen heart may find reliefe?
Shall I vnto the heauenly powres it ſhow?
Or vnto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heauens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And workers of my vnremedied wo:
For they foreſee what to vs happens here,
And they foreſaw, yet ſuffred this be ſo.
From them comes good, from them comes alſo ill,
That which they made, who can them warne to ſpill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched bee,
And ſubiect to the heauens ordinance:
Bound to abide what euer they decree.
Their beſt redreſſe, is their beſt ſufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort mee,
The which no leſſe, need comforted to bee?

Then to my ſelfe will I my ſorrowe mourne,
Sith none aliue like ſorrowfull remaines:
And to my ſelfe my plaints ſhall back retourne,
To pay their vſury with double paines.
The woods, the hills, the riuers ſhall reſound
The mournfull accent of my ſorrowes ground.

Woods, hills and riuers, now are deſolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do waile their widow ſtate,
Sith death their faireſt flowre did late deface.
The faireſt flowre in field that euer grew,
Was ASTROPHEL; that was, we all may rew.

What cruell hand of curſed foe vnknowne,
Hath cropt the ſtalke which bore ſo faire a flowre?
Vntimely cropt, before it well were growne,
And cleane defaced in vntimely howre.
Great loſſe to all that euer him did ſee,
Great loſſe to all, but greateſt loſſe to mee.

Breake now your girlonds, ô ye ſhepheards laſſes,
Sith the faire flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to aſhes,
Neuer againe let Laſſe put girlond on.
In ſtead of girlond, weare ſad Cypres now,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne euer ſing the loue-layes which he made:
Who euer made ſuch layes of loue as hee?
Ne euer read the riddles, which he ſaid
Vnto your ſelues, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alaſſe is dead.

Death the deuourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my ioy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of ioyance, and left ſad annoy.
Ioy of the world, and ſhepheards pride was hee,
Shepheards hope, neuer like againe to ſee.

Oh Death that haſt vs of ſuch riches reft,
Tell vs at leaſt, what haſt thou with it done?
What is become of him whoſe flowre here left
Is but the ſhadow of his likeneſſe gone.
Scarſe like the ſhadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a ſhade did pas.

But that immortall ſpirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celeſtiall grace:
By ſoueraine choice from th'heauenly quires ſelect,
And lineally deriu'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread.
Aye me! can ſo diuine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it die,
But liues for aye, in blisfull Paradiſe:
Where like a new-borne babe it ſoft doth lie,
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wiſe,
And compaſt all about with Roſes ſweet,
And daintie Violets from head to feet.

There thouſand birds all of celeſtiall brood,
To him doe ſweetly caroll day and night:
And with ſtrange notes, of him well vnderſtood,
Lull him aſleepe in Angel-like delight;
Whilſt in ſweet dreame to him preſented bee
Immortall beauties, which no eye may ſee.

But he them ſees, and takes exceeding pleaſure
Of their diuine aſpects, appearing plaine,
And kindling loue in him aboue all meaſure,
Sweet loue, ſtill ioyous, neuer feeling paine.
For what ſo goodly forme he there doth ſee,
He may enioy from iealous rancor free.

There liueth he in euerlaſting blis,
Sweet ſpirit, neuer fearing more to die:
Ne dreading harme from any foes of his,
Ne fearing ſauage beaſts more crueltie.
Whilſt we heere wretches waile his priuate lack,
And with vaine vowes doe often call him back.

But liue thou there ſtill happy, happy ſpirit,
And giue vs leaue thee heere thus to lament:
Not thee that dooſt thy heauens ioy inherit,
But our owne ſelues, that heere in dole are drent.
Thus doe we weepe and waile, and weare our eyes,
Mourning in others, our owne miſeries.

Which when ſhe ended had, another ſwaine,
Of gentle wit, and daintie ſweet deuice:
Whom ASTROPHEL full deare did entertaine,
Whilſt heere he liu'd, and held in paſſing price;
Hight THESTYLIS, began his mournful tourne,
And made the Muſes in his ſong to mourne.

And after him full many other moe,
And euery one in order lou'd him beſt,
Gan dight themſelues t'expreſſe their inward woe,
With dolefull Layes vnto the time addreſt.
The which I here in order will rehearſe,
As fitteſt flowres to deck his mournfull hearſe.

Th.

The mourning Muſe of *Theſtylis*.

COme forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
forſake your watry bowres,
Forſake your moſsy caues,
and help me to lament:
Helpe me to tune my dolefull notes
to gurgling ſound
Of LIFFIES tumbling ſtreames:
Come let ſalt teares of ours,
Mixe with his waters freſh.
ô come, let one conſent
Ioyne vs to mourne with wailefull plaints
the deadly wound
Which fatall clap hath made;
decreed by higher powres.
The dreery day in which
they haue from vs yrent
The nobleſt plant that might
from Eaſt to Weſt be found.
Mourne, mourne, great PHILIP'S fall,
mourne we his wofull end.
Whom ſpightfull death hath pluckt
vntimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his yeares in flowre
did promiſe worthy fruite.
Ah dreadfull MARS!
why didſt thou not thy knight defend?
What wrathfull mood,
what fault of ours hath mooued thee
Of ſuch a ſhining light
to leaue vs deſtitute?
Thou with benigne aſpect
ſometime didſt vs behold,
Thou haſt in BRITONS valour
tane delight of old,
And with thy preſence oft
vouchſaft to attribute
Fame and renowne to vs
for glorious martiall deeds.
But now their irefull beames
haue chill'd our harts with cold,
Thou haſt eſtrang'd thy ſelfe,
and deigneſt not our land:
Farre off to others now,
thy fauour honour breeds,
And high diſdaine doth cauſe
thee ſhunne our Clime (I feare)
For hadſt thou not been wroth,
or that time neere at hand,
Thou wouldſt haue heard the cry
that wofull ENGLAND made,
Eke ZELANDS pitious plaints,
and HOLLANDS toren haire
Would haply haue appeaſd
thy diuine angry mind:
Thou ſhouldſt haue ſeene the trees
refuſe to yeeld their ſhade,
And wailing, to let fall
the honour of their head,
And birds in mournfull tunes
lamenting in their kind:
Vp from his tombe
the mightie CORINEVS roſe,
Who curſing oft the Fates
that this miſhap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
calling the heauens vnkind.
The THAMES was heard to roare,
the REYNE and eke the MOSA,
The SCHALD, the DANOVV felte
this great miſchance did rue,
With torment and with griefes
their fountaines pure and cleare
Were troubled, and with ſwelling floods
declar'd their woes.
The Muſes comfortleſſe,
the Nymphs with paled hue,
The SYLVAN Gods likewiſe
came running farre and neare,
And all with teares bedeawd,
and eyes caſt vp on hie,
O help, ô help ye Gods,
they ghaſtly gan to cry.
O change the cruell fate
of this ſo rare a wight,
And grant that Natures courſe
may meaſure out his age,
The beaſts their foode forſooke,
and trembling fearefully,
Each ſought his caue or den,
this cry did them ſo fright.
Out from amid the waues,
by ſtorme then ſtirr'd to rage,
This crie did cauſe to riſe
th'old father OCEAN hoare,
Who graue with eld,
and full of maieſtie in fight,
Spake in this wiſe;
Refraine, quoth hee, your teares & plaints,
Ceaſe theſe your idle words,
make vaine requeſts no more.

No humble ſpeech nor mone,
may moue the fixed ſtint
Of deſtinie or death:
Such is his will that paints
The earth with colours freſh;
the darkeſt skies with ſtore
Of ſtarry lights: And though
your teares a hart of flint
Might tender make,
yet nought heerein they will preuaile.
Whiles thus he ſaid,
the noble Knight, who gan to feele
His vitall force to faint,
and death with cruell dint
Of direfull dart
his mortall body to aſſaile,
With eyes lift vp to heau'n,
and courage franke as ſteele,
With cheerefull face,
where valour liuely was expreſt,
But humble mind, he ſaid;
O Lord, if ought this fraile
And earthly carkaſſe haue
thy ſeruice ſought t'aduance,
If my deſire haue been
ſtill to relieue th'oppreſt:
If iuſtice to maintaine
that valour I haue ſpent
Which thou me gau'ſt;
or if henceforth I might aduance
Thy name, thy truth,
then ſpare me (Lord) if thou think beſt
Forbeare theſe vnripe yeeres.
But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time
be come which thou haſt ſet,
Through pure and feruent faith,
I hope now to be plaſt
In th'euerlaſting bliſſe,
which with thy precious blood
Thou purchaſe didſt for vs.
With that a ſigh he fet,
And ſtraight a cloudie miſt
his ſenſes ouer-caſt,
His lips waxt pale and wan,
like damaske roſes bud
Caſt from the ſtalke,
or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languiſheth beeing ſhred
by culter as it paſt.
A trembling chilly cold
ranne through their veines, which were
With eyes brim-full of teares
to ſee his fatall howre,
Whoſe bluſtring ſighes
at firſt their ſorrow did declare,
Next, murmuring enſude;
at laſt they not forbeare
Plaine out-cries, all againſt
the heau'ns, that enuiouſly
Depriu'd vs of a ſpright
ſo perfect and ſo rare.
The Sun his lightſome beames
did ſhrowd, and hide his face
For griefe, whereby the earth
feard night eternally:
The mountaines each where ſhooke,
the riuers turnd their ſtreames,
And th'ayre gan winter-like
to rage and fret apace:
And griſly ghoſts by night were ſeene,
and fierie gleames,
Amid the cloudes
with claps of thunder, that did ſeeme
To rent the skies,
and made both man & beaſt afeard:
The birds of ill preſage
this luckleſſe chance fore-told,
By dernfull noiſe, and dogs
with howling made man deeme
Some miſchiefe was at hand:
for ſuch they doe eſteeme
As tokens of miſhap,
and ſo haue done of old.
Ah that thou hadſt but heard
his louely STELLA plaine
Her grieuous loſſe,
or ſeene her heauie mourning cheere,
While ſhe with woe oppreſt,
her ſorrowes did vnfold.
Her haire hung looſe neglect,
about her ſhoulders twaine,
And from thoſe two bright ſtarres,
to him ſometime ſo deere,
Her hart ſent drops of pearle,
which fell in foyſon downe
Twixt Lilly and the Roſe.
She wrong her hands with paine,
And pitiouſly gan ſay,
My true and faithfull pheere,
Alas, and woe is mee,
why ſhould my fortune frowne
On me thus frowardly
to rob me of my ioy?
What cruell enuious hand
hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content,
my comfort and my ſtay?
Thou onely waſt the eaſe
of trouble and annoy:
When they did me aſſaile,
in thee my hopes did reſt.
Alas, what now is left but griefe,
that night and day
Afflicts this wofull life,
and with continuall rage
Torments ten thouſand waies
my miſerable breſt?
O greedie enuious heau'n,
what needed thee to haue
Enricht with ſuch a Iewell
this vnhappy age,

To take it backe againe so soone?
Alas, when shall
Mine eyes see ought that may
content them, since thy graue
My onely treasure hides
the ioyes of my poore hart?
As here with thee on earth I liu'd,
euen so equall
Me thinks it were with thee
in heau'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all
we heere on earth did part,
So reason would that there
of thy most happy state
I had my share.
Alas, if thou my trustie guide
Were wont to be,
how canst thou leaue me thus alone
In darknesse and astrays
weake, wearie, desolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe,
refusing for to take
Me with thee, to the place of rest
where thou art gone.
This said, she held her peace,
for sorrow tide hir toong;
And insteed of more words,
seemd that her eyes a lake
Of teares had been, they flow'd
so plentiously therefro:
And with her sobs and sighes,
th'ayre round about her roong.
If VENVS when she waild
her deare ANCHISIADES,
Ought moou'd in thy fierce hart
compassion of her woe,
His noble fifteen plaints,
her sighes and teares emongs,
Would sure haue made thee build,
and inly rue hir paine:
AVRORA halfe so faire,
her selfe did neuer show,
When from old TITHONS bed,
shee weeping did arise.
The blinded archer-boy,
like Larke in showre of raine
Sate bathing of his wings,
and glad the time did spend
Vnder those cristall drops,
which fell from her faire eyes,
And at their brightest beames
him proynd in louely wise.
Yet sorie for her griefe,
which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,
and cleere those lights,
Those lights through which,
his glory and his conquests shine.
The Graces tuckt her haire,
which hung like threds of gold,
Along her Ivorie brest
the treasure of delights.
All things with her to weep,
it seemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales,
the caues, the stones so cold.
The ayre did helpe them mourne,
with darke clowds, raine and mist.
Forbearing many a day
to cleare it selfe againe,
Which made them estsoones feare
the dayes of PIRRHA should.
Of creatures spoile the earth,
their fatall threds vntwist.
For PHOEBVS gladsome raies
were wished for in vaine,
And with her quiuering light
LATONAS daughter faire,
And CHARLES-VVAINE cheerefull
to be the shipmans guide.
On NEPTVNE warre was made,
by AEOLVS and his traine,
Who letting loose the winds,
tost and tormented th'ayre,
So that on eu'ry coast
men shipwrack did abide,
Or else were swallowed vp
in open sea with waues,
And such as came to shoare,
were beaten with despaire.
The Medwaies siluer streames,
that wont so still to slide,
Were troubled now and wroth:
whose hidden hollowe caues
Along his banks with fog
then shrowded from mans eye,
Aye PHILIP did resound,
aye PHILIP they did cry.
His Nymphs were seene no more
(though custome still it craues)
With haire spread to the wind
themselues to bathe or sport,
Or with the hooke or net,
barefooted wantonly
The pleasant daintie fish
to entangle or deceiue.
The shepheards left
their wonted places of resort,
Their bagpipes now were still;
their louing merry layes
Were quite forgot; and now
their flocks, men might perceiue
To wander and to stray,
all carelesly neglect.
And in the stead of mirth,
and pleasure, nights and dayes,
Nought els was to be heard,
but woes, complaints and mone.
But thou (ô blessed soule)
doost haply not respect,
These teares we shead,
though full of louing pure aspect,

Hauing

Hauing affixt thine eyes
on that moſt glorious throne,
Where full of maieſtie
the high Creator raignes,
In whoſe bright ſhining face
thy ioyes are all complete,
Whoſe loue kindles thy ſpright;
where happy alwaies one,
Thou liu'ſt in bliſſe
that earthly paſſion neuer ſtaines;
Where from the pureſt ſpring
the ſacred Nectar ſweet
Is thy continuall drinke:
where thou dooſt gather now
Of well emploied life,
th' ineſtimable gaines.
There VENVS on thee ſmiles,
APOLLO giues thee place,
And MARS in reuerent wiſe
doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery ſphere,
to doe thee honour moſt.
In higheſt part whereof,
thy valour for to grace,
A chaire of gold he ſetts to thee,
and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew,
whereby euen they that boaſt
Themſelues of auncient fame,
as PYRRHVS, HANNIBALL,
SCIPIO and CAESAR,
with the reſt that did excell
n martiall proweſſe,
high thy glory do admire.
All haile therefore.
ô worthy PHILLIP immortall,
The flowre of SYDNEYS race,
the honour of thy name,
Whoſe worthy praiſe to ſing,
my Muſes not aſpire;
But ſorrowfull and ſad
theſe teares to thee let fall,
Yet wiſh their verſes might
ſo farre and wide thy fame
Extend, that enuies rage,
nor time might end the fame.

A Pa

A Paſtorall Æglogue vpon the death of Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight, &c.

Lycon.

COLIN, well ſits thy ſad cheare this ſad ſtownd,
This wofull ſtownd, wherein all things complaine
This great miſhap, this greeuous loſſe of owres.
Hear'ſt thou the OROVYN? how with hollow ſownd
He ſlides away, and murmuring doth plaine,
And ſeemes to ſay vnto the fading flowres,
Along his bankes, vnto the bared trees;
PHILLISIDES is dead. Vpiolly ſwaine,
Thou that with skill canſt tune a dolefull lay,
Helpe him to mourne. My hart with griefe doth freeſe,
Hoarſe is my voice with crying, elſe apart
Sure would I beare, though rude: But as I may,
With ſobs and ſighes I ſecond will thy ſong,
And ſo expreſſe the ſorrowes of my hart. (teach

COLIN. Ah LYCON, LYCON, what need skill to
A grieued mind poure forth his plaints? how long
Hath the poore Turtle gone to ſchoole (ween'ſt thou)
To learne to mourne her loſt Make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to waile.
Seeſt not theſe flocks, how ſad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In dolefull ſound. Like him, not one doth faile
With hanging head to ſhew a heauie cheare.
What bird, I pray thee, haſt thou ſeene, that prunes
Himſelfe of late? did any cheerfull note
Come to thine eares, or gladſome ſight appeare
Vnto thine eyes, ſince that ſame fatall howre?
Hath not the ayre put on his mourning coate,
And teſtified his griefe with flowing teares?
Sith then, it ſeemeth each thing to his powre
Doth vs inuite to make a ſad conſort;
Come let vs ioyne our mournfull ſong with theirs.
Griefe will endite, and ſorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and Eccho will our words report.

LYC. Though my rude rimes, ill with thy verſes
That others farre excell; yet will I force (frame,
My ſelfe to anſwere thee the beſt I can,
And honour my baſe words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou ſit
In ſecret ſhade or caue; vouchſafe, ô PAN,
To pardon me, and heare this hard conſtraint
With patience while I ſing, and pittie it:
And eke ye rurall Muſes, that doe dwell

Colin.

In theſe wilde woods; If euer pitious plaint
We did endite, or taught a wofull mind
With words of pure affect, his griefe to tell,
Inſtruct me now. Now COLIN then goe on,
And I will follow thee, though farre behind.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O harmful death;
O deadly harme. Vnhappy ALBION,
When ſhalt thou ſee emong thy ſhepheards all,
Any ſo ſage, ſo perfect? Whom vneath
Enuie could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberall;
Behold the ſacred PALES, where with haire
Vntruſt ſhe ſits, in ſhade of yonder hill.
And her faire face bent ſadly downe, doth ſend
A floud of teares to bathe the earth; and there
Doth call the heauens deſpightfull, enuious,
Cruell his fate, that made ſo ſhort an end
Of that ſame life, well worthy to haue been
Prolonged with many yeeres, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and ORIADES her round about
Doe ſit lamenting on the graſſie greene;
And with ſhrill cries, beating their whiteſt breſts,
Accuſe the direfull dart that death ſent out
To giue the fatall ſtroke. The ſtarres they blame,
That deafe or careleſſe ſeeme at their requeſt.
The pleaſant ſhade of ſtately grones they ſhun;
They leaue their cryſtall ſprings, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurell faire,
To ſport themſelues free from the ſcorching Sun.
And now the hollowe caues where horror darke
Doth dwell, whence baniſht is the gladſome aire
They ſeeke; and there in mourning ſpend their time
With wailefull tunes, whiles wolues do howle & barke,
And ſeeme to beare a burden to their plaint.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O dolefull rime:
Why ſhould my tongue expreſſe thee? who is left
Now to vphold thy hopes, when they doe faint,
LYCON vnfortunate? What ſpightfull fate,
What luckleſſe deſtinie hath thee bereft
Of thy chiefe comfort; of thy onely ſtay?
Where is become thy wonted happie ſtate,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleaſant woods, & many an vnknowne way;

Along

Along the banks of many ſiluer ſtreames,
Thou with him yodeſt; and with him didſt ſcale
The craggy rocks of th'Alpes and APPENINE?
Still with the Muſes ſporting, while thoſe beames
Of vertue kindled in his noble breſt,
Which after did ſo gloriouſly forth ſhine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All ſuddainly, and death hath them oppreſt.
Loe father NEPTVNE, with ſad countenance,
How he ſits mourning on the ſtrond now bare,
Yonder, where th'Ocean with his rolling waues
The white feete waſheth (wayling this miſchance)
Of DOVER-cliffes. His ſacred skirt about
The Sea-gods all are ſet; from their moiſt caues
All for his comfort gather'd there they be.
The THAMIS rich, the HVMBER rough & ſtout,
The fruitfull SEVERNE, with the reſt are come
To helpe their Lord to mourne, and eke to ſee
The dolefull ſight, and ſad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps paſſing through his kingdome.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With wofull ſhrikes ſalute him great and ſmall.
Eke wailefull Eccho, forgetting her deare
NARCISSVS, their laſt accents, doth reſound.

COL. PHILLISIDES is dead. O luckleſſe age;
O widow world; ô brookes and fountaines cleere;
O hills, ô dales, ô woods that oft haue rong
With his ſweet caroling, which could aſſwage
The fierceſt wrath of Tygre or of Beare.
Ye Syluans, Fawnes, and Satyres, that emong
Theſe thickets oft haue daunſt after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden haire,
That oft haue left your pureſt cryſtall ſprings
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all griefe and ſorrow from your harts.
Alas! who now is left that like him ſings?
When ſhall you heare againe like harmonie?
So ſweet a ſound, who to you now imparts?
Loe, where engraued by his hand yet lines
The name of STELLA, in yonder Bay tree.
Happy name, happy tree, faire may you grow,
And ſpred your ſacred branch, which honour giues,
To famous Emperours, and Poets crowne.
Vnhappy flocke that wander ſcattred now,
What maruell if through griefe ye woxen leane,
Forſake your foode, and hang your heads adowne?
For ſuch a ſhepheard neuer ſhall you guide,
Whoſe parting, hath of weale bereft you cleane.

LYC. PHILLISIDES is dead. O happy ſprite,
That now in heau'n with bleſſed ſoules dooſt bide:
Looke downe awhile from where thou ſitſt aboue,
And ſee how bare ſhepheards be to endite
Sad ſongs of griefe, their ſorrowes to declare,
And gratefull memory of their kind loue.
Behold my ſelfe with COLIN, gentle ſwaine
(Whoſe learned Muſe thou cheriſht moſt whyleare)
Where we thy names recording, ſeeke to eaſe,
The inward torment and tormenting paine,
That thy departure to vs both hath bred;
Ne can each others ſorrow yet appeaſe.
Behold the fountaines now left deſolate,
And withred graſſe with Cypres boughes beſpred,
Behold theſe flowres which on thy graue we ſtrew;
Which faded, ſhew the giuers faded ſtate,
Though eke they ſhew their feruent zeale and pure
Whoſe onely comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whoſe prayers importune ſhall the heau'ns for aye,
That to thy aſhes, reſt they may aſſure:
That learnedſt ſhepheards honour may thy name
With yeerely praiſes, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tombe may decke with freſh & ſweeteſt flowres;
And that for euer may endure thy fame.

COL. The Sun (lo) haſtned hath his face to ſteepe
In Weſtern waues; and th'ayre with ſtormie ſhowres
Warnes vs to driue homewards our ſilly ſheepe,
LYCON, let's riſe, and take of them good keepe.

Virtute ſumma: cætera fortuna.

L. B.

An

AN ELEGIE, OR FRIENDS PAS-sion, for his *Astrophell.*

VVritten vpon the death of the right Honourable Sir *Phillip Sydney, Knight, Lord Gouernour* of Flushing.

AS then, no winde at all there blew,
No swelling cloude, accloid the ayre,
The skie, like grasse of watchet hew,
Reflected PHOEBVS golden haire,
The garnisht tree, no pendant stird,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Beare,
The Lion King, the Elephant,
The maiden Vnicorne was there,
So was ACTEONS horned plant,
And what of wilde or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

ALCIDES speckled Poplar tree,
The palme that Monarchs doe obtaine,
With loue-inyce staind the Mulberie,
The fruite that dewes the Poets braine,
And PHILLIS philbert there away,
Comparde with Myrtle and the Bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorne,
With stately height threatning the skie,
And for the bed of Loue forlorne,
The blacke & dolefull Ebonie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Ampitheater.

Vpon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in od degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here PHILOMELL, that knowes ful well,
What force and wit in loue doth dwell.

The skie-bred Eagle, royall bird,
Percht there vpon an Oake aboue,
The Turtle by him neuer stird,
Example of immortall loue.
The Swan, that sings about to die,
Leauing MEANDER, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie:
And on a Ceader in this coast,
Built vp her tombe of spicerie,
As I conjecture by the flame,
Preparde to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groueling on the graue:
A man or stone, I knew not that,
No stone: of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More then the image made of stone.

At length, I might perceiue him reare
His body on his elbowe end:
Earthly and pale with gastly cheare,
Vpon his knees he vpward tend,
Seeming like one in Vncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grieuous sigh forthwith he throwes,
As might haue torne the vitall strings,
Then downe his cheekes the teares in flowes,
As doth the streame of many springs,
So thunder rends the cloud in twaine,
And makes a passage for the raine.

Incontinent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complaine,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And teare a diamond rocke in twaine.
After his throbs did some-what stay,
Thus heauily he gan to lay.

O tunne,

O sunne, said he, seeing the sunne,
On wretched me why doost thou shine?
My starre is falne, my comfort done,
Out is the apple of mine eine,
Shine vpon those possesse delight,
And let me liue in endlesse night.

O griefe that liest vpon my soule,
As heauie as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Consort me quickly with the dead,
Halfe of this hart, this sprite and will,
Di'de in the brest of ASTROPHILL.

And you compassionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beasts, and shadie trees,
I am assurde ye long to kno,
What be the sorrowes me agreeu's,
Listen ye then to that insu'th,
And heare a tale of teares and ruth.

You knew, who knew not ASTROPHILL,
(That I should liue to say I knew,
And haue not in possession still)
Things knowne permit me to renew:
Of him, you know his merit such,
I cannot say, you heare too much.

Within these woods of ARCADIE,
He chiefe delight and pleasure tooke,
And on the mountaine PARTHENIE,
Vpon the crystall liquid brooke,
The Muses met him eu'ry day,
That taught him sing, to write, and say.

When he descended downe the mount,
His personage seem'd most diuine,
A thousand graces one might count,
Vpon his louely cheerefull eine.
To heare him speake and sweetly smile,
You were in Paradise the while.

A sweet attractiue kind of grace,
A full assurance giuen by lookes,
Continuall comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospell bookes,
I trowe that count'nance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was neuer eye, did see that face,
Was neuer eare, did heare that tong,
Was neuer mind, did mind his grace,
That euer thought the trauell long:
But eyes, and eares, and eu'ry thought,
Were with his sweet perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare deserts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leaue vs than,
And we to wish for him in vaine,
O could the starres that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixed sit?

Then beeing fild with learned dew,
The Muses willed him to loue,
That instrument can aptly shew,
How finely our conceits will moue.
As BACCHVS opes dissembled harts,
So loue sets out our better parts.

STELLA, a Nymph within this wood,
Most rare and rich of heau'nly blis,
The highest in his fancie stood,
And she could well demerite this,
Tis likely they acquainted soone,
He was a Sun, and she a Moone.

Our ASTROPHILL did STELLA loue,
O STELLA vaunt of ASTROPHILL,
Albeit thy graces gods may moue,
Where wilt thou find and ASTROPHILL,
The rose and lillie haue their prime,
And so hath beautie but a time.

Although thy beautie doe exceede,
In common sight of eu'ry eie,
Yet in his Poesies when we reede,
It is apparant more thereby,
He that hath loue and judgement to,
Sees more than any others do.

Then ASTROPHILL hath honord thee,
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces shall eternall be,
And liue by vertue of his inke,
For by his verses he doth giue,
To short liude beautie, aye to liue.

Aboue all others, this is hee,
Which erst approued in his song,
That loue and honour might agree,
And that pure loue will doe no wrong.
Sweet saints, it is no sinne nor blame,
To loue a man of vertuous name.

Did neuer loue so sweetly breath
In any mortall brest before,
Did neuer Muse inspire beneath,
A Poets braine with finer store:
He wrote of loue with high conceit,
And beautie reard aboue her height.

Then PALLAS afterward attyrde,
Our ASTROPHILL with her deuice,
Whom in his armor heauen admyrde,
As of the nation of the skies,
He sparkled in his armes afarrs,
As he were dight with fiery starrs.

The blaze whereof when MARS beheld,
(An enuious eye doth see afar)
Such maiestie, quoth he, is seld,
Such maiestie my mart may mar,
Perhaps this may a suter be,
To set MARS by his deitie.

In this ſurmize he made with ſpeede
An Iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in cloudes doth breed.
The flame and bolt together ſhut,
With priuie force burſt out againe,
And ſo our ASTROPHIL was ſlaine.

This word (was ſlain) ſtraightway did moue,
And natures inward life-ſtrings twitch,
The skie immediatly aboue,
Was dimd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wraſtling winds frō out the ground,
Fild all the ayre with ratling ſound.

The bending trees expreſt a grone,
And ſigh'd the ſorrow of his fall,
The forreſt beaſts made ruthfull mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And PHILOMEL for ASTROPHIL,
Vnto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle Doue with tunes of ruth,
Shew'd feeling paſſion of his death,
Me thought ſhe ſaid, I tell the truth,
Was neuer he that drew in breath,
Vnto his loue more truſtie found,
Than he for whom our griefes abound.

The Swan that was in preſence heere,
Began his funerall dirge to ſing,
Good things, quoth he, may ſcarce appeere,
But paſſe away with ſpeedy wing.
This mortall life, as death is tride,
And death giues life, and ſo he di'de.

The generall ſorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phœnix where ſhe laid,
Her aſhes flying with the wind,
So as I might with reaſon ſee,
That ſuch a Phœnix nere ſhould bee.

Haply the cinders driuen about,
May breed an ofspring neere that kind,
But hardly a peere to that I doubt.
It cannot ſinke into my mind,
That vnder-branches ere can bee
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with pearcing ſight,
The mournfull habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To ſignifie to IOVE the caſe,
What ſorrow Nature doth ſuſtaine,
For ASTROPHILL, by enuie ſlaine.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,
The flight the Eagle vpward tooke,
All things did vaniſh by and by,
And diſappeared from my looke,
The trees, beaſts, birds, & groue was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This ſpectacle had firmly wrought,
A deepe compaſſion in my ſpright,
My molting hart iſſude, me thought,
In ſtreames forth at mine eyes aright,
And heere my pen is forſt to ſhrinke,
My teares diſcolour ſo mine inke.

An Epitaph vpon the right Honourable Sir *Philip Sidney*, Knight: Lord Gouernour of Flushing.

TO praiſe thy life, or waile thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, diuine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortall line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeale, though poore in learnings lore,
And friendly care obſcurde in ſecret breſt,
And loue that enuie in thy life ſuppreſt,
Thy deere life done, and death, hath doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and liuing ſtate,
Did onely praiſe thy vertues in my thought,
As one that fild the riſing Sun hath ſought,
With words and teares now waile thy timeleſſe fate.

Drawne was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor leſſe then ſuch (by gifts that Nature gaue,
The common mother that all creatures haue,)
Doth vertue ſhew, and princely linage ſhine.

A king gaue thee thy name, a kingly mind,
That God thee gaue, who found it now too deere
For this baſe world, and hath reſumde it neere,
To ſit in skies, and ſort with powers diuine.

Kent thy birth daies, and Oxford held thy youth,
The heauens made haſt, and ſtaid nor yeers, nor time,
The fruites of age grew ripe in thy firſt prime,
Thy will, thy words, thy words the ſeales of truth.

Great gifts and wiſedome rare imployd thee thence,
To treat from kings, with thoſe more great then kings,
Such hope men had to lay the higheſt things,
On thy wiſe youth, to be tranſported hence.

Whence, to ſharpe warres ſweet honour did thee call,
Thy countries loue, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the markes, the liues and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didſt thou vanquiſh ſhame and tedious age,
Griefe, ſorrow, ſicknes, and baſe fortunes might:
Thy riſing day, ſaw neuer wofull night,
But paſt with praiſe, from off this worldly ſtage.

Back to the campe, by thee that day was brought,
Firſt thine owne death, and after thy long fame;
Teares to the ſouldiers, the proud *Caſtilians* ſhame;
Vertue expreſt, and honour truly taught.

What hath he loſt, that ſuch great grace hath woon,
Young yeares, for endleſſe yeares, and hope vnſure
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that ſtill ſhall dure,
Oh happie race with ſo great praiſes runne.

England doth hold thy limmes that bred the ſame,
Flaunders thy valure, where it laſt was tried,
The Campe thy ſorrow, where thy bodie died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay vp thy loue,
Letters thy learning, thy loſſe, yeeres long to come,
In worthy harts ſorrow hath made thy tombe,
Thy ſoule and ſpright enrich the heauens aboue.

Thy liberall hart imbalm'd in gratefull teares,
Young ſighes, ſweet ſighes, ſage ſighes bewaile thy fall,
Enuie her ſting, and ſpight hath left her gall,
Malice her ſelfe, a mourning garment weares.

That day their HANNIBAL died, our SCIPIO fell,
SCIPIO, CICERO, & PETRARCH of our time,
Whoſe vertues wounded by my worthleſſe rime,
Let Angels ſpeake, and heauen thy praiſes tell.

An other of the ſame.

SIlence augmenteth griefe,
writing increaſeth rage,
Stald are my thoughts, which lou'd,
and loſt, the wonder of our age:
Yet quickned now with fire,
though dead with froſt ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I knowe not what:
dead, quick, I knowe not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,
and rigors teares abound,
And enuie ſtrangely rues his end,
in whom no fault ſhe found,
Knowledge her light hath loſt,
valor hath ſlaine her knight,
SIDNEY is dead, dead is my friend,
dead is the worlds delight.

Place penſiue wailes his fall,
whoſe preſence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebbe is come:
his life was my ſpring tide,
Fame mournes in that ſhe loſt
the ground of her reports,
Each liuing wight laments his lack,
and all in ſundry ſorts.

He was (wo worth that word)
to each well thinking mind,
A ſpotleſſe friend, a matchleſſe man,
whoſe vertue euer ſhind,
Declaring in his thoughts,
his life, and that he writ,
Higheſt conceits, longeſt foreſights,
and deepeſt works of wit.

He onely like himſelfe,
was ſecond vnto none,
Whoſe death (though life) we rue, and
and all in vaine doe mone, (wrong,
Their loſſe, not him waile they,
that fill the world with cries,
Death ſlew not him, but he made death
his ladder to the skies.

Now ſinke of ſorow I,
who liue, the more the wrong,
Who wiſhing death, whom death denies,
whoſe thred is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life,
who lookes for no reliefe,
Muſt ſpend my euer dying dayes,
in neuer ending griefe.

Harts eaſe and onely I,
like parallels runne on,
Whoſe equall length, keepe equall bredth,
and neuer meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him,
my thoughts, my ſorrowes cell,
Shall not run out, though leake they will,
for liking him ſo well.

Farewell to you my hopes,
my wonted waking dreames,
Farewell ſometimes enioyed ioy,
eclipſed are thy beames,
Farewell falſe-pleaſing thoughts,
which quietneſſe brings forth,
And farewell friendſhips ſacred league,
vniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,
the gift of guiltleſſe minds,
And all ſports, which for liues reſtore,
varietie aſſignes,
Let all that ſweet is void;
in me no mirth may dwell,
PHILLIP, the cauſe of all this woe,
my lifes content, farewell.

Now rime, the ſonne of rage,
which art no kin to skill,
And endleſſe griefe, which deads my life,
yet knowes not how to kill,
Goe ſeeke that hapleſſe tombe,
which if ye hap to find,
Salute the ſtones, that keepe the limmes,
that held ſo good a mind.

FINIS.

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which if ye hap to find,
Salute the ſtones, that keepe the limmes,
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FINIS.

PROTHALAMION

OR

A SPOVSALL VERSE: MADE by *Edmunde Spenſer*,

In honour of the double mariage of the two Honourable and vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Elizabeth*, and the Ladie *Katherine Somerſet*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earle of *Worceſter*: and eſpouſed to the two worthy Gentlemen, M. *Henry Gilford*, and M. *William Peter*, Eſquires.

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes*.
1611.

PROTHALA-MION.

CAlme was the day, & through the trembling ayre,
Sweet-breathing ZEPHYRVS did softly play
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot TITANS beames, which then did glyster faire:
When I, whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
In Princes Court, and expectation vaine
Of idle hopes, which still doe flie away,
Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my braine,
Walkt forth to ease my paine
Along the shoare of siluer streaming THEMMES,
Whose rutty Banke, the which his Riuer hemmes,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes,
Fit to decke maydens bowres,
And crowne their Paramours,
Against the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Riuers side,
A flock of Nymphes I chaunced to espy,
All louely daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks, all loose vntyde,
As each had been a Bryde,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:
And with fine fingers, cropt full featously
The tender stalkes on hie.
Of euery sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at euening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegroomes posies,
Against the Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that, I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe,
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did neuer see:
The snowe which doth the top of PINDVS strewe,
Did neuer whiter shewe,
Nor IOVE himselfe when he a Swan would be,
For loue of LEDA, whiter did appeare:
Yet LEDA was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That euen the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their faire plumes, with water not so faire,
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heauens light,
Against their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste, to see that siluer broode,
As they came floting on the christall Flood.
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill,
Them seem'd they neuer saw a sight so fayre,
Of Fowles so louely, that they sure did deeme
Them heauenly borne, or to be that same payre
Which through the Skie draw VENVS siluer Teeme,
For sure they did not seeme
To be begot of any earthly Seede,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
Yet were they bred of SOMMERS-HEAT, they say,
In sweetest Seafon, when each Flower and weed
The earth did fresh aray,
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Euen as their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,
Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which, vpon those goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waues did strew,
That like old PENEVS Waters they did seeme,
When down along by pleasant TEMPES shore (streem,
Scattred with Flowres, through THESSALY they
That they appeare through Lillies plentious store,
Like a Brides Chamber flore:

Two of thoſe Nymphes, meane-while two garlands bound,
Of freſheſt Flowres, which in that Mead they found,
The which preſenting all in trim Array,
Their ſnowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
Whil'ſt one did ſing this Lay,
Prepar'd againſt that Day,
Againſt their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds faire ornament,
And heauens glorie, whom this happy hower
Doth leade vnto your louers blisfull bower,
Ioy may you haue, and gentle hearts content
Of your loues couplement:
And let faire VENVS, that is Queene of loue,
With her hart-quelling Sonne vpon you ſmile,
Whoſe ſmile they ſay, hath vertue to remoue
All loues diſlike, and friendſhips faultie guile
For euer to aſſoile.
Let endleſſe Peace your ſtedfaſt hearts accord,
And bleſſed Plentie waite vpon your bord,
And let your bed with pleaſures chaſte abound,
That fruitfull iſſue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your ioyes redound,
Vpon your Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

So ended ſhe; and all the reſt around
To her redoubled that her vnderſong,
Which ſaid, their Bridale day ſhould not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did reſound.
So forth, thoſe ioyous Birdes did paſſe along,
Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
As he would ſpeake, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by ſignes his glad affection ſhow,
Making his ſtreame runne ſlow.
And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
Gan flocke about theſe twaine, that did excell
The reſt, ſo far, as CYNTHIA doth ſhend
The leſſer ſtarres. So they enranged well,
Did on thoſe two attend,
And their beſt ſeruice lend,
Againſt their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

At length, they all to merry LONDON came,
To merry LONDON, my moſt kindly Nurſe,
That to me gaue this Lifes firſt natiue ſourſe:
Though from another place I take my name,
An houſe of auncient fame.
There when they came, whereas thoſe bricky towres,
The which on THEMMES brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the ſtudious Lawyers haue their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there ſtands a ſtately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whoſe want too well now feeles my friendleſſe caſe:
But ah! heere fits not well
Old woes, but ioyes to tell
Againſt the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peere,
Great *Englands* glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whoſe dreadfull name, late through all *Spaine* did thun-
And HERCVLES two pillars ſtanding neere, (der,
Did make to quake and feare:
Faire branch of Honour, flower of Cheualrie,
That filleſt *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Ioy haue thou of thy noble victorie,
And endleſſe happineſſe of thine owne name
That promiſeth the ſame:
That through thy proweſſe and victorious armes,
Thy Country may be freed from forraine harmes:
And great ELIZAE glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarmes,
Which ſome braue Muſe may ſing
To ages following,
Vpon the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

From thoſe high Towers, this noble Lord iſſuing,
Like radiant HESPER, when his golden haire
In th'Ocean billowes he hath bathed faire,
Deſcended to the Riuers open viewing,
With a great traine enſuing.
Aboue the reſt were goodly to be ſeene
Two gentle Knights of louely face and feature
Beſeeming well the bower of any Queene,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for ſo goodly ſtature:
That like the twinnes of IOVE they ſeem'd in ſight,
Which decke the Bauldricke of the Heauens bright.
They two forth paſing to the Riuers ſide,
Receiu'd thoſe two faire Brides, their Loues delight,
Which at th'appointed tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Againſt their Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet THEMMES runne ſoftly, till I end my Song.

FINIS.

AMO-

AMORETTI
AND
EPITHALAMION.

VVritten by *Edmunde Spenſer.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

AMORETTI.

G. W. senior, to the Author.

DArke is the day, whē Phœbus *face is ſhrowded,*
And weaker ſights may wander ſoone aſtray:
But whē they ſee his glorious rayes vnclowded,
With ſteddy ſteps they keepe the perfect way:
So while this Muſe in forraine Land doth ſtay,
Inuention weepes, and pennes are caſt aſide,
The time like night, depriud of chearfull day,
And few doe write, but (ah) too ſoone may ſlide.
Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illuſtrate Englands fame,
Daunting therby our neighbors ancient pride,
That do for poeſie, challenge chiefeſt name:
So we that liue, and ages that ſucceed,
With great applauſe thy learned works ſhall reed.

AH Colin, whether on the lowly plaine,
Piping to ſhepheards thy ſweet roundelayes:
Or whether ſinging in ſome loftie vaine,
Heroicke deeds, of paſt, or preſent dayes:
Or whether in thy lonely Miſtreſſe praiſe,
Thou liſt to exerciſe thy learned quill, (pleaſe,
Thy Muſe hath got ſuch grace and power to
With rare inuention, beautified by skill:
As who therin can euer ioy their fill!
O therefore let that happy Muſe proceed
To clime the height of vertues ſacred hill,
Where endleſſe honour ſhal be made thy meed.
Becauſe no malice of ſucceeding daies,
Can raſe thoſe records of thy laſting praiſe.

G. W. I.

SONNET I.

HAppy ye leaues, when as thoſe lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
ſhall handle you, and hold in loues ſoft bands,
like captiues trembling at the victors ſight.
And happy lines, on which with ſtarry light,
thoſe lamping eyes will deigne ſometimes to looke
and reade the ſorrowes of my dying ſpright,
written with teares in harts cloſe bleeding booke
And happy rimes bath'd in the ſacred brooke,
of HELICON whence ſhe deriued is,
when ye behold that Angels bleſſed looke,
my ſoules long lacked foode, my heauens bliſ.
Leaues, lines, and rimes, ſeeke her to pleaſe alone,
Whom if ye pleaſe, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

VNquiet thought, whom at the firſt I bred,
of th' inward bale of my loue pined hart:
and ſithens haue with ſighes and ſorrowes fed,
till greater then my wombe thou woxen art:
Breake forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkeſt like to vipers brood:
and ſeeke ſome ſuccour both to eaſe my ſmart,
and alſo to ſuſtaine thy ſelfe with food.
But if in preſence of that faireſt proud
thou chance to come, fall lowely at her feet:
and with meeke humbleſſe and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if ſhe grant, then liue, and my loue cheriſh:
If not, die ſoone, and I with thee will periſh.

SONNET III.

THe ſoueraigne beautie which I doe admire,
witneſſe the world how worthy to be praiſed:
the light whereof hath kindled heauenly fire,
in my fraile ſpirit, by her from baſeneſſe raiſed;
That beeing now with her huge brightnes dazed,
baſe thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking ſtill on her, I ſtand amazed,
at wondrous ſight of ſo celeſtiall hew.
So when my tongue would ſpeake her praiſes dew,
it ſtopped is with thoughts aſtoniſhment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it rauiſht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my hart I then both ſpeake and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IIII.

NEw yeare forth looking out of IANVS gate,
doth ſeeme to promiſe hope of new delight:

and

and bidding th'old Adieu, his paſſed date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpiſh ſpright.
And calling forth out of ſad Winters night,
freſh loue, that long hath ſlept in cheerleſſe bower:
wils him awake, and ſoone about him dight
his wanton wings, and darts of deadly power.
For luſtie Spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth, him to receiue:
and warnes the Earth, with diuers colourd flowre
to decke her ſelfe, and her faire mantle weaue.
Then you faire flowre, in whom freſh youth doth raine,
Prepare your ſelfe, new loue to entertaine.

SONNET V.

RVdely thou wrongeſt my deare harts deſire,
in finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I doe moſt in her admire,
is of the world vnworthy moſt enuide.
For in thoſe loftie lookes is cloſe implide,
ſcorne of baſe things, & ſdeigne of foule diſhonor:
threatning raſh eyes which gaze on her ſo wide,
that looſely they ne dare to looke vpon her.
Such pride is praiſe, ſuch portlineſſe is honor,
that boldned innocence beares in her eyes:
and her faire countenance like a goodly banner,
ſpreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was neuer in this world ought worthy tride,
Without ſome ſparke of ſuch ſelfe-pleaſing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought diſmayd that her vnmoued mind
doth ſtill perſiſt in her rebellious pride:
ſuch loue not like to luſts of baſer kind,
the harder wonne, the firmer will abide.
The durefull Oake, whoſe ſap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceiue the kindling fire:
but when it once doth burne, it doth diuide
great heate, & makes his flames to heauen aſpire.
So hard it is to kindle new deſire,
in gentle breſt that ſhall endure for euer:
deepe is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chaſte affects, that nought but death can ſeuer.
Then thinke not long in taking little paine,
To knit the knot, that euer ſhall remaine.

SONNET VII.

FAire eyes, the myrrour of my mazed hart,
what wondrous vertue is containd in you,
the which both life and death forth from you dart
into the obiect of your mightie view?
For when ye mildly looke with louely hew,
then is my ſoule with life and loue inſpired:
but when ye lowre, or looke on me askew,
then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.
But ſince that life is more then death deſired,
looke euer louely, as becomes you beſt,
that your bright beams of my weak eies admired,
may kindle liuing fire within my breſt.
Such life ſhould be the honor of your light,
Such death the ſad enſample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MOre then moſt faire, full of the liuing fire,
kindled aboue vnto the maker neere:
no eyes but ioyes, in which all powers conſpire,
that to the world nought elſe be counted deare.
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded gueſt
ſhoote out his darts to baſe affections wound:
but Angels come to leade fraile minds to reſt
in chaſte deſires, on heauenly beautie bound.
You frame my thoughts, and faſhion me within,
you ſtop my tongue, and teach my hart to ſpeake,
you calme the ſtorme that paſſion did begin,
ſtrong through your cauſe, but by your vertue weake.
Darke is the world, where your light ſhined neuer;
Well is he borne, that may behold you euer.

SONNET IX.

LOng-while I ſought to what I might compare
thoſe powrefull eyes, which lighten my dark ſpright:
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
reſemble th'image of their goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they doe ſhine by night;
nor to the Moone: for they are changed neuer;
nor to the ſtarres: for they haue purer ſight;
nor to the fire: for they conſume not euer;
Nor to the lightning: for they ſtill perſeuer;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor vnto Cryſtall: for nought may them ſeuer;
nor vnto glaſſe: ſuch baſeneſſe mought offend her.
Then to the Maker ſelfe they likeſt bee,
Whoſe light doth lighten all that heere we ſee.

SONNET X.

VNrighteous Lord of loue, what law is this,
that me thou makeſt thus tormented be?
the whiles ſhe lordeth in licentious bliſſe
of her free-will, ſcorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyranneſſe doth ioy to ſee
the huge maſſacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captiues vnto thee,
that thou of them mayſt mightie vengeance take.
But her proud hart doe thou a little ſhake
and that high looke, with which ſhe doth controll
all this worldes pride bow to a baſer make,
and all her faults in thy blacke booke enroll:
That I may laugh at her in equall ſort,
As ſhe doth laugh at me, & makes my paine her ſport.

SONNET XI.

DAily when I doe ſeeke and ſue for peace,
and hoſtages doe offer for my truth:
ſhe cruell warriour doth her ſelfe addreſſe
to battell, and the wearie war renew'th.
Ne will be moou'd with reaſon or with ruth,
to grant ſmall reſpit to my reſtleſſe toile:
but greedily her fell intent purſu'th,
of my poore life to make vnpittied ſpoile.
Yet my poore life, all ſorrowes to aſſoile,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
but then ſhe ſeekes with torment and turmoile,
to force me liue, and will not let me die.

All

All paine hath end, and euery warr hath peace,
But mine, no price nor prayer may surcease.

SONNET XII.

ONe day I sought with her hart-thrilling eyes
to make a truce, and termes to entertaine:
all fearelesse then of so false enemies,
which sought me to entrap in treasons traine.
So, as I then disarmed did remaine,
a wicked ambush which lay hidden long,
in the close couert of her guilefull eyen,
thence breaking forth, did thricke about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt so strong,
was forst to yeeld my selfe into their hands:
who me captiuing straight with rigorous wrong,
haue euer since kept me in cruell bands.
So Lady, now to you I doe complaine,
Against your eyes, that iustice I may gaine.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her so goodly graceth,
whiles her faire face she reares vp to the skie:
and to the ground her eye-lids lowe embaceth,
most goodly temperature ye may descry,
Mild humblesse, mixt with awfull maiestie.
for looking on the earth whence she was borne,
her minde remembreth her mortalitie,
what so is fairest shall to earth returne.
But that same loftie countenance seemes to scorne
base thing, and thinke how she to heauen may clime:
treading downe earth, as lothsome and forlorne,
that hinders heauenly thoughts with drossie slime.
Yet lowly still vouchsafe to looke on me,
Such lowlinesse shall make you loftie be.

SONNET XIIII.

REturne againe my forces late dismayd,
vnto the siege by you abandon'd quite.
great shame it is to leaue, like one afrayd,
so faire a peece, for one repulse so light.
Gainst such strong castles needeth greater might
then those small forces, ye were wont belay:
such haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,
disdaine to yeeld vnto the first assay.
Bring therefore all the forces that yee may,
and lay incessant battery to her hart,
plaints, prayers, vowes, ruth, sorrow, and dismay,
those engins can the proudest loue conuert:
And if those faile, fall downe and die before her,
So dying liue, and liuing doe adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradefull Merchants, that with weary toyle,
doe seek most precious things to make your gaine:
and both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
what needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my loue doth in herselfe containe
all this worlds riches that may farre be found;
if Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies sound:
If Pearles, her teeth be pearles, both pure and round:
if Iuorie, her forhead Iuorie weene;
if Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
if Siluer, her faire hands are siluer sheene:
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adornd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONe day as I vnwarily did gaze
on those fayre eyes my loues immortall light:
the whiles my stonisht hart stood in a maze,
through sweet illusion of her lookes delight;
I mote perceiue how in her glancing sight,
legions of loues with little wings did flie:
darting their deadly arrowes fierie bright,
at euery rash beholder passing by.
One of those archers closely I did spy,
ayming his arrow at my very hart:
when suddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzell broke his misintended dart.
Had she not so done, sure I had been slaine,
Yet as it was, I hardly scap't with paine.

SONNET XVII.

THe glorious pourtraict of that Angels face,
made to amaze weake mens confused skill:
and this worlds worthlesse glory to embace,
what pen, what pensill can expresse her fill?
For though he colours could deuize at will,
and eke his learned hand at pleasure guide,
least trembling, it his workmanship should spill,
yet many wondrous things there are beside.
The sweet eye-glaunces, that like arrowes glide,
the charming smiles, that rob sense from the hart:
the louely pleasance, and the lofty pride,
cannot expressed be by any art.
A greater craftesmans hand thereto doth need,
That can expresse the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THe rolling wheele that runneth often round,
the hardest steele in tract of time doth teare:
and drizling drops that often doe redound,
the firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
and long intreatie, soften her hard hart:
that she wil once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
or looke with pitty on my paincfull smart.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,
and when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water:
and when I sigh, she sayes, I know the art,
and when I waile, she turnes herselfe to laughter.
So doe I weepe and waile, and plead in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remaine.

SONNET XIX.

THe merry Cuckowe, messenger of Spring,
his trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded:
that warnes all louers waite vpon their king,
who now is comming forth with girland crowned.

With

With noyſe whereof the quire of Birds reſounded
their anthemes ſweet deuized of loues praiſe,
that all the woods their Ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their layes.
But mongſt them all, which did Loues honour raiſe,
no word was heard of her that moſt it ought,
but ſhe his precept proudly diſobayes,
and doth his idle meſſage ſet at nought.
Therefore, ô loue, vnleſſe ſhe turne to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebell be.

SONNET XX.

IN vaine I ſeeke and ſue to her for grace,
and doe mine humble hart before her poure:
the whiles her foote ſhe in my necke doth place,
and tread my life downe in the lowly floure.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and raigneth ouer euery beaſt in field,
in his moſt pride diſdeigneth to deuoure
the ſilly Lambe that to his might doth yield.
But ſhe, more cruell and more ſaluage wilde,
then eyther Lyon, or the Lioneſſe:
ſhames not to be with guiltleſſe bloud defilde,
but taketh glory in her cruelneſſe.
Fairer then faireſt, let none euer ſay,
That ye were blooded in a yeelded pray.

SONNET XXI.

VVAs it the worke of Nature or of Art,
which tempred ſo the feature of her face,
that pride and meeknes mixt by equall part,
doe both appeare t'adorne her beauties grace?
For with mild pleaſance, which doth pride diſplace,
ſhe to her loue doth lookers eyes allure:
and with ſterne count'nance backe againe doth chace
their looſer lookes that ſtir vp luſtes impure,
With ſuch ſtrange traines her eyes ſhe doth inure,
that with one looke ſhe doth my life diſmay:
and with another doth it ſtraight recure,
her ſmile me drawes, her frowne me driues away.
Thus doth ſhe traine and teach me with her lookes,
Such art of eyes, I neuer read in bookes.

SONNET XXII.

THis holy ſeaſon, fit to faſt and pray,
men to deuotion ought to be inclind:
therefore, I likewiſe on ſo holy day,
for my ſweet Saint ſome ſeruice fit will find.
Her temple faire is built within my mind,
in which her glorious image placed is,
on which my thoughts doe day and night attend,
like ſacred prieſts that neuer thinke amis:
There I to her, as th'author of my blis,
will build an altar to appeaſe her ire,
and on the ſame my hart will ſacrifice,
burning in flames of pure and chaſte deſire:
The which vouchſafe, ô goddeſſe to accept,
Amongſt thy deereſt relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PENELOPE for her VLYSSES ſake,
deuiz'd a Web her wooers to deceaue:
in which, the worke that ſhee all day did make,
the ſame at night ſhe did againe vnreaue:
Such ſubtile craft my Damzell doth conceaue,
th'importune ſute of my deſire to ſhonne:
for, all that I in many daies doe weaue,
in one ſhort houre I find by her vndonne.
So when I thinke to end that I begonne,
I muſt begin and neuer bring to end:
for with one looke, ſhe ſpils that long I ſponne,
and with one word my whole yeares work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spyders web I find,
Whoſe fruitleſſe worke is broken with leaſt wind.

SONNET XXIIII.

WHen I behold that beauties wonderment,
and rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the onely complement,
I honour and admire the makers art.
But when I feele the bitter balefull ſmart,
which her faire eyes vnwares doe worke in mee:
that death out of their ſhiny beames doe dart,
I thinke that I a new PANDORA ſee;
Whom all the Gods in councell did agree,
into this ſinfull world from heauen to ſend:
that ſhe to wicked men a ſcourge ſhould bee,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But ſince ye are my ſcourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

HOw long ſhall this like dying life endure,
and know no end of her owne miſerie?
but waſte and weare away in termes vnſure,
twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and ſhew the laſt enſample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with crueltie,
to proue your powre, which I too well haue tride.
But yet if in your hardned breſt ye hide
a cloſe intent at laſt to ſhew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as meanes of blis I gladly will embrace;
And wiſh that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at laſt may turne to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWeet is the Roſe, but growes vpon a brere;
ſweet is the Iunipere, but ſharpe his bough;
ſweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
ſweet is the firbloome, but his branches rough:
Sweet is the Cypreſſe, but his rind is tough,
ſweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
ſweet is the broome-flowre, but yet ſowre enough;
and ſweet is Moly, but his roote is ill.
So euery ſweet with ſoure is tempred ſtill,
that maketh it be coueted the more:
for eaſie things that may be got at will,
moſt ſorts of men doe ſet but little ſtore.
Why then ſhould I account of little paine,
That endleſſe pleaſure ſhall vnto me gaine.

SON-

SONNET XXVII.

FAire proud, now tell me, why ſhould faire be proud,
ſith all worlds glory is but droſſe vncleane?
and in the ſhade of death it ſelfe ſhall ſhroud,
how-euer now thereof ye little weene.
That goodly Idoll now ſo gay beſeene,
ſhall doffe her fleſhes borrowd faire attire:
and be forgot as it had neuer been,
that many now much worſhip and admire.
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
ne any mention ſhall thereof remaine,
but what this verſe, that neuer ſhall expire,
ſhall to you purchace with her thankleſſe paine.
Faire, be no longer proud of that ſhall periſh,
But that which ſhall you make immortall, cheriſh.

SONNET XXVIII.

THe Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
giues me great hope of your relenting mind:
for ſince it is the badge which I doe beare,
ye bearing it, doe ſeeme to me inclind:
The powre thereof, which oft in me I find,
let it likewiſe your gentle breſt inſpire
with ſweet infuſion, and put you in mind
of that proud mayd, whom now thoſe leaues attyre.
Proud DAPHNE, ſcorning Phœbus louely fire,
on the Theſſalian ſhore from him did flie:
for which the gods in their reuengefull ire
did her transforme into a Laurell tree.
Then flie no more faire Loue from Phœbus chace,
But in your breſt his leafe and loue embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEe how the ſtubborne damzell doth depraue
my ſimple meaning with diſdainfull ſcorne:
and by the bay which I vnto her gaue,
accounts my ſelfe her captiue quite forlorne.
The bay, quoth ſhe, is of the Victors borne,
yeelded them by the vanquiſht as their meeds,
and they there-with doe Poets heads adorne,
to ſing the glory of their famous deeds.
But ſith ſhe will the conqueſt challenge needs,
let her accept me as her faithfull thrall,
that her great triumph which my ſkill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze ouer all.
Then would I decke her head with glorious bayes,
And fill the world with her victorious prayſe.

SONNET XXX.

MY Loue is like to Iſe, and I to fire;
how comes it then that this her cold ſo great
is not diſſolu'd through my ſo hot deſire,
but harder growes the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is not delayd by her hart frozen cold:
but that I burne much more in boyling ſweat,
and feele my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
that fire which all thing melts, ſhould harden Iſe:
and Iſe, which is congeald with ſenſeleſſe cold,
ſhould kindle fire by wonderfull deuiſe?
Such is the powre of loue in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the courſe of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath nature to ſo hard a hart
giuen ſo goodly gifts of beauties grace?
whoſe pride depraues each other better part,
and all thoſe pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beaſts of bloody race,
a dreadfull countenance ſhe giuen hath:
that with their terrour all the reſt may chace,
and warne to ſhun the danger of their wrath.
But my proud one doth worke the greater ſcath,
through ſweet allurement of her louely hew:
that ſhe the better may in bloody bath
of ſuch poore thralls, her cruell hands embrew.
But did ſhe knowe how ill theſe two accord,
Such crueltie ſhe would haue ſoone abhord.

SONNET XXXII.

THe painfull Smith, with force of feruent heat,
the hardeſt Iron ſoone doth mollifie,
that with his heauy ſledge he can it beat,
and faſhion to what he it lift apply.
Yet cannot all theſe flames in which I fry,
her hart more hard then Iron ſoft awhit:
ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
doe beat on th'anuile of her ſtubborne wit:
But ſtill the more ſhe feruent ſees my fit,
the more ſhe friezeth in her wilfull pride:
and harder growes the harder ſhe is ſmit,
with all the plaints which to her be applyde.
What then remaines but I to aſhes burne,
And ſhe to ſtones at length all frozen turne?

SONNET XXXIII.

GReat wrong I doe, I can it not deny,
to that moſt ſacred Empreſſe my deare dread,
not finiſhing her Queene of Faery,
that mote enlarge her liuing prayſes dead:
But LODVVICK this of grace to me aread;
doe ye not thinke th'accompliſhment of it,
ſufficient worke for one mans ſimple head,
all were it as the reſt, but rudely writ.
How then ſhould I without another wit?
thinke euer to endure ſo tedious toyle,
ſith that this one is toſt with troublous fit,
of a proud Loue, that doth my ſpirit ſpoyle.
Ceaſe then, till ſhe vouchſafe to grant me reſt,
Or lend you me another liuing breſt.

SONNET XXXIIII.

LIke as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wide,
by conduct of ſome ſtarre doth make her way,
when as a ſtorme hath dimd her truſtie guide,
out of her courſe doth wander far aſtray:
So I, whoſe ſtarre, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with cloudes is ouer-caſt,
doe wander now in darkneſſe and diſmay,
through hidden perils round about me plaſt;

Yet hope I well, that when this ſtorme is paſt,
my HELICE, the lodeſtar of my life
will ſhine againe, and looke on me at laſt,
with louely light to cleare my cloudy griefe.
Till then I wander carefull comfortleſs,
In ſecret ſorrow, and ſad penſiueneſs.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy couetice,
ſtill to behold the obiect of their paine,
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffice:
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine,
and hauing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like NARCISSVS vaine,
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke,
but lothe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glorie ſeemeth vaine to me,
And all their ſhowes but ſhadowes, ſauing ſhe.

SONNET XXXVI.

TEll mee, when ſhall theſe wearie woes haue end,
or ſhall their ruthleſſe torment neuer ceaſe:
but all my daies in pining languor ſpend,
without hope of aſſwagement or releaſe.
Is there no meanes for me to purchaſe peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their crueltie doth ſtill increaſe,
and daily more augment my miſeries.
But when ye haue ſhew'd all extremities,
then thinke how little glory ye haue gained,
by ſlaying him, whoſe life though ye deſpiſe,
mote haue your life in honor long maintained.
But by his death, which ſome perhaps will mone,
Ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHat guile is this, that thoſe her golden treſſes
ſhe doth attyre vnder a net of gold:
and with ſlie skill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,
that which is gold or haire, may ſcarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
ſhee may entangle in that golden ſnare:
and beeing caught, may craftily enfold
their weaker harts, which are not well aware?
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye doe ſtare
henceforth too raſhly on that guilefull net,
in which, if euer ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no meanes ſhall get.
Fondneſſe it were for any beeing free,
To couet fetters, though they golden bee.

SONNET XXXVIII.

ARION, when through tempeſts cruell wrack,
he forth was throwne into the greedy ſeas:
through the ſweet muſick which his harp did make,
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to eaſe.
But my rude muſick, which was wont to pleaſe
ſome daintie eares, cannot with any skill,
the dreadfull tempeſt of her wrath appeaſe,
nor moue the Dolphin from her ſtubborne will,
But in her pride ſhe doth perſeuer ſtill,
all careleſſe how my life for her decayes:
yet with one word ſhe can it ſaue or ſpill.
to ſpill were pitty, but to ſaue were praiſe.
Chuſe rather to be prayſd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for ſpilling guiltleſſe blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWeet ſmile, the daughter of the Queene of loue,
expreſſing all thy mothers powrefull art,
with which ſhe wonts to temper angry IOVE,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy ſelfe ſweet art.
for when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſadneſſe,
a melting pleaſance ran through euery part,
and me reuiued with hart-robbing gladneſſe.
Whilſt rapt with ioy reſembling heauenly madnes,
my ſoule was rauiſht quite as in a traunce:
and feeling thence no more her ſorrowes ſadneſſe,
fed on the fulneſſe of that chearefull glaunce.
More ſweet then Nectar or Ambroſiall meat,
Seemd euery bit which thenceforth I did eate.

SONNET XL.

MArke when ſhe ſmiles with amiable cheare,
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:
when on each eye-lid ſweetly doe appeare
an hundred Graces as in ſhade to ſit.
Likeſt it ſeemeth in my ſimple wit,
vnto the faire ſunſhine in ſommers day:
that when a dreadfull ſtorme away is flit,
through the broad world doth ſpred his goodly ray:
At ſight whereof, each bird that ſits on ſpray,
and euery beaſt that to his den was fled,
comes forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
and to the light lift vp their drouping hed.
So my ſtorme-beaten hart likewiſe is cheared,
With that ſun-ſhine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

SONNET XLI.

IS it her nature, or is it her will,
to be ſo cruell to an humbled foe?
if nature, then ſhe may it mend with skill:
if will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature and her will be ſo,
that ſhe will plague the man that loues her moſt:
and take delight t'encreaſe a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly gifts are loſt.
And that ſame glorious beauties idle boaſt,
is but a bayt ſuch wretches to beguile,
as beeing long in her loues tempeſt toſt,
ſhe meanes at laſt to make her pittious ſpoile.
O fayreſt faire, let neuer it be named,
That ſo faire beauty was ſo foully ſhamed.

SONNET XLII.

THe loue which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
ſo pleaſing is in my extreameſt paine,

that

that all the more my ſorrow it augmenteth,
the more I loue and doe embrace my bane.
Ne doe I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vaine)
to be acquit fro my continuall ſmart:
but ioy, her thrall for euer to remaine,
and yield for pledge my poore captiued hart:
The which that it from her may neuer ſtart,
let her, if pleaſe her, bind with Adamant chaine:
and from all wandring loues which mote peruart,
in ſafe aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtraine.
Onely let her abſtaine from cruelties,
And doe me not before my time to die.

SONNET XLIII.

SHall I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeake?
and if I ſpeake, her wrath renew I ſhall:
and if I ſilent be, my hart will breake,
or choked be with ouerflowing gall.
What tyrannie is this, both my hart to thrall,
and eke my tongue with proud reſtraint to tie;
that neither I may ſpeake nor thinke at all,
but like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die?
Yet I my hart with ſilence ſecretly
will teach to ſpeak, and my iuſt cauſe to plead:
and eke mine eyes with meeke humilitie,
loue-learned letters to her eyes to read:
Which her deepe wit, that true harts thought can ſpell,
Will ſoone conceiue, and learne to conſtrue well.

SONNET XLIIII.

WHen thoſe renoumed noble Peeres of Greece,
through ſtubborne pride among theſelues did iar,
forgetfull of the famous golden fleece,
then ORPHEVS with his harp their ſtrife did bar.
But this continuall, cruell, ciuill war,
the which my ſelfe againſt my ſelfe doe make:
whilſt my weak powres of paſſions warreid are,
no skill can ſtint, nor reaſon can aſſake.
But when in hand my tuneleſſe harpe I take,
then doe I more augment my foes deſpight:
and griefe renew, and paſſions doe awake
to battaile, freſh againſt my ſelfe to fight.
Mongſt whom the more I ſeeke to ſettle peace,
The more I find their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEaue Lady in your glaſſe of cryſtall cleane,
your goodly ſelfe for euermore to view:
and in my ſelfe, my inward ſelfe I meane,
moſt liuely like behold your ſemblant true.
Within my hart, though hardly it can ſhew
thing ſo diuine to view of earthly eye:
the faire Idea of your celeſtiall hew,
and euery part remaines immortally:
And were it not that through your crueltie,
with ſorrow dimmed and deformd it were,
the goodly image of your viſnomy,
clearer then cryſtall would therein appeare.
But if your ſelfe in me ye plaine will ſee,
Remoue the cauſe by which your faire beames darkned (bee.

SONNET XLVI.

WHen my abodes prefixed time is ſpent,
my cruell faire ſtraight bids me wend away:
but then from heauen moſt hideous ſtormes are ſent,
as willing me againſt her will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I, or heauen or her obey?
the heauens know beſt what is the beſt for me:
but as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,
my lower heauen, ſo it perforce muſt be.
But ye high heauens, that all this ſorrowe ſee,
ſith all your tempeſts cannot hold me back,
aſſwage your ſtormes, or elſe both you and ſhee,
will both together me too ſorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtaine
The ſtormes, which ſhe alone on me doth raine.

SONNET XLVII.

TRuſt not the treaſon of thoſe ſmiling lookes,
vntill ye haue their guilefull traines well tride:
for they are like but vnto golden hookes,
that from the fooliſh fiſh their bayts doe hide:
So ſhe with flattring ſmyles weake harts doth guide
vnto her loue, and tempt to their decay;
whom beeing caught, ſhe kills with cruell pride,
and feeds at pleaſure on the wretched pray:
Yet euen whilſt her bloody hands them ſlay,
her eyes looke louely, and vpon them ſmile:
that they take pleaſure in her cruell play,
and dying, doe themſelues of paine beguile.
O mightie charme which makes men loue their bane,
And thinke they die with pleaſure, liue with paine.

SONNET XLVIII.

INnocent paper, whom too cruell hand
did make the matter to auenge her ire:
and ere ſhe could thy cauſe well vnderſtand,
did ſacrifize vnto the greedy fire.
Well worthy thou to haue found better hire,
then ſo bad end for hereticks ordained:
yet hereſie nor treaſon didſt conſpire,
but plead thy Maiſters cauſe, vniuſtly pained.
Whom ſhe, all careleſſe of his griefe, conſtrained
to vtter forth the anguiſh of his hart:
and would not heare, when he to her complained
the pittious paſſion of his dying ſmart.
Yet liue for euer, though againſt her will,
And ſpeake her good; though ſhe requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAyre cruell, why are ye ſo fierce and cruell?
Is it becauſe your eyes haue power to kill?
then knowe that mercy is the Mightyes iewell,
and greater glory thinke to ſaue, then ſpill.
But if it be your pleaſure and proud will,
to ſhew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that neuer thought you ill,
but bend your force againſt your enemies.
Let them feele th'vtmoſt of your cruelties,
and kill with looke, as Cockatrices doe:
but him that at your footſtoole humbled lies,
with mercifull regard, giue mercy to.

Such mercy ſhall you make admyr'd to be,
So ſhall you liue, by giuing life to me.

SONNET L.

LOng languiſhing in double malady,
of my harts wound, and of my bodies griefe,
there came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medcines for my bodies beſt reliefe.
Vaine man, quoth I, that haſt but little priefe,
in deepe diſcouery of the minds diſeaſe:
is not the hart of all the body chiefe?
and rules the members as it ſelfe doth pleaſe?
Then with ſome cordialls ſeeke firſt to appeaſe
the inward languor of my wounded hart,
and then my body ſhall haue ſhortly eaſe:
but ſuch ſweet cordialls paſſe Phyſitions art.
Then my lifes Leach, doe you your skill reueale,
And with one ſalue, both hart and body heale.

SONNET LI.

DOe I not ſee that faireſt Images,
of hardeſt Marble are of purpoſe made?
for that they ſhould endure through many ages,
ne let their famous moniments to fade.
Why then doe I, vntraind in Louers trade,
her hardneſſe blame, which I ſhould more commend?
ſith neuer ought was excellent aſſayd,
which was not hard t'atchiue and bring to end.
Ne ought ſo hard, but he that would attend,
mote ſoften it and to his wil allure:
ſo doe I hope her ſtubborne hart to bend,
and that it then more ſtedfaſt will endure.
Onely my paines will be the more to get her,
But hauing her, my ioy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
I goe like one that hauing loſt the field,
is priſoner led away with heauy hart,
deſpoyld of warlike armes and knowen ſhield.
So doe I now my ſelfe a priſoner yield,
to ſorrow and to ſolitarie paine:
from preſence of my deareſt deare exild,
long-while alone in languour to remaine.
There let no thought of ioy, or pleaſure vaine,
dare to approche, that may my ſolace breed:
but ſudden dumps, and drery ſad diſdaine
of all worlds gladneſſe more my torment feed.
So I her abſence will my penaunce make,
That of her preſence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THe Panther knowing that his ſpotted hide
doth pleaſe all beaſts, but that his looks them fray:
within a buſh his dreadfull head doth hide,
to let them gaze, whilſt he on them may pray.
Right ſo my cruell faire with me doth play.
for with the goodly ſemblance of her hew,
ſhe doth allure me to mine owne decay,
and then no mercy will vnto me ſhew.
Great ſhame it is, thing ſo diuine in view,
made for to be the worlds moſt ornament:
to make the bayte her gazers to embrew,
good ſhames to be to ill an inſtrument.
But mercy doth with beautie beſt agree,
As in their maker ye them beſt may ſee.

SONNET LIIII.

OF this wolds Theater in which we ſtay,
my Loue like the Spectator, idly ſits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
diſguiſing diuerſly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I ioy when glad occaſion fits,
and maske in mirth like to a Comedy:
ſoone after, when my ioy to ſorrow flits,
I waile, and make my woes a Tragedie.
Yet ſhe beholding me with conſtant eye,
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my ſmart:
but when I laugh, ſhe mocks, and when I cry,
ſhe laughes, and hardens euermore her hart.
What then can moue her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a ſenſeleſſe ſtone.

SONNET LV.

SO oft as I her beautie doe behold,
and there-with doe her crueltie compare,
I maruaile of what ſubſtance was the mould,
the which her made attonce ſo cruell faire.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heu'nly are.
not water; for her loue doth burne like fire:
not ayre; for ſhe is not ſo light or rare.
not fire; for ſhe doth frieze with faint deſire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof ſhe mote be made; that is, the skye.
for, to the heauen her haughty lookes aſpire:
and eke her loue is pure immortall hie.
Then ſith to heauen ye likened are the beſt,
Be like in mercy as in all the reſt.

SONNET LVI.

FAire yee be ſure, but cruell and vnkind,
as is a Tygre, that with greedineſſe
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beaſt, doth felly him oppreſſe.
Faire be ye ſure, but proud and pitileſſe,
as is a ſtorme, that all things doth proſtrate:
finding a tree alone all comfortleſſe,
beats on it ſtrongly, it to ruinate.
Fayre be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate,
as is a rocke amidſt the raging floods:
gainſt which, a ſhip of ſuccour deſolate,
doth ſuffer wreck both of her ſelfe and goods.
That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt am I,
Whom ye doe wreck, doe ruine, and deſtroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWeet warriour, when ſhall I haue peace with you?
high time it is this warre now ended were:
which I no longer can endure to ſue,
ne your inceſſant batt'ry more to beare:

So

So weake my powres, so sore my wounds appeare,
that wonder is how I should liue a iot,
seeing my hart through-launced euery where
with thousand arrowes, which your eyes haue shot:
Yet shoot ye sharply still, and spare me not,
but glory thinke to make these cruell stoures.
ye cruell one, what glory can be got,
in slaying him that would liue gladly yours?
Make peace therfore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heale in little space.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is most assured to her selfe.

WEake is th' assurance that weake flesh reposeth
in her owne powre, and scorneth others aydee
that soonest fals, when as she most supposeth
her selfe assur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All flesh is fraile, and all her strength vnstayd,
like a vaine bubble blowen vp with ayre:
deuouring time & changefull chance haue prayd,
her glorious pride that none may it repaire.
Ne none so rich or wise, so strong or faire,
but faileth, trusting on his owne assurance:
and he that standeth on the highest stayre
falls lowest: for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye proud faire, mis-deeme so farre,
That to your selfe ye most assured arre.

SONNET LIX.

THrise happy she, that is so well assur'd
vnto her selfe, and setled so in hart:
that neither will for better be allur'd,
ne feard with worse to any chance to start,
But like a steddy ship, doth strongly part
the raging waues, and keepes her course aright:
ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
ne ought for fayrer weathers false delight.
Such selfe assurance need not feare the spight
of grudging foes, ne fauour seeke of friends:
but in the stay of her owne stedfast might,
neither to one her selfe nor other bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loues best.

SONNET LX.

THey that in course of heauenly spheares are skild,
to euery planet point his sundry yeare:
in which her circles voyage is fulfild,
as MARS in three score yeares doth run his spheare.
So since the winged God his planet cleare,
began in me to moue, one yeare is spent:
the which doth longer vnto me appeare,
then all those forties which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which louers bookes inuent,
the spheare of CVPID forties yeares containes:
which I haue wasted in long languishment,
that seemd the longer for my greater paines.
But let my Loues faire planet short her waies,
This yeere ensuing, or else short my dayes.

SONNET LXI.

THe glorious image of the Makers beautie,
my soueraigne saint, the Idoll of my thought,
dare not henceforth aboue the bounds of dutie,
t'accuse of pride, or rashly blame for ought.
For, beeing as she is, diuinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heauenly borne:
and with the crew of blessed Saints vpbrought,
each of which did her with their gifts adorne;
The bud of ioy, the blossome of the morne,
the beame of light, whom mortall eyes admire:
what reason is it then but she should scorne
base things, that to her loue too bold aspire?
Such heauenly formes ought rather worshipt bee,
Then dare be lou'd by men of meane degree.

SONNET LXII.

THe weary yeere his race now hauing runne,
the new begins his compasse course anew:
with shew of morning mylde he hath begun,
betokening peace and plentie to ensew.
So let vs, which this change of weather view,
change eeke our minds, and former liues amend,
the old yeares sinnes forepast let vs eschew,
and flie the faults with which we did offend.
Then shall the new yeeres ioy forth freshly send,
into the glooming world his gladsome ray:
and all these stormes which now his beautie blend,
shall turne to calmes, and timely cleare away.
So, likewise Loue, cheare you your heauy spright,
And change old yeares annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

AFter long stormes and tempests sad assay,
which hardly I endured heeretofore,
in dread of death, and dangerous dismay,
with which my silly barke was tossed sore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
in which I hope ere long for to arriue:
faire soyle it seemes from far, & fraught with store
of all that deare and daintie is aliue.
Most happy he, that can at last atchiue,
the ioyous safetie of so sweet a rest;
whose least delight sufficeth to depriue
remembrance of all paines which him opprest.
All paines are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blis.

SONNET LXIIII.

COming to kisse her lips (such grace I found)
me seemd I smelt a garden of sweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around,
for damzels fit to decke their louers bowres.
Her lips did smell like vnto Gilliflowers,
her ruddy cheeks, like vnto Roses red:
her snowy browes like budded Bellamoures,
her louely eyes, like Pinks but newly spred,
Her goodly bosome, like a Strawberry bed,
her neck, like to a bunch of Cullumbines:
her breast like Lillies, ere their leaues be shed,
her nipples like young blossomd Iessemines:

Such fragrant flowres doe giue moſt odorous ſmell,
But her ſweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THe doubt which ye miſdeeme, faire loue, is vaine,
that fondly feare to loſe your libertie,
when loſing one, two liberties ye gaine,
and make him bound that bondage earſt did flie.
Sweet be the bands, the which true loue doth tie,
without conſtraint, or dread of any ill:
the gentle bird feeles no captiuity
within her cage, but ſings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approche, nor diſcord ſpill
the league twixt them, that loyall loue hath bound:
but ſimple truth and mutuall good will,
ſeekes with ſweet peace to ſalue each others wound:
There faith doth fearleſſe dwell in braſen towre,
And ſpotleſſe pleaſure builds her ſacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all thoſe happy bleſſings which ye haue,
with plentious hand by heauen vpon you throwne,
this one diſparagement they to you gaue,
that ye your loue lent to ſo meane a one.
Yee whoſe high worths ſurpaſſing paragon,
could not on earth haue found one fit for mate,
ne but in heauen matchable to none,
why did ye ſtoupe vnto ſo lowely ſtate?
But ye thereby much greater glorie gate,
then had ye ſorted with a Princes peere:
for, now your light doth more it ſelfe dilate,
and in my darkneſſe, greater doth appeare.
Yet ſince your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex, yours ſhall encreaſed be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIke as a huntſman after weary chace,
ſeeing the game from him eſcape away,
ſits downe to reſt him in ſome ſhadie place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long purſute and vaine aſſay,
when I all wearie had the chace forſooke,
the gentle Deere returnd the ſelfe-ſame way,
thinking to quench her thirſt at the next brooke:
There ſhe beholding me with milder looke,
ſought not to flie, but fearleſſe ſtill did bide:
till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
and with her owne good will, her firmely tyde.
Strange thing me ſeemd to ſee a beaſt ſo wild,
So goodly wonne, with her owne will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOſt glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
didſt make thy triumph ouer death and ſin:
and hauing harrowd hell, didſt bring away
captiuitie thence captiue, vs to win:
This ioyous day, deare Lord, with ioy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddeſt die,
being with thy deare blood cleane waſht from ſin,
may liue for euer in felicitie:
And that thy loue we weighing worthily,
may likewiſe loue thee for the ſame againe:
and for thy ſake, that all like deare didſt buy,
with loue may one another entertaine.
So let vs loue, deare Loue, like as we ought,
Loue is the leſſon which the Lord vs taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THe famous warriors of the anticke world,
vſd trophees to erect in ſtately wiſe:
in which they would the records haue enrold,
of their great deedes and valarous empriſe.
What trophee then ſhall I moſt fit deuiſe,
in which I may record the memorie
of my loues conqueſt, peereleſſe beauties priſe,
adorn'd with honour, loue, and chaſtitie.
Euen this verſe, vowd to eternitie,
ſhall be thereof immortall moniment:
and tell her praiſe to all poſteritie,
that may admire ſuch worlds rare wonderment;
The happy purchaſe of my glorious ſpoile,
Gotten at laſt with labour and long toile.

SONNET LXX.

FResh Spring, the herald of loues mightie king,
in whoſe coat-armour richly are diſplayd
all ſorts of flowres the which on earth do ſpring,
in goodly colours, gloriouſly arrayd.
Goe to my loue, where ſhe is careleſſe layd,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the ioyous time will not be ſtaid,
vnleſſe ſhe doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her ſelfe ſoone ready make,
to wait on loue amongſt his louely crew:
where euery one that miſſeth then her make,
ſhall be by him amearſt with penance dew.
Make haſt therefore ſweet loue, whilſt it is prime,
For none can call againe the paſſed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I Ioy to ſee how in your drawen worke,
your ſelfe vnto the Bee ye doe compare;
and me vnto the Spyder, that doth lurke
in cloſe await, to catch her vnaware:
Right ſo your ſelfe were caught in cunning ſnare
of a deare foe, and thralled to his loue:
in whoſe ſtreight bands ye now captiued are
ſo firmely, that ye neuer may remoue.
But as your worke is wouen all about,
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
ſo ſweet your priſon you in time ſhall proue,
with many deare delights bedecked fine.
And all thenceforth eternall peace ſhall ſee,
Betweene the Spyder and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFt when my ſpirit doth ſpred her bolder wings,
in mind to mount vp to the pureſt ſkie:
it downe is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
and clogd with burden of mortalitie,

Where

Where, when that ſoueraigne beautie it doth ſpy,
reſembling heauens glory in her light:
drawne with ſweet pleaſures bayt, it back doth flie,
and vnto heauen forgets her former flight.
There my fraile fancie fed with full delight,
doth bathe in bliſſe, and wanteth moſt at eaſe:
ne thinks of other heauen, but how it might
her harts deſire with moſt contentment pleaſe.
Hart need not wiſh none other happineſſe,
But heere on earth to haue ſuch heauens bliſſe.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEeing my ſelfe captiued heere in care,
my hart, whom none with ſeruile bands can tie:
but the faire treſſes of your golden haire,
breaking his priſon, forth to you doth flie.
Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth ſpy
deſired food, to it doth make his flight:
euen ſo my hart, that wont on your faire eye
to feed his fill, flies backe vnto your ſight.
Doe you him take, and in your boſome bright,
gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
perhaps he there may learne with rare delight,
to ſing your name and prayſes ouer all.
That it heereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your boſome to haue lent.

SONNET LXXIIII.

MOſt happy letters fram'd by skilfull trade,
with which that happy name was firſt deſyned,
the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The firſt, my being to me gaue by kind,
from mothers wombe deriu'd by due deſcent,
the ſecond, is my ſoueraigne Queene moſt kind,
that honour and large riches to me lent.
The third, my loue, my liues laſt ornament,
by whom my ſpirit out of duſt was raiſed:
to ſpeake her praiſe and glory excellent,
of all aliue moſt worthy to be praiſed.
Ye three ELIZABETHS for euer liue,
That three ſuch graces did vnto me giue.

SONNET LXXV.

ONe day I wrote her name vpon the ſtrand,
but came the waues and waſhed it away:
againe, I wrote it with a ſecond hand,
but came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.
Vaine man, ſaid ſhe, that doſt in vaine aſſay,
a mortall thing ſo to immortalize,
for I my ſelfe ſhall like to this decay,
and eke my name be wiped out likewiſe.
Not ſo, quoth I, let baſer things deuiſe
to die in duſt, but you ſhall liue by fame:
my verſe your vertues rare ſhall eternize,
and in the heauens write your glorious name.
Where, when as death ſhall all the world ſubdew,
Our loue ſhall liue, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAire boſome fraught with vertues riches treaſure,
the neſt of loue, the lodging of delight,
the bowre of bliſſe, the paradiſe of pleaſure,
the ſacred harbour of that heauenly ſpright:
How was I rauiſht with your louely ſight,
and my fraile thoughts too raſhly led aſtray?
whiles diuing deepe through amorous inſight,
on the ſweet ſpoile of beauties they did pray.
And twixt her paps, like early fruite in May,
whoſe harueſt ſeemd to haſten now apace:
they looſely did their wanton wings diſplay,
and there to reſt themſelues did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts, I enuie your ſo happy reſt,
Which oft I wiſht, yet neuer was ſo bleſt.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAs it a dreame, or did I ſee it plaine,
a goodly table of pure Iuorie:
all ſpred with iuncats, fit to entertaine
the greateſt Prince with pompous roialty.
Mongſt which, there in a ſiluer diſh did ly
two golden apples of vnualewd price:
far paſſing thoſe which HERCVLES came by,
or thoſe which ATALANTA did entice.
Exceeding ſweet, yet void of ſinfull vice,
that many ſought, yet none could euer taſte,
ſweet fruite of pleaſure, brought from Paradiſe:
by Loue himſelfe, and in his garden plaſte.
Her breſt that table was ſo richly ſpred,
My thoughts the gueſts, which would thereon haue fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LAcking my loue, I goe from place to place,
like a young Fawne, that late hath loſt the Hind:
and ſeeke each where, where laſt I ſaw her face,
whoſe image yet I carry freſh in mind.
I ſeeke the fields with her late footing fynd,
I ſeeke her bowre with her late preſence decks,
yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:
yet field and bowre are full of her aſpects.
But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
they idly backe returne to me againe,
and when I hope to ſee their true obiect,
I find my ſelfe but fed with fancies vaine.
Ceaſe then mine eyes, to ſeeke her ſelfe to ſee,
And let my thoughts behold her ſelfe in mee.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEn call you faire, and you doe credit it,
for that your ſelfe ye daily ſuch doe ſee:
but the true faire, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind, is much more praiſd of me:
For all the reſt, how euer faire it be,
ſhall turne to nought and loſe that glorious hew:
but onely that is permanent and free
from fraile corruption, that doth fleſh enſew.
That is true beautie: that doth argue you
to be diuine, and borne of heauenly ſeed:
deriu'd from that faire Spirit, from whom all true
and perfect beautie did at firſt proceed.
He onely faire, and what he faire hath made,
All other faire like flowres vntimely fade.

SON-

SONNET LXXX.

After ſo long a race as I haue runne
through Faery land, which thoſe ſix books compile,
giue leaue to reſt me being halfe foredonne,
and gather to my ſelfe new breath awhile.
Then as a ſteed refreſhed after toile,
out of my priſon I will breake anew:
and ſtoutly will that ſecond worke aſſoile,
with ſtrong endeuour and attention due.
Till then giue leaue to me, in pleaſant mew
to ſport my Muſe, and ſing my loues ſweet praiſe:
the contemplation of whoſe heauenly hew,
my ſpirit to an higher pitch will raiſe.
But let her praiſes yet be lowe and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the Faery Queene.

SONNET LXXXI.

Faire is my Loue, when her faire golden haires,
with the looſe wind ye wauing chance to marke:
faire when the roſe in her red cheekes appeares,
or in her eyes the fire of loue doth ſparke.
Faire when her breſt like a rich laden barke,
with precious merchandize ſhe forth doth lay:
faire when that cloud of pride, which oft doth darke
her goodly light with ſmiles ſhe drines away.
But faireſt ſhe, when ſo ſhe doth diſplay,
the gate with pearles and rubies richly dight:
through which her words ſo wiſe do make their way
to beare the meſſage of her gentle ſpright:
The reſt be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the worke of harts aſtoniſhment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Ioy of my life, full oft for louing you
I bleſſe my lot, that was ſo lucky placed:
but then the more your owne miſhap I rew,
that are ſo much by ſo meane loue embaſed.
For had the cquall heauens ſo much you graced
in this as in the reſt, ye mote inuent
ſome heauenly wit, whoſe verſe could haue enchaced
your glorious name in golden moniment.
But ſince ye deigned ſo goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, ſhall all be ſpent,
in ſetting your immortall prayſes forth:
Whoſe loftie argument vplifting mee,
Shall lift you vp vnto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

My hungry eyes, through greedy couetize,
ſtill to behold the obiect of their paine:
with no contentment can themſelues ſuffize,
but hauing pine, and hauing not complaine.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtaine:
and ſeeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like Narcissvs vaine,
whoſe eyes him ſtaru'd: ſo plentie makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that faire ſight, that nothing elſe they brooke:
but loathe the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to looke.
All this worlds glory ſeemeth vaine to me,
And all their ſhewes but ſhadowes, ſauing ſhe.

SONNET LXXXIIII.

Let not one ſparke of filthy luſtfull fire
breake out, that may her ſacred peace moleſt:
ne one light glance of ſenſuall deſire,
attempt to worke her gentle minds vnreſt.
But pure affections bred in ſpotleſſe breſt,
and modeſt thoughts breath'd frō wel tempred ſpirits,
goe viſite her, in her chaſte bowre of reſt,
accompanide with Angel-like delights.
There fill your ſelfe with thoſe moſt ioyous ſights,
the which my ſelfe could neuer yet attaine:
but ſpeake no word to her of theſe ſad plights,
which her too conſtant ſtiffeneſſe doth conſtraine.
Onely behold her rare perfection,
And bleſſe your fortunes faire election.

SONNET LXXXV.

The world that cannot deeme of worthy things,
when I doe praiſe her, ſay I doe but flatter:
ſo doth the Cuckow, when the Mauis ſings,
begin his witleſſe note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of ſo heauenly matter,
all that they knowe not, enuy or admire,
rather then enuy let them wonder at her,
but not to deeme of her deſert aſpire.
Deepe in the cloſet of my parts entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heauenly furie doth inſpire,
and my glad mouth with her ſweet praiſes fill.
Which when as Fame in her ſhrill trump ſhall thunder,
Let the world chuſe to enuie or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders ſting,
of that ſelfe kind with which the Furies fell
their ſnakie heads doe combe, from which a ſpring
of poyſoned words, and ſpightfull ſpeeches well:
Let all the plagues and horrid paines of hell,
vpon thee fall for thine accurſed hire:
that with falſe forged lies, which thou didſt tell,
in my true loue did ſtirre vp coales of ire.
The ſparkes whereof let kindle thine owne fire,
and catching hold on thine owne wicked hed,
conſume thee quite, that didſt with guile conſpire
in my ſweet peace ſuch breaches to haue bred.
Shame be thy meed, and miſchiefe thy reward,
Due to thy ſelfe, that it for me prepard.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I did leaue the preſence of my loue,
many long wearie dayes I haue out-worne:
and many nights, that ſlowely ſeemd to moue
their ſad protract from euening vntill morne.
For, when as day the heauen doth adorne,
I wiſh that night the ioyous day would end:
and when as night hath vs of light forlorne,
I wiſh that day would ſhortly reaſcend.

Thus

Thus I the time with expectation ſpend,
and faine my griefe with changes to beguile,
that further ſeemes his terme ſtill to extend,
and maketh euery minute ſeeme a mile.
So ſorrow ſtill doth ſeeme too long to laſt,
But ioyous houres doe flie away too faſt.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

SInce I haue lackt the comfort of that light
the which was wont to lead my thoughts aſtray,
I wander as in darkneſſe of the night,
affraid of euery dangers leaſt diſmay.
Ne ought I ſee, though in the cleareſt day,
when others gaze vpon their ſhadowes vaine:
but th'onely image of that heauenly ray,
whereof ſome glance doth in mine eye remaine.
Of which beholding the Idæa plaine,
through contemplation of my pureſt part,
with light thereof I doe my ſelfe ſuſtaine,
and thereon feed my loue-affamiſht hart.
But with ſuch brightnes whilſt I fill my mind,
I ſtarue my body, and mine eyes doe blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

LIke as the Culuer on the bared bough,
ſits mourning for the abſence of her mate:
and in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhfull vew,
for his returne that ſeemes to linger late:
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
mourne to my ſelfe the abſence of my loue:
and wandring here and there all deſolate,
ſeeke with my plaints to match that mournfull Doue:
Ne ioy of ought that vnder heauen doth heue,
can comfort me, but her owne ioyous ſight:
whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can moue,
in her vnſpotted pleaſaunce to delight.
Darke is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants ſuch liuely blis.

IN youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, VENVS baby,
For want of cunning made mee bold,
In bitter hiue to grope for honny:
But when he ſaw me ſtung and cry,
He tooke his wings and away did flie.

AS DIANE hunted on a day,
She chaunſt to come where CVPID lay,
his quiuer by his head:
One of his ſhafts ſhe ſtole away,
And one of hers did cloſe conuay,
into the others ſtead:
With that Loue wounded my Loues hart,
But DIANE beaſts with CVPIDS dart.

ISaw, in ſecret to my Dame
How little CVPID humbly came:
and ſaid to her, All haile my mother.
But when he ſaw me laugh, for ſhame
His face with baſhfull blood did flame,
not knowing VENVS from the other.
Then, neuer bluſh CVPID, quoth I,
For many haue err'd in this beautie.

VPon a day, as Loue lay ſweetly ſlumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noiſe,
and ſaw the beaſt ſo ſmall:
Whats this (quoth he) that giues ſo great a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wiſe he flies about,
And threatens all with courage ſtout.

TO whom his mother cloſely ſmiling ſaid,
twixt earneſt and twixt game:
See thou thy ſelfe likewiſe art little made,
if thou regard the ſame.
And yet thou ſuſtreſt neither gods in skie,
nor men in earth to reſt:
But when thou art diſpoſed cruelly,
their ſteepe thou dooſt moleſt.
Then either change thy crueltie,
Or giue like leaue vnto the flie.

NAthleſſe, the cruell boy not ſo content,
would needs the flie purſue:
And in his hand with heedleſſe hardiment,
him caught for to ſubdue.
But when on it he haſtie hand did lay,
the Bee him ſtung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,
I wounded am full ſore:
The flye that I ſo much did ſcorne,
Hath hurt me with his little horne.

VNto his mother ſtraight hee weeping came,
and of his griefe complained:
Who could not chuſe but laugh at his fond game,
though ſad to ſee him pained.
Thinke now (quoth ſhe) my ſonne, how great the ſmart
of thoſe whom thou dooſt wound:
Full many thou haſt pricked to the hart,
that pittie neuer found:
Therefore henceforth ſome pittie take,
When thou dooſt ſpoile of Louers make.

SHe tooke him ſtraight full pittiouſly lamenting,
and wrapt him in her ſmock:
Shee wrapt him ſoftly, all the while repenting,
that he the ſlie did mock.
She dreſt his wound, and it embaulmed well,
with ſalue of ſoueraigne might:
And then ſhe bath'd him in a daintie well,
the well of deare delight.
Who would not oft be ſtung as this,
To be ſo bath'd in VENVS blis?

THe wanton boy was ſhortly well recured
of that his malady:
But hee, ſoone after, freſh againe enured
his former crueltie.
And ſince that time he wounded hath my ſelfe
with his ſharpe dart of loue:
And now forgets the cruell careleſſe elfe,
his mothers heaſt to proue.
So now I languiſh, till he pleaſe
My pining anguiſh to appeaſe.

FINIS.

EPITHALA-
MION.

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*

AT LONDON
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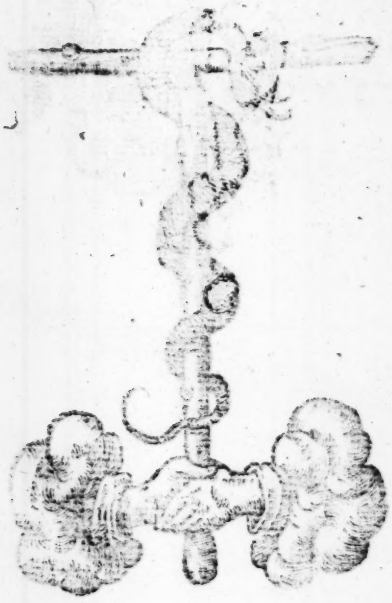


EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sisters, which haue oftentimes
Been to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rimes,
That euen the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare their names sung in your simple layes,
But ioyed in their praise;
And when ye last your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or loue, or fortunes wreck did raise,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside,
And hauing all your heads with girlands crowned,
Helpe me mine owne loues prayses to resound,
Ne let the same of any be enuide:
So Orpheus did for his owne bride:
So I vnto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my eccho ring.

EArly before the worlds light giuing lampe
His golden beame vpon the hils doth spred,
Hauing disperst the nights vnchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake, and with fresh lustyhead,
Go to the bowre of my beloued loue,
My truest Turtle-doue,
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to moue,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight,
For loe the wished day is come at last,
That shall for all the paines and sorrowes past,
Pay to her vsury of long delight:
And whilst she doth her dight,
Doe ye to her of ioy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

BRing with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
Both of the Riuers and the Forrests greene:
And of the Sea that neighbours to her neare,
All with gay girlands goodly well beseene.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fayre Loue, of Lillies and of Roses,
Bound true-loue wise, with a blew silke riband.
And let them make great store of bridale poses,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foote shall tread,
For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the discoloured mead.
Which done, doe at her chamber dore await,
For she will waken strait,
The whiles doe ye this song vnto her sing,
The woods shall to you answer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphes of Mulla, which with careful heed
The siluer scaly trouts doe tend full well,
And greedy pikes which vse therein to feed,
(Those trouts and pikes all others doe excell)
And ye likewise which keepe the rushie lake,
Where none doe fishes take,
Bind vp the locks the which hang scatterd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the christall bright,
That when you come whereas my Loue doth lie,
No blemish she may spie.
And eke ye lightfoot mayds which keepe the deare,
That on the hoary mountaine vse to towre,
And the wilde Wolues which seek them to deuoure,
With your steele darts doe chace from comming neere,
Be also present heere,
To helpe to deck her, and to helpe to sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

WAke now my Loue, awake; for it is time,
The rosie Morne long since left Tithons bed,
All ready to her siluer coach to clime,
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious head.
Harke how the cheerefull birds do chaunt their laies,
And carroll of loues praise.
The merry Larke her matins sings aloft,
The Thrush replies, the Mauis descant playes,
The Ouzell shrils, the Ruddock warbles soft,
So goodly all agree with sweet consent,
To this dayes merriment.
Ah my deere Loue, why do ye sleepe thus long,
When meeter were that ye should now awake,
T'await the coming of your ioyous make,
And hearken to the birds loue-learned song,
The deawy leaues among:
For they of ioy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

MY Loue is now awake out of her dreame,
And her fayre eyes like starres that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now shew their goodly beames
More bright then Hyperions his head doth rere.
Come now ye damzels, daughters of delight,
Helpe quickly her to dight,
But first come ye fayre houres which were begot
In Iouis sweet paradise, of Day and Night,
Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot,
And all that euer in this world is fayre,
Doe make and still repayre.
And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
Helpe to adorne my beautifullest bride:
And as ye her array, still throw betweene
Some graces to be seene:
And as ye vse to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, & your eccho ring.

NOw is my Loue all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await,
And ye freſh boyes that tend vpon her groome,
Prepare your ſelues, for he is comming ſtrait.
Set all your things in ſeemely good aray,
Fit for ſo ioyfull day:
The ioyfulſt day that euer ſunne did ſee.
Faire Sun, ſhew forth thy fauourable ray,
And let thy life-full heat not feruent be,
For feare of burning her ſunſhiny face,
Her beautie to diſgrace.
O faireſt PHOEBVS, father of the Muſe,
If euer I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing, that mote thy mind delight,
Doe not thy ſeruants ſimple boone refuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine.
Then I thy ſouereine prayſes loud will ſing,
That all the woods ſhall anſwere, and their eccho ring.

HArke how the Minſtrils gin to ſhrill aloud
Their merry muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or iar.
But moſt of all, the Damzels doe delite,
When they their tymbrels ſmite,
And thereunto doe daunce and carroll ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they doe rauiſh quite,
The whiles the boyes run vp and downe the ſtreet,
Crying aloud with ſtrong confuſed noice,
As if it were one voyce,
HYMEN, Io HYMEN, HYMEN, they doe ſhout,
That euen to the heauens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approuance doe thereto applaud,
And loud aduaunce her laud,
And euermore they HYMEN HYMEN ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

LOe where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Like PHOEBE, from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mightie race,
Clad all in white, that ſeemes a virgin beſt.
So well it her beſeemes, that ye would weene
Some Angell ſhe had been.
Her long looſe yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearle, & perling flowres atweene,
Doe like a golden mantle her attire:
And being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme like ſome mayden Queene.
Her modeſt eyes abaſhed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do ſtare,
Vpon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift vp her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayſes ſung ſo loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathleſſe doe ye ſtill loud her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

TEll me ye Merchants daughters, did ye ſee
So faire a creature in your towne before?
So ſweet, ſo louely, and ſo mild as ſhee,
Adornd with beauties grace and vertues ſtore:
Her goodly eyes like Saphyres ſhining bright,
Her forehead Iuorie white,
Her cheekes like apples which the ſun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breſt like to a bowle of creame vncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowie necke like to a marble towre,
And all her bodie like a palace faire,
Aſcending vp with many a ſtately ſtaire,
To honours ſeate, and chaſtities ſweet bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill ye virgins in amaze,
Vpon her ſo to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the woods did anſwer, and your eccho ring.

BVt if ye ſaw that which no eyes can ſee,
The inward beautie of her louely ſpright,
Garniſht with heauenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that ſight,
And ſtand aſtoniſht like to thoſe which red
MEDVSAES mazefull head.
There dwells ſweet loue and conſtant chaſtitie,
Vnſpotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modeſtie,
There Vertue raignes as Queene in royall throne,
And giueth lawes alone,
The which the baſe affections doe obey,
And yeeld their ſeruices vnto her will,
Ne thought of thing vncomely euer may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once ſeene theſe her celeſtiall treaſures,
And vnreueled pleaſures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods ſhould anſwer, and your eccho ring.

OPen the temple gates vnto my Loue,
Open them wide that ſhe may enter in,
And all the poſtes adorne as doth behoue,
And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
For to receiue this Saint with honour dew,
That commeth in to you.
With trembling ſteps and humble reuerence,
She commeth in, before th'almighties view:
Of her ye virgins learne obedience.
When ſo ye come into thoſe holy places,
To humble your proud faces;
Bring her vp to th'high altar, that ſhe may
The ſacred ceremonies there partake,
The which doe endleſſe matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play,
The prayſes of the Lord in liuely notes,
The whiles with hollowe throates
The Choriſters the ioyous Antheme ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and their eccho ring.

BEhold, whiles ſhe before the altar ſtands,
Hearing the holy prieſt that to her ſpeakes,
And bleſſeth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roſes flush vp in her cheekes,
And the pure ſnowe, with goodly vermill ſtaine,

Like

Like crimsin dyde in graine:
That euen the Angels, which continually
About the sacred Altar doe remaine,
Forget their seruice and about her flie,
Oft peeping in her face, that seemes more faire,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes still fast'ned on the ground,
Are gouerned with goodly modestie,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought vnsound.
Why blush ye Loue to giue to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band.
Sing ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

NOw all is done; bring home the Bride againe,
Bring home the triumph of our victorie,
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine,
With ioyance bring her and with iollitie.
Neuer had man more ioyfull day then this,
Whom heauen would heape with blis.
Make feast therefore now all this liue long day,
This day for euer to me holy is,
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay,
Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
Poure out to all that wull,
And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
Crowne ye god BACCHVS with a coronall,
And HYMEN also crowne with wreathes of vine,
And let the Graces daunce vnto the rest,
For they can doe it best:
The whiles the maydens doe their carroll sing,
To which the woods shall answer, & their eccho ring.

RIng ye the bels, ye young men of the towne,
And leaue your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; doe you write it downe,
That ye for euer it remember may.
This day the sunne is in his chiefest hight,
With BARNABY the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuse the longest day in all the yeare,
And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
Yet neuer day so long, but late would passe.
Ring ye the bels, to make it weare away,
And bonefiers make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them sing:
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

AH! when will this long weary day haue end,
And lend me leaue to come vnto my loue?
How slowly doe the houres their numbers spend?
How slowly doth sad TIME his feathers moue?
Hast thee, O fairest Planet to thy home,
Within the Westerne fome:
Thy tyred steeds long since haue need of rest.
Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
And the bright Euening star with golden creast
Appeare out of the East.
Faire child of beauty, glorious lampe of loue,
That all the host of heauen in ranks doost lead,
And guidest Louers through the nights sad dread,
How chearefully thou lookest from aboue,
And seem'st to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
As ioying in the sight
Of these glad many, which for ioy doe sing,
That all the woods them answer, and their eccho ring.

NOw ceasse ye damsels your delights fore-past,
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
Now bring the Bride into the bridall bowres.
Now night is come, now soone her disaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
And silken curtaines ouer her display,
And odourd sheets, and Arras couerlets.
Behold how goodly my faire Loue does ly,
In proud humility;
Like vnto MAIA, when as IOVE her tooke,
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie gras,
Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.
Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
And leaue my Loue alone,
And leaue likewise your former lay to sing:
The woods no more shall answer, nor your eccho ring.

NOw welcome night, thou night so long expected,
That long dayes labour doost at last defray,
And all my cares, which cruell Loue collected,
Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing ouer my Loue and me,
That no man may vs see,
And in thy sable mantle vs enwrap,
From feare of perill and foule horror free.
Let no false treason seeke vs to entrap,
Nor any drad disquiet once annoy
The safetie of our ioy:
But let the night be calme and quietsome,
Without tempestuous stormes or sad affray:
Like as when IOVE with faire ALCMENA lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groome:
Or like as when he with thy selfe did lie,
And begot Maiestie.
And let the mayds and young men cease to sing?
Ne let the woods them answer, nor their eccho ring.

LEt no lamenting cries, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceiued doubt.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights;
Ne let house-fires, nor lightnings, helpelesse harmes,
Ne let the Pouke, nor other euill sprights,
Ne let mischieuous Witches with their charmes,
Ne let Hob-goblins, names whose sense we see not,

Fray vs with things that be not.
Let not the ſhriech-Owle, nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Rauen that ſtill deadly yels,
Nor damned ghoſts cald vp with mightie ſpels,
Nor grieſly vultures make vs once affeard:
Ne let th'vnpleaſant Quyre of Frogs ſtill croking
Make vs to wiſhe their choking.
Let none of theſe their drery accents ſing,
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

BVt let ſtill Silence true night watches keepe,
That ſacréd peace may in aſſurance raine,
And timely ſleepe, when it is time to ſleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleaſant plaine,
The whiles an hundred little winged loues,
Like diuers fethered doues,
Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,
And in the ſecret darke, that none reproues,
Their prety ſtealthes ſhall worke, and ſnares ſhall ſpread
To filch away ſweet ſnatches of delight,
Conceald through couert night.
Ye ſonnes of VENVS, play your ſports at will:
For greedy pleaſure, careleſſe of your toyes,
Thinks more vpon her paradiſe of ioyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will ſoone be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the woods now anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

VVHo is the ſame, which at my window peeps?
Or whoſe is that faire face which ſhines ſo bright?
Is it not CYNTHIA, ſhee that neuer ſleepes,
But walks about high heauen all the night?
O faireſt goddeſſe, doe thou not enuy
My Loue with me to ſpy:
For thou likewiſe didſt loue, though now vnthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which priuily,
The Latmian ſhepheard once vnto thee brought,
His pleaſures with thee wrought.
Therefore to vs be fauourable now;
And ſith of womens labours thou haſt charge,
And generation goodly dooſt enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wiſhfull vow,
And the chaſte wombe informe with timely ſeede,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopefull hap to ſing,
Ne let the woods vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

ANd thou great IVNO, which with awfull might
The lawes of wedlocke ſtill dooſt patronize,
And the religion of the faith firſt plight
With ſacred rites haſt taught to ſolemnize:
And eke for comfort often called art
Of women in their ſmart,
Eternally bind thou this louely band,
And all thy bleſſings vnto vs impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whoſe gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemiſh or ſtaine,
And the ſweet pleaſures of their loues delight
With ſecret ayde dooſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny,
Send vs the timely fruit of this ſame night.
And thou faire HEBE, and thou HYMEN free,
Grant that it may ſo bee.
Till which we ceaſe your further praiſe to ſing,
Ne any woods ſhall anſwere, nor your eccho ring.

ANd ye high heauens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thouſand torches flaming bright
Doe burne, that to vs wretched earthly clods,
In dreadfull darkneſſe lend deſired light;
And all ye powers which in the ſame remaine,
More then we men can faine,
Poure out your bleſſing on vs plentiouſly,
And happy influence vpon vs raine,
That we may raiſe a large poſteritie,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſſe,
With laſting happineſſe,
Vp to your haughty palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heauenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed Saints for to increaſe the count.
So let vs reſt, ſweet Loue, in hope of this,
And ceaſe till then our timely ioyes to ſing,
The woods no more vs anſwere, nor our eccho ring.

SOng made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my loue ſhould duly haue been deckt,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promiſt both to recompence,
Be vnto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſſe monument.

FINIS.

FOVRE
HYMNES,

MADE
By *Edmunde Spenſer.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRAble and moſt vertuous Ladies, the Ladie *Magaret*, Counteſſe of Cumberland, and the Lady *Mary*, Counteſſe of Warwicke.

(·.·)

HAuing in the greener times of my youth, compoſed theſe former two Hymnes in the prayſe of Loue and Beautie, and finding that the ſame too much pleaſed thoſe of like age and diſpoſition, which beeing too vehemently caried with that kind of affection, do rather ſucke out poyſon to their ſtrong paſsion, then hony to their honeſt delight; I was mooued by the one of you two moſt excellent Ladies, to call in the ſame. But being vnable ſo to doe, by reaſon that many copies thereof were formerly ſcattered abroad, I reſolued at leaſt to amend, and by way of retractation to reforme them, making (in ſtead of thoſe two Hymnes of earthly or naturall loue and beautie) two others, of heauenly and celeſtiall. The which I doe dedicate ioyntly vnto you two honourable ſiſters, as to the moſt excellent and rare ornaments of all true loue and beautie, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beſeeching you to vouchſafe the patronage of them, and to accept this my humble ſeruice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable fauours which ye daily ſhew vnto mee, vntill ſuch time as I may by better meanes, yeeld you ſome more notable teſtimony of my thankful mind and dutifull deuotion. And euen ſo I pray for your happineſſe. Greenewich, this firſt of September. 1596.

(*_*)

Your Honours moſt bounden euer in all humble ſeruice,

Edm. Sp.

AN HYMNE, IN honour of Loue.

LOVE, that long since hast to thy mightie powre
Perforce subdude my poore captiued hart,
And raging now therein with restlesse stowre,
Doost tyrannize in euery weaker part;
Faine would I seeke to ease my bitter smart,
By any seruice I might do to thee,
Or ought that else might to thee pleasing bee.

And now t'asswage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I meane to sing the prayses of thy name,
And thy victorious conquests ro areed;
By which thou madest many harts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,
And by thy cruell darts to thee subdew'd.

Onely I feare my wits enfeebled late,
Through the sharpe sorrowes, which thou hast me bred,
Should faint, and words should faile me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-hed.
But if thou wouldst vouchsafe to ouer-spred
Me with the shadow of thy gentle wing,
I should enabled be thy acts to sing.

Come then, ô come, thou mighty God of loue,
Out of thy siluer bowres and secret blisse,
Where thou doost sit in VENVS lap aboue,
Bathing thy wings in her Ambrosiall kisse,
That sweeter farre then any Nectar is:
Come softly, and my feeble breast inspire
With gentle furie, kindled of thy fire.

And ye sweet Muses, which haue often prou'd
The piercing points of his auengefull darts;
And ye faire Nimphs, which oftentimes haue lou'd
The cruell worker of your kindly smarts,
Prepare your selues, and open wide your harts,
For to receiue the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were sorie.

And yee faire blossomes of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conquests of your beautie bost,
Wherewith your louers feeble eyes you feed,
But sterue their harts, that needeth nurture most,
Prepare your selues, to march amongst his host,
And all the way this sacred Hymne doe sing,
Made in the honour of your Soueraigne King.

GReat god of might, that reignest in the mind,
And all the bodie to thy hest doost frame,
Victor of gods, subduer of mankind,
That doost the Lions and fell Tygers tame,
Making their cruell rage thy scornfull game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expresse the glory of thy might?

Or who aliue can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancie?
When thy great mother VENVS first thee bare,
Begot of Plentie and of Penurie,
Though elder then thine owne natiuitie;
And yet a child, renewing still thy yeares:
And yet the eldest of the heauenly Peares.

For ere this worlds still mouing mightie masse,
Out of great Chaos vgly prison crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heauens view, and in deepe darknesse kept;
LOVE, that had now long time securely slept
In VENVS lap, vnarmed then and naked,
Gan reare his head, by CLOTHO beeing waked.

And taking to him wings of his owne heat,
Kindled at first from heauens life-giuing fire,
He gan to moue out of his idle seat,
Weakely at first, but after with desire
Lifted aloft, he gan to mount vp hier,
And like fresh Eagle, made his hardie flight,
Through all that great wide waste, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His owne faire mother, for all creatures sake,
Did lend him light from her owne goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he gan to take,
The world that was not, till he did it make;
Whose sundry parts he from themselues did seuer,
The which before had lyen confused euer.

The earth, the ayre, the water, and the fire,
Then gan to range themselues in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conspire
Each against other, by all meanes they may,
Threatning their owne confusion and decay:
Ayre hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till LOVE relented their rebellious ire.

He

He then them tooke, and tempering goodly well,
Their contrary diſlikes with loued meanes,
Did place them all in order, and compell
To keepe themſelues within their ſundry raines,
Together linkt with Adamantine chaines;
  Yet ſo, as that in euery liuing wight
  They mixe themſelues, and ſhew their kindly might.

So euer ſince they firmely haue remain'd,
And duly well obſerued his beheaſt;
Through which, now all theſe things that are contain'd
Within this goodly cope, both moſt and leaſt
Their beeing haue, and daily are increaſt,
  Through ſecret ſparks of his infuſed fire,
  Which in the barraine cold he doth inſpire.

Thereby they all doe liue, and moued are
To multiply the likeneſſe of their kind,
Whilſt they ſeeke onely, without further care,
To quench the flame, which they in burning find:
But Man, that breathes a more immortall mind,
  Not for luſts ſake, but for eternitie,
  Seekes to enlarge his laſting progenie.

For hauing yet in his deducted ſpright,
Some ſparks remaining of that heauenly fire,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Vnto like goodly ſemblant to aſpire:
Therefore in choice of loue, he doth deſire
  That ſeemes on earth moſt heauenly, to embrace,
  That ſame is BEAVTY, borne of heauenly race.

For ſure of all, that in this mortall frame
Contained is, nought more diuine doth ſeeme,
Or that reſembleth more th'immortall flame
Of heauenly light, then BEAVTIES glorious beame.
What wonder then, if with ſuch rage extreame,
  Fraile men, whoſe eyes ſeeke heauenly things to ſee,
  At ſight thereof ſo much enrauiſht bee?

Which well perceiuing, that imperious boy,
Doth therewith tip his ſharp empoiſned darts;
Which glancing through the eyes with counſnance coy,
Reſt not, till they haue pierſt the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
  Which ſuckes the blood, and drinketh vp the life
  Of carefull wretches with conſuming griefe.

Thenceforth they plaine, and make ful pitious mone
Vnto the author of their balefull bane;
The daies they waſte, the nights they grieue and grone,
Their liues they loathe, and heauens light diſdaine:
No light but that, whoſe lampe doth yet remaine
  Freſh burning in the image of their eye,
  They deigne to ſee, and ſeeing it, ſtill dye.

The whilſt, thou tyrant LOVE dooſt laugh & ſcorne
At their complaints, making their paine thy play:
Whilſt they lie languiſhing like thrals forlorne,
The whiles thou dooſt triumph in their decay,
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
  Thou dooſt emmarble the proud hart of her,
  Whoſe loue before their life they doe prefer.

So haſt thou often done (aye me the more)
To me thy vaſſall, whoſe yet bleeding hart,
With thouſand wounds thou mangled haſt ſo ſore,
That whole remaines ſcarce any little part:
Yet to augment the anguiſh of my ſmart,
  Thou haſt enfrozend her diſdainfull breſt,
  That no one drop of pitie there doth reſt.

Why then doe I this honour vnto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou dooſt ſhew no fauour vnto mee,
Ne once moue ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to ſlake the rigour of my flame?
  Certes, ſmall glory dooſt thou winne hereby,
  To let her liue thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeede, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the moſt kind preſeruer
Of liuing wights, the ſoueraigne Lord of all,
How falles it then, that with thy furious feruour,
Thou dooſt afflict as well the not deſeruer,
  As him that doth thy lonely heaſts deſpiſe,
  And on thy ſubiects moſt dooſt tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glorie ſeemeth more,
By ſo hard handling thoſe which beſt thee ſerue,
That ere thou dooſt them vnto grace reſtore,
Thou maiſt well trie if they will euer ſwerue,
And maiſt them make it better to deſerue:
  And hauing got it, may it more eſteeme,
  For things hard gotten, men more deerely deeme.

So hard thoſe heauenly beauties be enfired,
As things diuine, leaſt paſſions doe impreſſe,
The more of ſtedfaſt minds to be admired,
The more they ſtayed be on ſtedfaſtneſſe:
But baſeborne minds ſuch lamps regard the leſſe,
  Which at firſt blowing take not haſtie fire,
  Such fancies feele no loue, but looſe deſire.

For loue is Lord of truth and loyaltie,
Lifting himſelfe out of the lowly duſt,
On golden plumes vp to the pureſt skie,
Aboue the reach of loathly ſinfull luſt,
Whoſe baſe affect through cowardly diſtruſt
  Of his weake wings, dare not to heauen flie,
  But like a moldwarpe in the earth doth lie.

His dunghill thoughts, which do themſelues enure
To durtie droſſe, no higher dare aſpire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celeſtiall fire,
Which kindleth loue in generous deſire,
  And makes him mount aboue the natiue might
  Of heauie earth, vp to the heauens hight.

Such is the powre of that ſweet paſſion,
That it all ſordid baſeneſſe doth expell,

And

And the refined mind doth newly faſhion
Vnto a fairer formę, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it ſelfe excell:
Which he beholding ſtill with conſtant ſight,
Admires the mirrour of ſo heauenly light.

Whoſe image printing in his deepeſt wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantaſie,
Still full, yet neuer ſatisfide with it,
Like TANTALE, that in ſtore doth ſtarued ly:
So doth he pine in moſt ſatietie:
For nought may quench his infinite deſire,
Once kindled through that firſt conceiued fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholly is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attaine;
His care, his ioy, his hope is all on this,
That ſeemes in it all bliſſes to containe,
In ſight whereof, all other bliſſe ſeemes vaine.
Thrice happy man, might he the ſame poſſeſſe,
He faines himſelfe, and doth his fortune bleſſe.

And though he doe not win his wiſh to end,
Yet thus farre happy he himſelfe doth weene,
That heauens ſuch happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth ſo heauenly, to haue ſeene,
His harts enſhrined Saint, his heauens queene,
Fairer then faireſt, in his fayning eye,
Whoſe ſole aſpect he counts felicitie.

Then forth he caſts in his vnquiet thought,
What he may doe, her fauour to obtaine;
What braue exploit, what perill hardy wrought,
What puiſſant conqueſt, what aduentrous paine
May pleaſe her beſt, and grace vnto him gaine:
He dreads no danger, nor misfortune feares,
His faith, his fortune, in his breaſt he beares.

Thou art his god, thou art his mightie guide,
Thou being blind, letſt him not ſee his feares,
But carieſt him to that which he hath eyde,
Through ſeas, through flames, through thouſand (ſwords and ſpeares:
Ne ought ſo ſtrong that may his force withſtand,
With which thou armeſt his reſiſtleſſe hand.

Witneſſe LEANDER, in the Euxine waues,
And ſtout AENEAS in the Troiane fire,
ACHILLES preaſſing through the Phrygian glaues,
And ORPHEVS, daring to prouoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his loue retire:
For both through heauen and hell thou makeſt way,
To win them worſhip which to thee obay.

And if by all theſe perils and theſe paines,
He may but purchaſe lyking in her eye,
What heauens of ioy, then to himſelfe he faines,
Eftſoones he wipes quite out of memory
What euer ill before he did aby:
Had it been death, yet would he die againe,
To line thus happy as her grace to gaine.

Yet when he hath found fauour to his will,
He nathemore can ſo contented reſt,
But forceth further on, and ſtriueth ſtill
T'approach more neare, till in her boſome breſt,
He may emboſomed bee; and cloſed beſt:
And yet not beſt, but to be lou'd alone:
For loue cannot endure a Paragone.

The feare whereof, ô how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more then helliſh paine!
And to his fayning fanſie repreſent
Sights neuer ſeene, and thouſand ſhadowes vaine,
To breake his ſleepe, and waſte his idle braine:
Thou that haſt neuer lou'd canſt not believe
Leaſt part of th'euils which poore Loners grieue.

The gnawing enuie, the hart-fretting feare,
The vaine ſurmiſes, the diſtruſtfull ſhowes,
The falſe reports that flying tales doe beare,
The doubts, the dangers, the delayes, the woes,
The fained friends, the vnaſſured foes,
With thouſands more then any tongue can tell,
Doe make a Louers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more curſed then they all,
That canker-worme, that monſter cloſie,
Which eates the hart, and feedes vpon the gall,
Turning all loues delight to miſerie,
Through feare of loſing his felicitie.
Ah Gods, that euer ye that monſter placed
In gentle loue, that all his ioyes defaced.

By theſe, ô LOVE, thou dooſt thy entrance make,
Vnto thy heauen, and dooſt the more endeere
Thy pleaſures vnto thoſe which them partake,
As after ſtormes when clouds begin to cleare,
The ſunne more bright & glorious doth appeare:
So thou thy folke, through paines of Purgatorie,
Dooſt bring vnto thy bliſſe, and heauens glorie.

There thou them placeſt in a Paradiſe
Of all delight, and ioyous happy reſt,
Where they doe feed on Nectar heauenly wiſe,
With HERCVLES and HEBE, and the reſt
Of VENVS dearlings, through her bountie bleſt,
And lie like gods in Iuory beds arayd,
With roſe and lillies ouer them diſplayd.

There, with thy daughter PLEASVRE they do play
Their hurtleſſe ſports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her ſnowy boſome boldly lay
Their quiet heads, deuoyd of guilty ſhame,
After full ioyance of their gentle game:
Then her they crowne their goddeſſe & their Queene,
And decke with flowres thy altars well beſeene.

Aye me, deare Lord, that euer I might hope,
For all the paines and woes that I endure,
To come at length vnto the wiſhed ſcope
Of my deſires or might my ſelfe aſſure,
That happy port for euer to recure.

Then

Then would I thinke theſe paines no paines at all,
And all my woes to be but penance ſmall.

Then would I ſing of thine immortall praiſe,
An heauenly Hymne, ſuch as the Angels ſing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raiſe
Boue all the gods, thee onely honouring.
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King:
Till then, drad Lord, vouchſafe to take of mee
This ſimple ſong, thus fram'd in praiſe of thee.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE, IN honour of Beautie.

AH! whither, Loue, wilt thou now carry mee?
What wontleſſe fury dooſt thou now inſpire
Into my feeble breaſt, too full of thee?
Whilſt ſeeking to aſſuage thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindleſt much more great deſire,
And vp aloft aboue my ſtrength doſt raiſe
The wondrous matter of my fire to praiſe.

That as I earſt, in praiſe of thine owne name,
So, now in honour of thy Mother deare,
An honourable Hymne I eke ſhould frame:
And with the brightneſſe of her beautie cleare,
The rauiſht harts of gazefull men might reare,
To admiration of that heauenly light,
From whence proceeds ſuch ſoule enchaunting might.

Thereto doe thou great Goddeſſe, queen of Beauty,
Mother of Loue, and of all worlds delight,
Without whoſe ſoueraigne grace and kindly deutie,
Nothing on earth ſeemes faire to fleſhly ſight,
Doe thou vouchſafe with thy loue-kindling light,
T' illuminate my dim and dulled eyne,
And beautifie this ſacred Hymne of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I meane it moſt,
And eke to her, whoſe faire immortall beame
Hath darted fire into my feeble gboſt,
That now it waſted is with woes extreame,
It may ſo pleaſe, that ſhe at length will ſtreame
Some deaw of grace, into my withered hart,
After long ſorrowe and conſuming ſmart.

VVHat time this worlds great workmaiſter did caſt
To make all things, ſuch as we now behold,
It ſeemes that he before his eyes had plac't
A goodly Patterne, to whoſe perfect mould
He faſhiond them as comely as he could:
That now ſo faire and ſeemly they appeare,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Patterne whereſoere it bee,
Whether in earth layd vp in ſecret ſtore,
Or elſe in heauen, that no man may it ſee
With ſinfull eyes, for feare it to deflore,
Is perfect Beauty, which all men adore:
Whoſe face and feature doth ſo much excell
All mortall ſenſe, that none the ſame may tell.

Thereof, as euery earthly thing partakes
Or more or leſſe by influence diuine,
So it more faire accordingly it makes,
And the groſſe matter of this earthly mine
Which cloſeth it, thereafter doth refine,
Dooing away the droſſe which dims the light
Of that faire beame, which therein is empight.

For through infuſion of celeſtiall powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full ſpirits priuily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers ſight
They ſeeme to pleaſe. That is, thy ſoueraigne might
O Cyprian Queene, which flowing from the beame
Of thy bright ſtarre, thou into them dooſt ſtreame.

That

That is the thing, which giueth pleasant grace
To all things faire, that kindleth liuely fire,
Light of thy lampe, which shining in the face,
Thence to the soule darts amorous desire,
And robs the harts of those which it admire,
Therewith thou pointest thy sonnes poysned arrow,
That wounds the life, & wastes the inmost marrow.

How vainely then doe idle wits inuent,
That beautie is nought else, but mixture made
Of colours faire, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade
And passe away, like to a Sommers shade,
Or that it is but comely composition,
Of parts well measurd, with meet disposition.

Hath white and red in it such wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes vnto the hart,
And therein stirre such rage and restlesse stowre,
As nought but death can stint his dolours smart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Moue such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both sense and reason blind?

Why doe not then the blossoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Worke like impression in the lookers view?
Or why doe not faire pictures like powre shew,
In which oft-times, we Nature see of Art
Exceld, in perfect limming euery part.

But ah! beleeue me, there is more then so,
That workes such wonders in the minds of men.
I that haue often prou'd, too well it know;
And who so list the like assayes to ken,
Shall find by triall, and confesse it then,
That BEAVTIE is not, as fond men misdeeme,
An outward shew of things, that onely seeme.

For that same goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheekes are sprinkled, shall decay.
And those sweet rosie leaues so fairely spred
Vpon the lips, shall fade and fall away
To that they were, euen to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, those sparkling starres so bright,
Shall turne to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that faire lampe, from whose celestiall ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Louers fire,
Shall neuer be extinguisht nor decay,
But when the vitall spirits doe expire,
Vnto her native planet shall retire:
For it is heauenly borne and cannot die,
Being a parcell of the purest skie.

For when the soule, the which deriued was
At first, out of that great immortall Spright,
By whom all liue to loue, whilome did pas
Downe from the top of purest heauens hight,
To be embodied here, it then tooke light
And liuely spirits from that fairest starre,
Which lights the world forth from his firie carre.

Which powre retayning still or more or lesse,
When she in fleshly seed is eft enraced,
Through euery part she doth the same impresse,
According as the heauens haue her graced,
And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
Fit for her selfe, adorning it with spoile
Of th'heauenly riches, which she robd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that these faire soules, which haue
The most resemblance of that heauenly light,
Frame to themselues most beautifull and braue
Their fleshly bowre, most fit for their delight,
And the grosse matter by a soueraine might
Tempers so trim, that it may well be seene,
A palace fit for such a virgin Queene.

So euery spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heauenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight.
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take:
For soule is forme, and doth the body make.

Therfore where-euer that thou doost behold
A comely corpse, with beautie faire endewed,
Knowe this for certaine, that the same doth hold
A beautious soule, with faire conditions thewed,
Fit to receiue the seed of vertue strewed.
For all that faire is, is by nature good;
That is a signe to knowe the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falles, that many a gentle mind
Dwels in deformed tabernacle drownd;
Either by chaunce, against the course of kind,
Or through vnaptnesse in the substance found,
Which it assumed of some stubborne ground,
That will not yield vnto her formes direction,
But is perform'd with some foule imperfection.

And oft it falles, (ay me the more to rew)
That goodly beautie, albe heauenly borne,
Is foule abusd, and that celestiall hew,
Which doth the world with her delight adorne,
Made but the bait of sinne, and sinners scorne:
Whilst euery one doth seeke and sue to haue it,
But euery one doth seeke, but to depraue it.

Yet nathemore is that faire beauties blame,
But theirs that doe abuse it vnto ill:
Nothing so good, but that through guilty shame
May be corrupt, and wrested vnto will.
Natheless, the soule is faire and beautious still,
How euer fleshes fault it filthy make:
For things immortall no corruption take.

But ye faire Dames, the worlds deare ornaments,
And liuely images of heauenly light,

Let not your beames with ſuch diſparagements
Be dimd, and your bright glory darkned quight:
But mindfull ſtill of your firſt countries ſight,
Doe ſtill preſerue your firſt informed grace,
Whoſe ſhadow yet ſhines in your beautious face.

Loath that foule blot, that helliſh fierbrand,
Diſloyall luſt, faire BEAVTIES fouleſt blame,
That baſe affections, which your eares would bland,
Commend to you by loues abuſed name;
But is indeed the bond-ſlaue of defame,
Which will the garland of your glory marre,
And quench the light of your bright ſhining ſtarre.

But gentle LOVE, that loyall is and trew,
Will more illumine your reſplendent ray,
And adde more brightneſſe to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likeneſſe doth diſplay,
Like as two mirrours by oppoſd reflexion,
Doe both expreſſe the faces firſt impreſſion.

Therefore to make your beautie more appeare,
It you behoues to loue, and forth to lay
That heauenly riches, which in you ye beare,
That men the more admire their fountaine may.
For elſe what booteth that celeſtiall ray,
If it in darknes be enſhrined euer,
That it of louing eyes be viewed neuer?

But in your choice of Loues, this well aduiſe,
That likeſt to your ſelues ye them ſelect,
The which your formes firſt ſourſe may ſympathiſe,
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you looſely loue, without reſpect,
It is not loue, but a diſcordant warre,
Whoſe vnlike parts amongſt themſelues do iarre.

For loue is a celeſtiall harmonie,
Of likely harts compoſd of ſtarres concent,
Which ioyne together in ſweet ſympathy,
To worke each others ioy and true content,
Which they haue harboured ſince their firſt deſcent
Out of their heauenly bowres, where they did ſee
And knowe each other here belou'd to bee.

Then wrong it were that any other twine
Should in loues gentle band combined bee,
But thoſe whom heauen did at firſt ordaine,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beauty which they ſee,
Straight doe not loue: for loue is not ſo light,
As ſtraight to burne at firſt beholders ſight.

But they which loue indeed, looke otherwiſe,
With pure regard and ſpotleſſe true intent,
Drawing out of the obiect of their eyes,
A more refined forme, which they preſent
Vnto their mind, voyde of all blemiſhment;
Which it reducing to her firſt perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleſhes fraile infection.

And then conforming it vnto the light,
Which in it ſelfe it hath remaining ſtill
Of that firſt Sunne, yet ſparkling in his ſight,
Thereof he faſhions in his higher skill,
An heauenly beautie to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his owne thought doth admire.

Which ſeeing now ſo inly faire to bee,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his ſpirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantaſie,
And fully ſetteth his felicitie,
Counting it fairer, then it is indeed,
And yet indeed her faireneſs doth exceed.

For Louers eyes more ſharply ſighted bee
Then other mens, and in deare loues delight,
See more then any other eyes can ſee,
Through mutuall receipt of the beames bright,
Which carry priuie meſſage to the ſpright,
And to their eyes that inmoſt faire diſplay,
As plaine as light diſcouers dawning day.

Therein they ſee through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loues ſtill flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fierie launces:
Whom haning wounded, backe againe they goe,
Carrying compaſſion to their louely foe;
Who ſeeing her fayre eyes ſo ſharpe effect,
Cures all their ſorrowes with one ſweet aſpect.

In which, how many wonders doe they reed
To their conceit, that others neuer ſee,
Now of her ſmiles, with which their ſoules they feed,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her lookes, which like to Cordials bee;
But when her words embaſſade forth ſhe ſends,
Lord, how ſweet muſick that vnto them lends!

Sometimes vpon her forehead they behold
A thouſand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they vnfold
Ten thouſand ſweet belgards, which to their ſight
Doe ſeeme like twinkling ſtarres in froſty night:
But on her lips, like roſie buds in May,
So many millions of chaſte pleaſures play.

All thoſe, ô CYTHEREA, and thouſands more
Thy handmaids be, which doe on thee attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties ſtore,
That may it more to mortall eyes commend,
And make it more admyr'd of foe and friend;
That in mens harts thou mayſt thy throne enſtall,
And ſpread thy louely kingdome ouer all.

Then *Io triumph*, ô great beauties Queene,
Aduance the banner of thy conqueſt hie,
That all this world, the which thy vaſſals beene,
May drawe to thee, and with due fealtie,
Adore the powre of thy great Maieſtie,

Sing-

Singing this Hymne in honour of thy name,
Compyld by me, which thy poore liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, ô great Soueraigne,
That ſhe whoſe conquering beautie doth captiue
My trembling hart in her eternall chaine,
One drop of grace at length will to me giue,
That I her bounden thrall by her may liue:
And this ſame life, which firſt from me ſhe reaued,
May owe to her, of whom I it receaued.

And you faire VENVS dearling, my deare dread,
Freſh flowre of grace, great Goddeſſe of my life,
When your faire eyes theſe fearefull lines ſhall read,
Deigne to let fall one drop of due reliefe,
That may recure my harts long pyning griefe,
And ſhew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can reſtore a damned wight from death.

FINIS.

AN HYMNE, OF heauenly Loue.

LOVE, lift me vp vpon thy golden wings,
From this baſe world vnto thy heauens hight,
Where I may ſee thoſe admirable things,
Which there thou workeſt by thy ſoueraine might,
Farre aboue feeble reach of earthly ſight,
That I thereof an heauenly Hymne may ſing
Vnto the god of LOVE, high heauens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praiſe of that mad fit, which fooles call loue,
I haue in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did looſe affection moue,
But all thoſe follies now I doe reproue,
And turned haue the tenor of my ſtring,
The heauenly praiſes of true loue to ſing.

And ye that wont with greedy vaine deſire,
To read my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warme your ſelues at my wide ſparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her aſhes ſhrowd my dying ſhame:
For who my paſſed follies now purſewes,
Beginner his owne, and my old fault renewes.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now containd, found any beeing place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Sphere, & parts their houres by ſpace,
That high Eternall powre, which now doth moue
In all theſe things, mou'd in it ſelfe by loue.

It lou'd it ſelfe, becauſe it ſelfe was faire;
(For faire is lou'd;) and of it ſelfe begot
Like to it ſelfe his eldeſt ſonne and heire,
Eternall, pure, and void of ſinfull blot,
The firſtling of his ioy, in whom no iot
Of loues diſlike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equall honor crowned.

With him he raigned, before all time preſcribed,
In endleſſe glorie and immortall might,
Together with that third from them deriued,
Moſt wiſe, moſt holy, moſt almightie Spright,
Whoſe kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much leſſe my trembling verſe,
With equall words can hope it to reherſe.

Yet ô moſt bleſſed Spirit, pure lampe of light,
Eternall ſpring of grace and wiſedome true,
Vouchſafe to ſhed into my barren ſpright,
Some little drop of thy celeſtiall dew,
That may my rimes with ſweet infuſe embrew,
And giue me words equall vnto my thought,
To tell the marueiles by thy mercy wrought.

Yet beeing pregnant ſtill with powrefull grace,
And full of fruitfull loue, that loues to get
Things like himſelfe, and to enlarge his race,
His ſecond brood, though not of powre ſo great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increaſe of Angels bright,
All gliſtring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heauens illimitable hight
(Not this round heauen, which wee from hence behold,
Adornd with thouſand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thouſand gemmes of ſhining gold)
He gaue, as their inheritance to hold,
That they might ſerue him in eternall bliſs,
And be partakers of thoſe ioyes of his.

There they in their trinall triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his meſſages doth ſend,
Or on his owne dread preſence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll Hymnes of loue both day and night.

Both day and night is vnto them all one,
For he his beames doth vnto them extend,

That darknes there appeareth neuer none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliſſe an end,
But there their termeleſſs time in pleaſure ſpend,
Ne euer ſhould their happineſſe decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to diſobay.

But pride, impatient of long reſting peace,
Did puffe them vp with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan caſt their ſtate how to increaſe
Aboue the fortune of their firſt condition,
And ſit in Gods owne ſeate without commiſſion:
The brighteſt Angell, euen the Child of light,
Drew millions more againſt their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, ſeeing their ſo bold aſſay,
Kindled the flame of his conſuming ire,
And with his onely breath them blew away
From heauens hight, to which they did aſpire,
To deepeſt hell, and lake of damned fire;
Where they in darknes and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-ſpring of the Makers loue,
Next to himſelfe in glorious degree,
Degenering to hate, fell from aboue
Through pride; (for pride and loue may ill agree)
And now of ſinne to all enſample bee:
How then can ſinfull fleſh it ſelfe aſſure,
Sith pureſt Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternall fount of loue and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodnes vnto all,
Now ſeeing left a waſte and emptie place
In his wide Palace, through thoſe Angels fall,
Caſt to ſupply the ſame, and to enſtall
A new vnknowen Colonie therein, (begin.
Whoſe roote from earths baſe ground-worke ſhould

Therefore of clay, baſe, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:
According to an heauenly patterne wrought,
Which he had faſhiond in his wiſe foreſight,
He man did make, and breath'd a liuing ſpright
Into his face, moſt beautifull and faire,
Endewd with wiſedoms riches, heauenly rare.

Such he him made, that he reſemble might
Himſelfe, as mortall thing immortall could;
Him to be Lord of euery liuing wight,
He made by loue out of his owne like mould,
In whom he might his mightie ſelfe behold.
For loue doth loue the thing belou'd to ſee,
That like it ſelfe in louely ſhape may bee.

But Man, forgetfull of his Makers grace,
No leſſe then Angels, whom he did enſew,
Fell from the hope of promiſt heauenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to ſinners dew,
And all his off-ſpring into thraldome threw:
Where they for euer ſhould in bonds remaine,
Of neuer dead, yet euer dying paine.

Till that great Lord of Loue, which him at firſt
Made of meere loue, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurſt,
In that deepe horror of deſpeired hell,
Him wretch in doole would let no longer dwell,
But caſt out of that bondage to redeeme,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreeme.

Out of the boſome of eternall bliſs,
In which he raigned with his glorious ſire,
He downe deſcended, like a moſt demiſs
And abiect thrall, in fleſhes fraile attire,
That he for him might pay ſinnes deadly hire,
And him reſtore vnto that happy ſtate,
In which he ſtood before his hapleſs fate.

In fleſh at firſt the guilt committed was,
Therefore in fleſh it muſt be ſatisfide:
Nor ſpirit, nor Angell, though they man ſurpas,
Could make amends to God for mans miſguide,
But onely man himſelfe, who ſelfe did ſlide.
So taking fleſh of ſacred Virgins wombe,
For mans deare ſake, he did a man become.

And that moſt bleſſed body, which was borne
Without all blemiſh or reproachfull blame,
He freely gaue to be both rent and torne
Of cruell hands, who with deſpightfull ſhame
Reuiling him, that them moſt vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And ſlew the iuſt, by moſt vniuſt decree.

O huge and moſt vnſpeakeable impreſſion
Of loues deepe wound, that pierſt the pitious hart
Of that deare Lord with ſo entire affection,
And ſharply launcing euery inner part,
Dolours of death into his ſoule did dart;
Dooing him die, that neuer it deſerued,
To free his foes, that from his heaſt had ſwerued.

What hart can feele leaſt touch of ſo ſore launch,
Or thought can thinke the depth of ſo deare wound?
Whoſe bleeding ſourſe their ſtreames yet neuer ſtaunch,
But ſtill do flowe, and freſhly ſtill redound,
To heale the ſores of ſinfull ſoules vnſound,
And clenſe the guilt of that infected crime,
Which was enrooted in all fleſhly ſlime.

O bleſſed well of loue! ô flowre of grace!
O glorious Morning ſtarre! ô lampe of light!
Moſt liuely image of thy fathers face,
Eternall King of glory, Lord of might,
Meeke lambe of God before all world behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy moſt precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'ſt in lieu of all this loue,
But loue of vs, for guerdon of thy paine.
Aye me! what can vs leſſe then that behoue?
Had he required life of vs againe,
Had it beene wrong to aske his owne with gaine?

He

He gaue vs life, he it restored lost;
Then life were least, that vs so little cost.

But he our life hath left vnto vs free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was band;
Ne ought demaunds, but that we louing bee,
As he himselfe hath lou'd vs afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternall band,
Him first to loue, that vs so dearly bought,
And next, our brethren to his image wrought.

Him first to loue, great right and reason is,
Who first to vs our life and being gaue;
And after, when we fared had amis,
Vs wretches from the second death did saue:
And last, the food of life, which now we haue,
Euen hee himselfe in his deare sacrament,
To feede our hungry soules vnto vs lent.

Then next, to loue our brethren, that were made
Of that selfe mould, and that selfe Makers hand,
That we; and to the same againe shall fade,
Where they shall haue like heritage of land,
How-euer here on higher steps we stand;
Which also were with selfe same price redeemed
That we, how-euer of vs light esteemed.

And were they not, yet sith that louing Lord
Commaunded vs to loue them for his sake,
Euen for his sake, and for his sacred word,
Which in his last bequest he to vs spake,
We should them loue, & with their needs partake;
Knowing, that whatsoere to them we giue,
We giue to him, by whom we all doe liue.

Such mercy he by his most holy reed
Vnto vs taught, and to approue it trew,
Ensampled it by his most righteous deed,
Shewing vs mercy (miserable crew)
That we the like should to the wretches shew,
And loue our brethren; thereby to approue,
How much himselfe that loued vs, we loue.

Then rouze thy selfe, ô earth, out of thy soyle,
In which thou wallow'st like to filthy swine,
And doost thy mind in durty pleasures moyle,
Vnmindfull of that dearest Lord of thine;
Lift vp to him thy heauie clouded eyne,
That thou his soueraigne bounty maist behold,
And read through loue his mercies manifold.

Begin from first, where he encradled was
In simple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylefull Oxe and humble Asse,
And in what rags, and in how base aray,
The glory of our heauenly riches lay,
When him the silly Shepheards came to see,
Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest knee.

From thence read on the story of his life,
His humble carriage, his vnfaulty waies,
His cancred foes, his sights, his toyle, his strife,
His paines, his pouerty, his sharpe assaies,
Through which he past his miserable daies,
Offending none, and dooing good to all,
Yet beeing malist both of great and small.

And looke at last, how of most wretched wights
He taken was; betrayd, and falsely accused,
How with most scornfull taunts, & fell despights
He was reuil'd, disgrast, and foule abused,
How scourg'd, how crowned, how buffeted, how bruised;
And lastly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (side;
With bitter wounds, through hands, through feet, through

Then let thy flinty hart that feeles no paine,
Empierced be with pittifull remorse,
And let thy bowels bleed in euery vaine,
At sight of his most sacred heauenly corse,
So torne and mangled with malicious force:
And let thy soule, whose sinnes his sorrowes wrought,
Melt into teares, and grone in grieued thought.

With sense whereof, whilst so thy softned spirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meeke zeale,
Through meditation of his endlesse merit,
Lift vp thy mind to th' author of thy weale,
And to his soueraigne mercy doe appeale;
Learne him to loue, that loued thee so deare,
And in thy breast his blessed image beare.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must him loue, and his beheasts embrace:
All other loues, with which the world doth blind
Weake fancies, and stirre vp affections base,
Thou must renounce, and vtterly displace,
And giue thy selfe vnto him full and free,
That full and freely gaue himselfe for thee.

Then shalt thou feele thy spirit so possest,
And rauisht with deuouring great desire
Of his deare selfe, that shall thy feeble brest
Inflame with loue, and set thee all on fire
With burning zeale, through euery part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou shalt delight,
But in his sweet and amiable sight.

Thenceforth, all worlds desire will in thee die,
And all earths glory, on which men doe gaze,
Seeme durt and drosse in thy pure sighted eye,
Compar'd to that celestiall beauties blaze,
Whose glorious beames all fleshly sense doth daze
With admiration of their passing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the spright.

Then shall thy rauisht soule inspired bee
With heauenly thoughts, farre aboue humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes shall plainly see
Th' Idee of his pure glory, present still
Before thy face, that all thy spirits shall fill
With sweet enragement of celestiall loue,
Kindled through sight of those faire things aboue.

AN HYMNE, OF HEAuenlie Beautie.

Rapt with the rage of mine owne rauiſht thought,
Through contemplation of thoſe goodly ſights,
And glorious Images in heauen wrought,
Whoſe wondrous beauty breathing ſweet delights,
Doe kindle loue in high conceited ſprights:
I faine to tell the things that I behold,
But feele my wits to faile, and tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, ô thou moſt almightie Spright,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flowe,
To ſhed into my breaſt ſome ſparkling light
Of thine eternall Truth; that I may ſhowe
Some little beames to mortall eyes belowe,
Of that immortall beautie, there with thee,
Which in my weake diſtraughted mind I ſee.

That with the glorie of ſo goodly ſight,
The harts of men, which fondly here admire
Faire-ſeeming ſhewes, and feede on vaine delight,
Tranſported with celeſtiall deſire
Of thoſe faire formes, may lift themſelues vp hier,
And learne to loue with zealous humble dewty,
Th'eternall fountaine of that heauenly beautie.

Beginning then belowe, with th'eaſie view
Of this baſe world, ſubiect to fleſhly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th'immortall skie.
Of the ſoare Faulcon ſo I learne to flie,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till ſhe herſelfe for ſtronger flight can breath.

Then looke who liſt, thy gazefull eyes to feed
With ſight of that is faire, looke on the frame
Of this wide *Vniverſe*, and therein reed
The endleſſe kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canſt not count, much leſſe their natures aime:
All which are made with wondrous wiſe reſpect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

Firſt th'Earth, on Adamantine pillers founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with braſen bands;
Then th'Ayre ſtill flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On euerie ſide, with pyles of flaming brands,
Neuer conſum'd, nor quencht with mortall hands;
And laſt, that mightie ſhining cryſtall wall,
Wherewith he hath encompaſſed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appeare,
That ſtill as euery thing doth vpward tend,
And further is from earth, ſo ſtill more cleare
And faire it growes, till to his perfect end
Of pureſt beautie, it at laſt aſcend:
Ayre more then water, fire much more then ayre,
And heauen then fire appeares more pure and fayre.

Looke thou no further, but affixe thine eye,
On that bright ſhinie round ſtill moouing Maſſe,
The houſe of bleſſed Gods, which men call SKYE,
All ſow'd with gliſtring ſtarres more thicke then graſſe,
Whereof each other doth in brightneſſe paſſe;
But thoſe two moſt, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queene, the heauens Empire ſway.

And tell me then, what haſt thou euer ſeene,
That to their beautie may compared bee,
Or can the ſight that is moſt ſharpe and keene,
Endure their Captaines flaming head to ſee?
How much leſſe thoſe, much higher in degree,
And ſo much fairer, and much more then theſe,
As theſe are fairer then the land and ſeas?

For, farre aboue theſe heauens which here we ſee,
Be others, farre exceeding theſe in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as theſe ſame bee,
But infinite in largeneſſe and in hight,
Vnmouing, vncorrupt, and ſpotleſſe bright,
That need no Sunne t'illuminate their ſpheres,
But their owne natiue light, farre paſſing theirs.

And as theſe heauens ſtill by degrees ariſe,
Vntill they come to their firſt Mouers bound,
That in his mighty compaſſe doth compriſe,
And carry all the reſt with him around;
So thoſe likewiſe doe by degrees redound,
And riſe more faire, till they at laſt arriue
To the moſt faire, whereto they all doe ſtriue.

Faire is the heauen, where happy ſoules haue place,
In full enioyment of felicitie,
Whence they doe ſtill behold the glorious face
Of the diuine eternall Majeſtie:
More faire is that, where thoſe IDEES on hie
Enranged be, which PLATO ſo admired,
And pure INTELLIGENCES from God inſpired.

Yet fairer is that heauen, in which doe raigne
The ſouerain POVVERS & mighty POTENTATES,
Which in their high protections doe containe
All mortall Princes, and imperiall States;
And fayrer yet, whereas the royall Seates
And heauenly DOMINATIONS are ſet,
From whom all earthly gouernance is fet.

Yet far more faire be thoſe bright CHERVBINS,
Which all with golden wings are ouer-dight,
And thoſe eternall burning SERAPHINS,
Which from their faces dart out fierie light;
Yet fairer then they both, and much more bright
Be th'Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods owne perſon, without reſt or end.

Theſe

Theſe thus in faire each other farre excelling,
As to the Higheſt they approach more neare,
Yet is that Higheſt farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the reſt which there appeare,
Though all their beauties ioynd together were:
How then can mortall tongue hope to expreſſe
The image of ſuch endleſſe perfectneſſe?

Ceaſe then my tongue, and lend vnto my mind
Leaue to bethinke how great that beautie is,
Whoſe vtmoſt parts ſo beautifull I find:
How much more thoſe eſſentiall parts of his,
His truth, his loue, his wiſedome, and his bliſs,
His grace, his doome, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends vs of himſelfe a ſight.

Thoſe vnto all he daily doth diſplay,
And ſhew himſelfe in th'image of his grace,
As in a looking glaſſe, through which he may
Be ſeene, of all his creatures vile and baſe,
That are vnable elſe to ſee his face,
His glorious face which gliſtereth elſe ſo bright,
That th'Angels ſelues cannot endure his ſight.

But we fraile wights, whoſe ſight cannot ſuſtaine
The Sun-bright beames, when he on vs doth ſhine,
But that their points rebutted backe againe
Are duld, how can we ſee with feeble eyne,
The glory of that Maieſtie diuine;
In ſight of whom both Sun and Moone are darke,
Compared to his leaſt reſplendent ſparke?

The meanes therefore which vnto vs is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to looke,
Which he hath made in beautie excellent,
And in the ſame, as in a braſen booke,
To read enregiſtred in euery nooke
His goodnes, which his beautie doth declare.
For all thats good, is beautifull and faire.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect ſpeculation,
To impe the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount vp aloft through heauenly contemplation,
From this darke world, whoſe damps the ſoule do blind,
And like the native brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sunne of glory fixe thine eyes,
Clear'd from groſſe miſts of fraile infirmities.

Humbled with feare and awfull reuerence,
Before the footſtoole of his Maieſtie,
Throwe thy ſelfe downe with trembling innocence,
Ne dare looke vp with corruptible eye,
On the drad face of that great DEITIE,
For feare, leaſt if he chaunce to looke on thee,
Thou turne to nought, and quite confounded bee.

But lowely fall before his Mercie ſeate,
Cloſe couered with the Lambes integritie,
From the iuſt wrath of his auengefull threat,
That ſits vpon the righteous throne on hie:
His throne is built vpon Eternitie,
More firme and durable then ſteele or braſſe,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth paſſe.

His ſcepter is the rod of Righteouſneſſe,
With which he bruſeth all his foes to duſt,
And the great Dragon ſtrongly doth repreſſe,
Vnder the rigour of his iudgement iuſt:
His ſeate is Truth, to which the faithfull truſt;
From whence proceed her beames ſo pure & bright,
That all about him ſheddeth glorious light.

Light farre exceeding that bright blazing ſparke,
Which darted is from TITANS flaming head,
That with his beames enlumineth the darke
The darke damp ayre, whereby all things are red:
Whoſe nature yet ſo much is maruelled
Of mortall wits, that it doth much amaze
The greateſt Wiſards, which thereon doe gaze.

But that immortall light which there doth ſhine,
Is many thouſand times more bright, more cleare,
More excellent, more glorious, more diuine,
Through which to God all mortall actions here,
And euen the thoughts of men, doe plaine appeare:
For from th'eternall Truth it doth proceed,
Through heauenly vertue, which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompaſſed around,
And hid in his owne brightneſſe from the ſight
Of all that looke thereon with eyes vnſound:
And vnderneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempeſtuous fire,
The inſtruments of his auenging ire.

There in his boſome SAPIENCE doth ſit,
The ſoueraine dearling of the DEITIE,
Clad like a Queene in royall robes, moſt fit
For ſo great powre and peereleſſe maieſtie;
And all with gemmes and iewels gorgeouſly
Adornd, that brighter then the ſtarres appeare,
And make her native brightnes ſeeme more cleare.

And on her head a crowne of pureſt gold
Is ſet, in ſigne of higheſt ſoueraignetie,
And in her hand a ſcepter ſhe doth hold,
With which ſhe rules the houſe of God on hie,
And menageth the euer-moouing ſky,
And in the ſame theſe lower creatures all,
Subiected to her powre imperiall.

Both heauen and earth obey vnto her will,
And all the creatures which they both containe:
For of her fulneſſe which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and doe in ſtate remaine,
As their great Maker did at firſt ordaine,
Through obſeruation of her high beheaſt,
By which they firſt were made, and ſtill increaſt.

The faireneſſe of her face no tongue can tell,
For ſhe, the daughters of all wemens race,

And

And Angels eke, in beautie doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods owne glorious face,
And more increaſt by her owne goodly grace,
That it doth farre exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he liued yet)
Which pictur'd VENVS with ſo curious quill,
That all poſteritie admired it,
Haue purtrayd this, for all his maiſtring skill;
Ne ſhe herſelfe, had ſhe remained ſtill,
And were as faire, as fabling wits doe faine,
Could once come neare this beautie ſoueraine.

But had thoſe wits, the wonders of their dayes,
Or that ſweet TEIAN Poet, which did ſpend
His plentious veine in ſetting forth her praiſe,
Seene but a glimſe of this, which I pretend,
How wondrouſly would he her face commend,
Aboue that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world ſhould with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the nouice of his Art,
Preſume to picture ſo diuine a wight,
Or hope t'expreſſe her leaſt perfections part,
Whoſe beautie filles the heauens with her light,
And darkes the earth with ſhadowe of her ſight?
Ah gentle Muſe, thou art too weake and faint,
The pourtraict of ſo heauenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,
And ſee at will, her ſoueraigne praiſes ſing,
And thoſe moſt ſacred myſteries vnfold,
Of that faire loue of mightie heauens King.
Enough is me t'admire ſo heauenly thing:
And beeing thus with her huge loue poſſeſt,
In th'onely wonder of her ſelfe to reſt.

But whoſo may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God ſo much doth grace,
And lets his owne Beloued to behold:
For in the view of her celeſtiall face,
All ioy, all bliſſe, all happineſſe haue place,
Ne ought on earth can want vnto the wight,
Who of her ſelfe can win the wiſhfull ſight.

For ſhee, out of her ſecret treaſurie,
Plentie of riches forth on him will poure,
Euen heauenly riches, which there hidden lie
Within the cloſet of her chaſteſt bowre,
Th'eternall portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath giuen to her free,
And to all thoſe which thereof worthy bee.

None thereof worthy be, but thoſe whom ſhee
Vouchſafeth to her preſence to receiue,
And letteth them her louely face to ſee,
Whereof ſuch wondrous pleaſures they conceiue,
And ſweet contentment, that it doth bereaue
Their ſoule of ſenſe, through infinite delight,
And them tranſport from fleſh into the ſpright.

In which they ſee ſuch admirable things,
As carries them into an extaſie,
And heare ſuch heauenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praiſe, that filles the braſen ſky,
And feele ſuch ioy and pleaſure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And onely thinke on that before them ſet.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleſhly ſenſe,
Or idle thought of earthly things remaine:
But all that earſt ſeemd ſweet, ſeemes now offence,
And all that pleaſed earſt, now ſeemes a paine.
Their ioy, their comfort, their deſire, their gaine,
Is fixed all on that which now they ſee,
All other ſights but fained ſhadowes bee.

And that faire lampe, which vſeth to enflame
The harts of men with ſelfe-conſuming fire,
Thenceforth ſeemes foule, and full of ſinfull blame;
And all that pompe to which proud minds aſpire
By name of honour, and ſo much deſire,
Seemes to them baſeneſſe, and all riches droſſe,
And all mirth ſadnes, and all lucre loſſe.

So full their eyes are of that glorious ſight,
And ſenſes fraught with ſuch ſatietie,
That in nought elſe on earth they can delight,
But in th'aſpect of that felicitie,
Which they haue written in their inward eye;
On which they feed, and in their faſt'ned mind,
All happy ioy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry ſoule, which long haſt fed
On idle fancies of my fooliſh thought,
And with falſe beauties flattering bait miſled,
Haſt after vaine deceitfull ſhadowes ſought,
Which all are fled, and now haue left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies prieſe;
Ah! ceaſe to gaze on matter of thy grieſe.

And looke at laſt vp to that ſoueraigne light,
From whoſe pure beames all perfect beautie ſprings,
That kindleth loue in euery godly ſpright,
Euen the true loue of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and theſe gay-ſeeming things;
With whoſe ſweet pleaſures beeing ſo poſſeſt,
Thy ſtraying thoughts henceforth for euer reſt.

FINIS.

DAPHNAIDA.

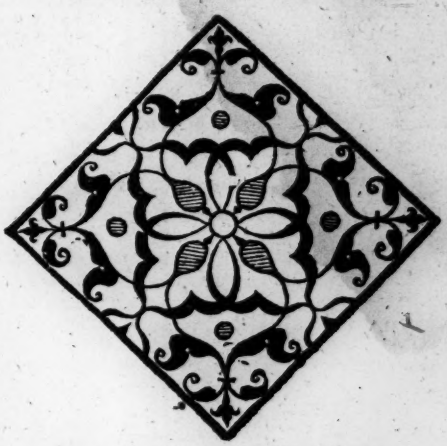
AN ELEGIE VPON THE DEATH OF THE NOBLE AND vertuous *Douglas Howard*, daughter and heire of *Henrie Lord Howard, Viſcount Byndon, and wife of* Arthur Gorges, Eſquire.

(***)

Dedicated

TO THE RIGHT HONOVRABLE THE LADY *Helena*, Marqueſſe of *North-hampton.*

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*



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TO THE RIGHT HONORA-ble and vertuous Lady *Helena*, Marqueſſe of *North-hampton*.

Haue the rather preſumed, humbly to offer vnto your Honour, the dedication of this little Poëme, for that the noble and vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match neere allied, and in affection greatly deuoted vnto your Ladiſhip. The occaſion why I wrote the ſame, was as well the great good fame which I heard of her deceaſſed, as the particular good will which I beare vnto her husband Maſter *Arthur Gorges*, a louer of learning & vertue: whoſe houſe, as your Ladiſhip by mariage hath honoured, ſo do I find the name of them by many notable records, to be of great antiquitie in this Realme; and ſuch as haue euer borne themſelues with honourable reputation to the world, and vnſpotted loyaltie to their Prince and country: beſides, ſo lineally are they deſcended from the *Howards*, as that the Ladie *Anne Howard*, eldeſt daughter to *Iohn* Duke of *Norfolke*, was wife to Sir *Edmund*, mother to Sir *Edward*, and grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges*, Knights. And therefore I doe aſſure my ſelfe, that no due honour done to the white Lyon, but will be moſt gratefull to your Ladyſhip, whoſe husband and children doe ſo neerly participate with the blood of that noble family. So in all dutie I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to your honorable fauour and protection. London this firſt of Ianuary. 1591.

Your Honors humbly euer,

Edm. Sp.

DAPHNAIDA.

WHat-euer man he be, whose heauy mind
With griefe of mournful great mishap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his cares increaſe would find,
Let read the rufull plaint herein expreſt,
Of one (I weene) the wofulſt man aliue:
Euen ſad ALCYON, whoſe empierced breſt,
Sharpe ſorrowe did in thouſand peeces riue.

But whoſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſht farre away from hence:
Ne let the ſacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrowe heauily can ſing:
For euen their heauie ſong would breed delight:
But here no tunes, ſaue ſobs and grones ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweet harmonie,
Let thoſe three fatall Siſters, whoſe lad hands
Doe weaue the direfull threds of deſtinie,
And in their wrath breake off the vitall bands,
Approach heereto: and let the dreadfull Queene
Of darknes deepe come from the STYGIAN ſtrands,
And griſly Ghoſts to heare this dolefull teene.

In gloomie euening, when the wearie Sun,
After his dayes long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweatie ſteedes now hauing ouer-run
The compaſt skie, gan water in the Weſt,
I walkt abroad to breathe the freſhing ayre
In open fields, whoſe flowring pride oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beauty faire.

There came vnto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt, vntill it forth haue brought
Her long borne Infant, fruit of heauineſs,
Which ſhe conceiued hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainneſs, and lifes wretchedneſs,
That yet my ſoule it deepely doth empaſſion.

So as I muſed on the miſerie
In which men liue, and I of many moſte,
Moſt miſerable man; I did eſpy
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſte,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And IAAKOBS ſtaffe in hand deuoutly croſt,
Like to ſome Pilgrim, come from farre away.

His careleſs locks, vncombed and vnſhorne,
Hung long adowne, and beard all ouer-growne,
That well he ſeemd to be ſome wight forlorne;
Downe to the earth his heauie eyes were throwne,
As loathing light: and euer as he went,
He ſighed oft, and inly deepe did grone,
As if his hart in peeces would haue rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenaunce,
Me ſeemd I had his perſon ſeene elſewhere,
Moſt like ALCYON ſeeming at a glaunce:
ALCYON hee, the iolly Shepheard ſwaine,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance euery wood and plaine.

Yet halfe in doubt, becauſe of his diſguiſe,
I ſoftly ſaid, ALCYON? There-withall
He lookt aſide as in diſdainfull wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not: till I againe did call.
Then turning backe, he ſaid with hollow ſound,
Who is it, that doth name mee, wofull thrall,
The wretcheſt man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulneſs impreſſed deepe,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to heare,
And giuen like cauſe with thee to waile and weepe:
Griefe finds ſome eaſe by him that like does beare.
Then ſtay ALCYON, gentle ſhepheard ſtay
(Quoth I) till thou haue to my truſtie eare
Committed, what thee doth ſo ill apay.

Ceaſe fooliſh man (ſaid he, halfe wrothfully)
To ſeeke to heare that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguiſh, which doth multiply
My dying paines, no tongue can well vnfold:
Ne doe I care, that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap or any weepe that would,
But [illegible]ce alone to weepe, and die alone.

Then be it ſo, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, vnpittied, vnplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were conuenient
To tell the cauſe, which thee thereto conſtrained:
Leaſt that the world thee dead, accuſe of guile,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

Who life doeth loath, and longs to be vnbound
From the strong shackles of fraile flesh, quoth hee,
Nought cares at all, what they that liue on ground
Deeme the occasion of his death to bee:
Rather desires to be forgotten quight,
Then question made of his calamitie.
For harts deepe sorrowe hates both life and light.

Yet sith so much thou seem'st to rue my griefe,
And car'st for one that for himselfe cares nought,
(Signe of thy loue, though nought for my reliefe:
For my reliefe exceedeth liuing thought)
I will to thee this heauie case relate.
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For neuer didst thou heare more hapleſſe fate.

Whilome I vsde (as thou right well dooſt know)
My little flocke on Westerne-downes to keepe,
Not far from whence SABRINAES stream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with siluer liquor steepe:
Nought carde I then for worldly change or chaunce;
For all my ioy was on my gentle sheepe,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Feareleſſe and free, a faire young Lioneſſe,
White as the natiue Rose before the change,
Which VENYS blood did in her leaues impreſſe,
I spied playing on the grassie plaine
Her youthfull sports and kindly wantonneſſe,
That did all other Beasts in beautie staine.

Much was I mooued at so goodly sight,
Whose like before, mine eye had seldome seene,
And gan to cast, how I her compasse might,
And bring to hand, that yet had neuer beene:
So well I wrought with mildnes and with paine,
That I her caught disporting on the greene,
And brought away fast bound with siluer chaine.

And afterwards, I handled her so faire,
That though by kind she stout and saluage were,
For beeing borne an ancient Lions heire,
And of the race, that all wild beasts doe feare;
Yet I her fram'd and wan so to my bent,
That shee became so meeke and milde of cheare,
As the least lambe in all my flock that went.

For shee in field, where-euer I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did spend,
If cause requir'd, or else in sleepe, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or sleepe;
And euermore when I did sleepe or play,
She of my flocke would take full wary keepe.

Safe then and safeſt were my sillie sheepe,
Ne fear'd the Wolfe, ne fear'd the wildeſt beast:
All were I drown'd in careleſſe quiet deepe:
My louely Lioneſs without beheast
So carefull was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither most nor least
I found miscaried or in plaine or wood.

Oft did the Shepheards, which my hap did heare,
And oft their Lasses, which my luck enuide,
Daily resort to me from farre and neare,
To see my Lioneſſe, whose praises wide
Were spred abroad; and when her worthineſſe
Much greater then the rude report they tride,
They her did praise, and my good fortune bleſſe.

Long thus I ioyed in my happineſs,
And well did hope my ioy would haue no end:
But oh! fond man, that in worlds fickleneſs
Reposedst hope, or weenedst her thy friend,
That glories most in mortall miseries,
And daily doth her changefull counsels bend
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilst I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruell SATYRE with his murdrous dart,
Greedy of mischiefe, ranging all about,
Gaue her the fatall wound of deadly smart:
And reft from me my sweet companion,
And reft from me my loue, my life, my hart:
My Lioneſſe (ah woe is me) is gone.

Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, vnworthy such a spoyle;
And borne to heauen, for heauen a fitter prey:
Much fitter then the Lyon, which with toyle
ALCYDES slew, and fixt in firmament:
Her now I seeke throughout this earthly soyle,
And seeking misse, and missing doe lament.

Therewith he gan afresh to waile and weepe,
That I for pitty of his heauy plight,
Could not abstaine mine eyes with teares to steepe:
But when I saw the anguish of his spright
Some deale alayd, I him bespake againe;
Certes ALCYON, painfull is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almost equall paine.

Yet doth not my dull wit well vnderstand
The riddle of thy loued Lioneſſe:
For rare it seemes in reason to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule posseſſe,
Should to a beast his noble hart embase,
And be the vassall of his vassaleſſe:
Therefore more plaine aread this doubtfull case.

Then sighing sore, DAPHNE thou knew'st, quoth he,
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to say:
But fell to ground for great extremitie,
That I beholding it, with deepe dismay
Was much appald, and lightly him vprearing,
Reuoked life, that would haue fled away,
All were my selfe through griefe in deadly drearing.

Than gan I him to comfort all my beſt,
And with milde counsaile stroue to mitigate

The

The ſtormy paſſion of his troubled breſt;
But he thereby was more empaſſionate:
As ſtubborne ſteed, that is with curbe reſtrained,
Becomes more fierce and feruent in his gate,
And breaking forth at laſt, thus dearnly plained;

1 What man henceforth that breatheth vitall ayre,
Will honour heauen, or heauenly powers adore?
Which ſo vniuſtly do their iudgements ſhare
Mongſt earthly wights, as to afflict ſo ſore
The innocent, as thoſe which doe tranſgreſſe,
And doe not ſpare the beſt or faireſt, more
Than worſt or fowleſt, but doe both oppreſſe.

If this be right, why did they then create
The world ſo faire, ſith faireneſſe is neglected?
Or why be they themſelues immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She faire, ſhe pure, moſt faire, moſt pure ſhe was,
Yet was by them as thing impure reiected:
Yet ſhe in pureneſſe, heauen it ſelfe did pas.

In pureneſſe and in all celeſtiall grace,
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excell, and ſeem'd of Angels race,
Liuing on earth like Angell new diuinde,
Adorn'd with wiſedome and with chaſtitie,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beautie much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (ſince faire ASTREA left
The ſinfull world) more vertue in a wight:
And when ſhe parted hence, with her ſhe reft
Great hope; and robd her race of bounty quight:
Well may the ſhepheard Laſſes now lament,
For double loſſe by her hath on them light;
To loſe both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let ELISA, royall Shepheardeſſe
The prayſes of my parted loue enuy,
For ſhe hath praiſes in all plentiouſneſſe,
Pour'd vpon her, like ſhowers of CASTALY
By her owne Shepheard, COLIN her own Shepheard,
That her with heauenly hymnes doth deifie,
Of ruſticke Muſe full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Roſe, the glory of the day,
And mine the Primroſe in the lowely ſhade,
Mine, ah! not mine; amiſſe I mine did ſay:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to liue for aye:
O that ſo faire a flowre ſo ſoone ſhould fade,
And through vntimely tempeſt fall away.

She fell away in her firſt ages ſpring,
Whilſt yet her leafe was greene, and freſh her rind,
And whilſt her branch faire bloſſomes forth did bring,
She fell away againſt all courſe of kind:
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruite blowne downe with wind:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

2 What hart ſo ſtonie hard, but that would weepe,
And poure forth fountaines of inceſſant teares?
What TIMON, but would let compaſſion creepe
Into his breaſt, and pierce his froſen eares?
In ſtead of teares, whoſe brackiſh bitter well
I waſted haue, my hart bloud dropping weares,
To thinke to ground how that faire bloſſome fell.

Yet fell ſhe not, as one enforſt to die,
Ne dyed with dread and grudging diſcontent,
But as one toyld with trauell, downe doth lye,
So lay ſhe downe, as if to ſleepe ſhe went,
And cloſde her eyes with careleſſe quietneſſe:
The whiles ſoft death away her ſpirit hent,
And ſoule aſſoyld from ſinfull fleſhlineſſe.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forſake,
She all reſolu'd, and ready to remoue,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wiſe beſpake;
ALCYON, ah! my firſt and lateſt loue,
Ah! why does my ALCYON weepe and mourne,
And grieue my ghoſt, that ill mote him behoue,
As if to me had chaunſt ſome euill tourne?

I, ſith the meſſenger is come for mee,
That ſummons ſoules vnto the bridale feaſt
Of his great Lord, muſt needs depart from thee,
And ſtraight obey his ſoueraine beheaſt:
Why ſhould ALCYON then ſo ſore lament,
That I from miſery ſhould be releaſt,
And freed from wretched long impriſonment?

Our dayes are full of dolour and diſeaſe,
Our life afflicted with inceſſant paine,
That nought on earth may leſſen or appeaſe.
Why then ſhould I deſire here to remaine?
Or why ſhould he that loues me, ſorrie bee
For my deliuerance, or at all complaine
My good to heare, and toward ioyes to ſee?

I goe, and long deſired haue to goe,
I goe with gladnes to my wiſhed reſt,
Whereas no worlds ſad care, nor waſting woe
May come, their happy quiet to moleſt,
But Saints and Angels in celeſtiall thrones
Eternally him praiſe, that hath them bleſt;
There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

Yet ere I goe, a pledge I leane with thee
Of the late loue, the which betwixt vs paſt,
My young AMBROSIA, in lieu of mee
Loue her: ſo ſhall our loue for euer laſt.
Thus deare adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So hauing ſaid, away ſhe ſoftly paſt:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make mine vnderſong.

3 So oft as I record thoſe piercing words,
Which yet are deepe engrauen in my breſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my hart, and rend my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeeches doe compare,

The which my ſoule firſt conquerd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endleſſe care;

And when thoſe pallid cheekes and aſhie hew,
In which ſad death his portraiture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghaſtly night did ſit,
I match with that ſweet ſmile and cheerefull brow,
Which all the world ſubdued vnto it:
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I ſaw her lead
The Shepheards daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſſe with roſie garland crownd?
And when ſhe liſt aduaunce her heauenly voice,
Both Nymphes & Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtownd,
And flocks and ſhepheards cauſed to reioyce.

But now ye Shepheard Laſſes, who ſhall lead
Your wandring troupes, or ſing your virelayes?
Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the Lady of your holy dayes?
Let now your bliſſe be turned into bale,
And into plaints conuert your ioyous playes,
And with the ſame fill euery hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe neuer more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight;
Ne euer Shepheard ſound his Oaten quill
Vnto the many, that prouoke them might
To idle pleaſance: but let ghaſtlineſſe
And drearie horror dim the chearfull light,
To make the image of true heauineſſe.

Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods reſound with dreadfull yells:
Let ſtreaming floods their haſtie courſes ſtay,
And parching drouth dry vp the cryſtall wells;
Let th'earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,
And th'ayre be fild with noyſe of dolefull knells,
And wandring ſpirits walke vntimely howres.

And Nature, nurſe of euery liuing thing,
Let reſt her ſelfe from her long wearineſſe,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hidious monſters full of vglineſſe:
For ſhe it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No Nurſe, but Stepdame, cruell, mercileſſe,
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderſong.

4 My little flocke, whom earſt I lou'd ſo well,
And wont to feede with fineſt graſſe that grew,
Feede ye henceforth on bitter ASTROPHEL,
And ſtinking Smallage, and vnſauerie Rew;
And when your mawes are with thoſe weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolues: ne will I rew,
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

Ne worſe to you my ſilly ſheepe I pray,
Ne ſorer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelfe, for whoſe confuſde decay
To careleſſe heauens I doe daily call:
But heauens refuſe to heare a wretches cry,
And cruell death doth ſcorne to come at call,
Or grant his boone that moſt deſires to die.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th'vnrighteous which aliue remaine:
But the vngodly ones he doth forſake,
By liuing long to multiply their paine:
Elſe ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the great Iudge at firſt did it ordaine,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

Therefore my DAPHNE they haue tane away;
For worthy of a better place was ſhe:
But me vnworthy willed here to ſtay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo haue ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghoſt doe ſeruice day by day.

For I will walke this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waſte my bitter age.
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mind,
My drinke the teares which fro mine eyes doe raine,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may find:
So will I wilfully increaſe my paine.

And ſhe my Loue that was, my Saint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtiall throne
(In which ſhe ioyeth in eternall blis)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pittie me that liuing thus doe die:
For heauenly ſpirits haue compaſſion
On mortall men, and rue their miſerie.

So when I haue with ſorrowe ſatisfide
Th'importune fates, which vengeance on me ſeeke,
And th'heauens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pitie of my ſufferance meeke,
Will ſend for me; for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painfull penance eeke:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

5 Henceforth I hate what euer Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure find:
For they be all but vaine, and quickly fade.
So ſoone as on them blowes the Northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leauing behind them nought but griefe of mind,
And mocking ſuch as thinke they long will ſtay.

I hate the heauen, becauſe it doth with-hold
Me from my Loue, and eke my Loue from me;
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mould
Of fleſhly ſlime, and fraile mortalitie;
I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flies,
I hate the Ayre, becauſe ſighes of it be,
I hate the Sea, becauſe it teares ſupplyes.

I hate

I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not my Loue to ſee;
I hate the darknes, and the dreary night,
Becauſe they breed ſad balefulneſſe in mee:
I hate all times, becauſe all times doe fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed bee,
But as a ſpeedy poſt that paſſeth by.

I hate to ſpeake, my voice is ſpent with crying:
I hate to heare, lowd plaints haue duld mine eares:
I hate to taſte, for foode with-holds my dying:
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dimd with teares:
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left:
I hate to feele, my fleſh is numbd with feares:
So all my ſenſes from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and ſhun all womankind;
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are:
The other, for becauſe I doe not find
My Loue with them, that wont to be their Starre:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt,
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth marre,
And all I hate, that is to come or paſt.

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth euer to and fro,
And neuer ſtandeth in one certaine ſtate,
But ſtill vnſtedfaſt, round about doth goe,
Like a Mill wheele, in midſt of miſerie,
Driuen with ſtreames of wretchednes and woe,
That dying liues, and liuing ſtill does die.

So doe I liue, ſo doe I daily die,
And pine away in ſelfe-conſuming paine:
Sith ſhe that did my vitall powres ſupply,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintaine
Is fetcht fro me, why ſeeke I to prolong
My wearie dayes in dolour and diſdaine?
Weepe Shepheard weepe to make my vnderſong.

6 Why doe I longer liue in lifes deſpight,
And doe not die then in deſpight of death?
Why doe I longer ſee this loathſome light,
And doe in darknes not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrowe ſhould haue end thereby,
And cares finde quiet; is it ſo vneath
To leaue this life, or dolorous to dye?

To liue I find it deadly dolorous;
For life drawes care, and care continuall woe:
Therefore to die muſt needs be ioyeous,
And wiſhfull thing this ſad life to forgoe.
But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My DAPHNE hence departing bad me ſo,
She bad me ſtay, till ſhe for me did ſend.

Yet whilſt I in this wretched vale doe ſtay,
My wearie feet ſhall euer wandring be,
That ſtill I may be ready on my way,
When as her meſſenger doth come for me:
Ne will I reſt my feete for feebleneſſe,
Ne will I reſt my limmes for frailtie,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heauineſſe.

But as the mother of the Gods, that ſought
For faire EVRYDICE her daughter deere
Throughout the world, with wofull heauy thought;
So will I trauell whilſt I tarry heere,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I euer lin,
Ne when as drouping TITAN draweth neere,
To looſe his teeme, will I take vp my Inne.

Ne ſleepe (the harbenger of wearie wights)
Shall euer lodge vpon mine eye-lids more;
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore:
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With PHILVMENE, my fortune to deplore,
With PHILVMENE, the partner of my plight.

And euer as I ſee the ſtarre to fall,
And vnder ground to goe, to giue them light
Which dwell in darknes, I to mind will call,
How my faire Starre (that ſhin'd on me ſo bright)
Fell ſuddainly, and faded vnder-ground;
Since whoſe departure, day is turnd to night,
And night without a VENVS ſtarre is found.

But ſoone as Day doth ſhew his deawie face,
And cals forth men vnto their toyleſome trade,
I will withdrawe me to ſome darkeſome place,
Or ſome deere caue, or ſolitarie ſhade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares vnlade:
Weepe Shepheard, weepe, to make my vnderſong.

7 Henceforth mine eyes ſhall neuer more behold
Faire thing on earth, ne feed on falſe delight
Of ought that framed is of mortall mould,
Sith that my faireſt flower is faded quight:
For all I ſee is vaine and tranſitory,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment loſe their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheele that ride,
Or in ought vnder heauen repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beautie, or honours pride:
Be ſure that they ſhall haue no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th'only vſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcertaine may.

And ye true Louers, whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath farre exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourne in ſorrowe and ſad ſufferaunce,
When ye doe heare me in that deſert place,
Lamenting loud my DAPHNES Elegie,
Helpe me to waile my miſerable caſe,
And when life parts, vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

And ye more happy Louers, which enioy
The preſence of your deareſt Ioues delight,

When ye doe heare my ſorrowfull annoy,
Yet pitty me in your empaſſiond ſpright,
And thinke that ſuch mishap, as chaunſt to me,
May happen vnto the moſt happieſt wight;
For all mens ſtates alike vnſtedfaſt be.

And ye my fellow Shepheards, which do feed
Your careleſſe flocks on hils and open plaines,
With better fortune, then did me ſucceed;
Remember yet my vndeſerued paines:
And when ye heare, that I am dead or ſlaine,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow ſwaines;
That ſad ALCYON dyde in lifes diſdaine.

And ye faire Damſels, Shepheards deare delights,
That with your loues doe their rude harts poſſeſſe,
When as my hearſe ſhall happen to your ſights,
Vouchſafe to deck the ſame with Cypareſſe;
And euer ſprinkle brackiſh teares among,
In pitty of my vndeſeru'd diſtreſſe,
The which I wretch endured haue thus long.

And ye poore Pilgrims, that with reſtleſſe toyle
Wearie your ſelues in wandring deſert wayes,
Till that you come, where ye your vowes aſſoyle,
When paſsing by, ye read theſe wofull layes,
On my graue written, rue my DAPHNES wrong,
And mourne for me that languiſh out my dayes:
Ceaſe Shepheard, ceaſe, and end thy vnderſong.

THus when he ended had his heauie plaint,
The heauieſt plaint that euer I heard ſound,
His cheekes wext pale, and ſprights began to faint,
As if againe he would haue fallen to ground;
Which when I ſaw, I (ſtepping to him light)
Amooued him out of his ſtonie ſwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor ſuffer ſolace to approach him nie,
But caſting vp a ſdeignfull eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lie,
Did rend his haire, and beate his blubbred face,
As one diſpoſed wilfully to die,
That I ſore grieu'd to ſee his wretched caſe.

Tho when the pang was ſomewhat ouer-paſt,
And the outrageous paſsion nigh appeaſed,
I him deſirde, ſith day was ouer-caſt,
And darke night faſt approached, to be pleaſed
To turne aſide vntō my Cabinet,
An ſtay with me, till he were better eaſed
Of that ſtrong ſtownd, which him ſo ſore beſet.

But by no meanes I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ſtay;
But without taking leaue he forth did goe
With ſtaggring pace and diſmall lookes diſmay,
As if that death he in the face had ſeene,
Or helliſh hags had met vpon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot weene.

FINIS.

COM-

COMPLAINTS

CONTAINING SVNDRY SMALL POEMES OF THE VVorlds Vanitie.

WHEREOF THE NEXT PAGE following maketh mention.

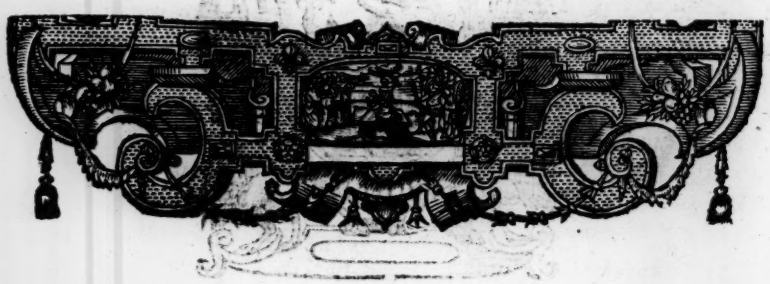
(***)

By *Edmunde Spenser.*

AT LONDON
Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

A note of the ſundry Poemes contained in this Volume.

1 *The Ruines of Time.*
2 *The Teares of the Muſes.*
3 *Virgils Gnat.*
4 *The Ruines of Rome:* by *Bellay.*
5 *Muiopotmos*, or *The tale of the Butterflie.*
6 *Viſions of the Worlds vanity.*
7 *Bellayes Viſions.*
8 *Petrarches Viſions.*



THE RVINES OF TIME.

DEDICATED

To the right Noble and beautifull Ladie, the *Ladie* Marie, *Counteſſe of* Pembrooke.

MOST Honourable and bountifull Ladie, there be long ſithens deepe ſowed in my breaſt, the ſeedes of moſt entire loue and humble affection vnto that moſt braue Knight your noble brother deceaſed; which taking roote, began in his life time ſomewhat to bud foorth: and to ſhew themſelues to him, as then in the weakneſs of their firſt ſpring; And would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to drawe out his daies) ſpired foorth fruite of more perfection. But ſith God hath diſdeigned the world of that moſt noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned men, and the Patron of my young Muſes; together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſomes nipped and quite dead. Yet ſithens my late comming into England, ſome friends of mine (which might much preuaile with me, and indeede commaund me) knowing with how ſtraight bands of dutie I was tied to him, and alſo bound vnto that noble Houſe, (of which the cheefe hope then reſted in him) haue ſought to reuiue them by vpbrayding mee, for that I haue not ſhewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them; but ſuffer their names to ſleepe in ſilence and forgetfulneſſe. Whom chiefly to ſatisfie, or elſe to auoyd that foule blot of vnthankfulneſſe, I haue conceiued this ſmall Poeme, intituled by a generall name of *The Worlds Ruines:* yet ſpecially intended to the renowning of that noble Race, from which both you and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chiefe of them late deceaſed. The which I dedicate vnto your La. as whom it moſt ſpecially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my ſelfe bounden, by many ſingular fauours and great graces. I pray for your Honorable happineſſe: and ſo humbly kiſſe your hands.

Your Ladiſhips euer
humbly at commaund,
Edm. Sp.

THE PRINTER TO THE gentle Reader.

Since my late ſetting foorth of the Faerie Queene, *finding that it hath found a fauourable paſſage amongſt you; I haue ſithence endeuoured by all good meanes (for the better encreaſe and accompliſhment of your delights,) to get into my hands ſuch ſmall Poëmes of the ſame Authors, as I heard were diſperſt abroad in ſundry hands, & not eaſie to be come by, by himſelfe; ſome of them hauing been diuerſly imbeziled and purloyned from him, ſince his departure ouer Sea. Of the which I haue by good meanes gathered together theſe fewe parcels preſent, which I haue cauſed to be imprinted altogether, for that they all ſeeme to containe like matter of argument in them: beeing all complaints and meditations of the worlds vanitie, verie graue and profitable. To which effect I vnderſtand that he beſides wrote ſundry others, namely,* Eccleſiaſtes, *and* Canticum canticorum *tranſlated,* A ſenights ſlumber, The hell of Louers, His Purgatorie, *beeing all dedicated to Ladies; ſo as it may ſeeme, he meant them all to one volume. Beſides, ſome other Pamphlets looſly ſcattered abroade: as,* The dying Pellican, The houres of the Lord, The ſacrifice of a Sinner, The ſeauen Pſalmes, &c. *Which when I can either by himſelfe, or otherwiſe attaine to, I meane likewiſe for your fauour ſake to ſet forth.*

In the meane time, praying you gently to accept of theſe, and graciouſly to entertaine the new Poet; I take leaue.

THE RVINES OF TIME.

IT chaunced me one day beſide the ſhore
Of ſiluer-ſtreaming THAMESIS to bee,
Nigh where the goodly VERLAME ſtood of yore,
Of which there now remaines no memorie,
Nor any little moniment to ſee,
By which the trauailer, that fares that way,
This once was ſhee, may warned be to ſay.

There, on the other ſide, I did behold
A woman ſitting ſorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellowe locks, like wiire gold,
About her ſhoulders careleſly downe trailing,
And ſtreames of teares frō her faire eyes forth railing,
In her right hand a broken rod ſhe held,
Which towards heauen ſhe ſeemd on high to weld.

Whether ſhe were one of that Riuer Nymphes,
Which did the loſſe of ſome deere loue lament,
I doubt; or one of thoſe three fatall Impes,
Which draw the dayes of men forth in extent;
Or th'ancient GENIVS of that Cittie brent:
But ſeeing her ſo pittiouſlie perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her ſo vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthly thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature haue?
Whoſe happineſſe the heauens enuying,
From higheſt ſtaire to loweſt ſtep me draue,
And haue in mine owne bowels made my graue,
That of all Nations now I am forlorne,
The worlds ſad ſpectacle, and Fortunes ſcorne.

Much was I mooued at her pittious plaint,
And felt my hart nigh riuen in my breſt
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint,
That ſhedding teares awhile, I ſtill did reſt;
And after, did her name of her requeſt.
Name haue I none (quoth ſhe) nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fates vniuſt decreeing.

I was that Cittie, which the garland wore
Of BRITAINES pride, deliuered vnto me
By ROMANE Victors, which it wonne of yore:
Though nought at all but ruines now I bee,
And lie in mine owne aſhes, as ye ſee:
VERLAME I was; what booteth it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and waſtefull gras?

O vaine worlds glorie, and vnſtedfaſt ſtate
Of all that liues on face of ſinfull earth!
Which from their firſt vntill their vtmoſt date,
Taſte no one houre of happineſſe or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creepe out of their mothers wombe:
So wailing, backe goe to their wofull tombe.

Why then doth fleſh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and aduancement vaine,
And reare a trophee for deuouring death,
With ſo great labour and long laſting paine,
As if his dayes for euer ſhould remaine?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vaniſh, and decay.

Looke backe, who liſt, vnto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be thoſe learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wiſedome knew the perfect ſomme:

Where

Where those great Warriors, which did ouercome
The world with conqueſt of their might and maine,
And made one meare of th'earth and of their raigne?

What now is of th'ASSYRIAN Lyoneſſe,
Of whom no footing now on earth appeares?
What of the PERSIAN Beares outrageouſneſſe,
Whoſe memory is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the GRECIAN Libbard now ought beares,
That ouer-ran the Eaſt with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to deuoure?

And where is that ſame great ſeuen-headed beaſt,
That made all Nations vaſſals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her beheaſt,
And in the necke of all the world did ride?
Where doth ſhe all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her owne weight downe preſſed now ſhe lies,
And by her heapes her hugeneſs teſtifies.

O ROME, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall, my fatall ouerthrowe,
That whilom was, whilſt heauens with equall view
Deigned to behold me, and their gifts beſtowe,
The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhewe:
And of the whole world as thou waſt the Empreſſe,
So I of this ſmall Northerne world was Princeſſe.

To tell the beautie of my buildings faire,
Adornd with pureſt gold, and precious ſtone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone:
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but loſt labour, that few would beleeue,
And with rehearſing, would me more agreeue.

High towers, faire temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walles, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large ſtreets, braue houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
Sure gates, ſweet gardens, ſtately galleries,
Wrought with faire pillours, and fine imageries,
All thoſe (ô pitty) now are turnd to duſt,
And ouer-growne with blacke obliuions ruſt.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples ſtore,
In BRITANNIE was none to match with mee,
That many often did abie full ſore:
Ne TROYNOVANT, though elder ſiſter ſhee,
With my great forces may compared bee;
That ſtout PENDRAGON to his peril felt,
Who in a ſiege ſeauen yeares about me dwelt.

But long ere this, BVNDVCA, Britonneſſe
Her mightie hoaſt againſt my bulwarks brought,
BVNDVCA, that victorious conquereſſe,
That lifting vp her braue heroick thought
Boue womens weakneſs, with the ROMANS fought,
Fought, and in field againſt them thrice preuailed:
Yet was ſhe foyld, when as ſhe me aſſailed.

And though at laſt, by force I conquer'd were
Of hardie SAXONS, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full dere,
And priz'd with ſlaughter of their Generall:
The monument of whoſe ſad funerall,
For wonder of the world, long in me laſted,
But now to nought through ſpoile of time is waſted.

Waſted it is, as if it neuer were,
And all the reſt that me ſo honourd made,
And of the world admired ou'rie where,
Is turnd to ſmoake, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that brightnes now appeares no ſhade,
But griſlie ſhades, ſuch as doe haunt in hell,
With fearefull fiends, that in deepe darknes dwell.

Where my high ſteeples whilome vſde to ſtand,
On which the lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heape of lime and ſand,
For the Shrich-owle to build her balefull bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to poure
Her reſtleſſe plaints, to comfort wakefull Louers,
There now haunt yelling Mewes & whining Plouers.

And where the cryſtall THAMIS wont to ſlide
In ſiluer channell, downe along the Lee,
About whoſe flowrie banks on either ſide,
A thouſand Nymphes, with mirthfull iollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no riuers courſe is to be ſeene,
But mooriſh fennes, and marſhes euer greene.

Seemes, that that gentle Riuer for great griefe
Of my miſhap, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to ſhun the horrible miſchiefe,
With which he ſaw my cruell foes me pained,
And his pure ſtreames with guiltleſs blood oft ſtained,
From my vnhappy neighbourhood farre fled,
And his ſweet waters away with him led.

There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeene
In liquid waues to cut their ſomie waie,
And thouſand Fiſhers numbred to haue been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentious pray
Of fiſh, which they with baits vſde to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fiſhers ſtore,
Nor euer ſhip ſhall ſaile there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remaines, but to lament
My long decay, which no man elſe doth mone,
And mourne my fall with dolefull dreriment.
Yet is it comfort in great languiſhment,
To be bemoned with compaſſion kind,
And mitigates the anguiſh of the mind.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne ſheddeth teares from lamentable eye:
Nor any liues that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of poſteritie,
Saue One, that maugre Fortunes iniurie,
And times decay, and enuies cruell tort,
Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

CAMDEN

CAMBDEN, the nourice of antiquitie,
And lanterne vnto late succeeding age,
To see the light of simple veritie,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her owne people, led with warlike rage:
CAMBDEN, though time all moniments obscure,
Yet thy iust labours euer shall endure.

But why (vnhappy wight!) doe I thus cry,
And grieue that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of posteritie,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I doe daily see things highest placed,
So soone as Fates their vitall thred haue shorne,
Forgotten quite, as they were neuer borne.

It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
A mighty Prince, of most renowned race,
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
And greatest ones did sue to gaine his grace;
Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
Sate in the bosome of his Soueraine,
And *Right and loyall* did his word maintaine.

I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the meane people, and brought forth on beare,
I saw him die, and no man left to mone
His dolefull fate, that late him loued deare:
Scarce any left to close his eye-lids neare;
Scarce any left vpon his lips to lay
The sacred sod, or *Requiem* to say.

O trustlesse state of miserable men,
That build your blis on hope of earthly thing,
And vainely thinke your selues halfe happy then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Doe fawne on you, and your wide praises sing,
And when the courting masker louteth lowe,
Him true in hart and trustie to you trowe.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,
That euery shower will wash and wipe away,
All things doe change that vnder heauen abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay.
Therefore, what-euer man bearst worldly sway,
Liuing, on God, and on thy selfe relie;
For, when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

He now is dead, and all his with him dead,
Saue what in heauens storehouse he vplaid:
His hope is faild, and come to passe his dread,
And euill men (now dead) his deedes vpbraid:
Spight bites the dead, that liuing, neuer baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Foxe is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger swept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatnes vapoured to nought,
That as a glasse vpon the water shone,
Which vanisht quite, so soone as it was sought:
His name is worne already out of thought,
Ne any Poet seekes him to reuiue;
Yet many Poets honourd him aliue.

Ne doth his COLIN, careles COLIN CLOVT,
Care now his idle bagpipe vp to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listning rout
Of shepheard groomes, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise whoso list, yet I will him dispraise,
Vntill he quite him of this guiltie blame:
Wake shepheards boy, at length awake for shame.

And whoso else did goodnes by him gaine,
And whoso else his bountious mind did try,
Whether he shepheard be, or shepheards swaine,
(For many did, which doe it now denie)
Awake, and to his Song a part applie:
And I, the whilst you mourne for his decease,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increase.

He dide, and after him his brother dide,
His brother Prince, his brother noble Peere,
That whilst he liued, was of none enuide,
And dead is now, as liuing, counted deare,
Deare vnto all that true affection beare:
But vnto thee most deare, ô deerest Dame,
His noble Spouse, and Paragon of Fame.

Hee, whilst he liued, happy was through thee,
And beeing dead, is happy now much more;
Liuing, that linked chaunst with thee to bee,
And dead, because him dead thou doost adore
As liuing, and thy lost deare Loue deplore.
So whilst that thou, faire flower of chastitie,
Doost liue, by thee thy Lord shall neuer die.

Thy Lord shall neuer die, the whiles this verse
Shall liue, and surely it shall liue for euer:
For euer it shall liue, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and vertues dying neuer,
Though death his soule doe from his body seuer.
And thou thy selfe, herein shalt also liue;
Such grace the heauens do to my verses giue.

Ne shall his Sister, ne thy Father die,
Thy Father, that good Earle of rare renowne,
And noble Patron of weake pouertie,
Whose great good deeds in country and in towne,
Haue purchast him in heauen a happy crowne:
Where he now liueth in eternall blis,
And left his sonne t'ensue those steps of his.

He, noble bud, his Grandsires likely heire,
Vnder the shadow of thy countenaunce
Now ginnes to shoote vp fast, and flourish faire
In learned Arts, and goodly gouernaunce,
That him to highest honor shall aduaunce.
Braue Impe of BEDFORD, growe apace in bountie,
And count of wisedome more then of thy Countie.

Ne may I let thy husbands Sister die,
That goodly Ladie, sith she eke did spring

Out of this ſtocke, and famous familie,
Whoſe praiſes I to future age doe ſing,
And forth out of her happy wombe did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heauens pourd all their gifts vpon her.

Moſt gentle ſpirit breathed from aboue,
Out of the boſome of the makers blis,
In whom all bountie and all vertuous loue
Appeared in their natiue propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his,
With treaſure paſſing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heauen it ſelfe, which brought it forth.

His bleſſed ſpirit, full of power diuine,
And influence of all celeſtiall grace,
Loathing this ſinfull earth and earthly ſlime,
Fled backe too ſoone vnto his natiue place;
Too ſoone for all that did his loue embrace,
Too ſoone for all this wretched world, whom he
Robd of all right and true nobilitie.

Yet ere his happy ſoule to heauen went
Out of this fleſhly gaole, he did deuiſe
Vnto his heauenly Maker to preſent
His body, as a ſpotleſſe ſacrifice;
And choſe, that guiltie hands of enemies
Should poure forth th'offring of his guiltleſs blood:
So life exchanging for his countries good.

O noble ſpirit, liue there euer bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, & the heauens new ioy,
Liue euer there, and leaue me here diſtreſſed
With mortall cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou dooſt that happines enioy,
Bid me, ô bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee alwaies ſee.

Yet whilſt the Fates affoord me vitall breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, vntill that timely death
By heauens doome doe end my earthlie daies:
Thereto doe thou my humble ſpirit raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt, perfect and entire.

Then will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thine owne Siſter, peereles Lady bright,
Which to thee ſings with deepe harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with deare delight,
That her to heare, I feele my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and rauiſhed with ioy,
(O ſad ioy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thou thy ſelfe, thine owne ſelfes valiance,
That whilſt thou liuedſt, mad'ſt the forreſts ring,
And fields reſownd, and flocks to leape and daunce,
And Shepheards leaue their lambes vnto miſchaunce,
To runne thy ſhrill *Arcadian* Pipe to heare:
O happy were thoſe dayes, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched wee,
Which want the wonted ſweetnes of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elyſian* fields ſo free,
With ORPHEVS, with LINVS, and the choice
Of all that euer did in rimes reioice,
Converſeſt, and dooſt heare their heauenly layes,
And they heare thine, and thine doe better praiſe.

So there thou liueſt, ſinging euermore,
And here thou liueſt, being euer ſong
Of vs, which liuing, loued thee afore,
And now thee worſhip, mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heauenly Poets, and Heroës ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortall art,
And euerie where through excellent deſart.

But ſuch as neither of themſelues can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure obliuion, as the thing
Which neuer was; ne euer with regard,
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſtie darknes euer lie,
Vnleſſe they mentiond be with infamie.

What booteth it to haue been rich aliue?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſuruiue,
Of former being in this mortall hous,
But ſleepes in duſt dead and inglorious,
Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrils is,
And hath no hope of happineſſe or bliſs.

How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their daies moſt famouſly did floriſh:
Of whom no word we heare, nor ſigne now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſpunge do periſh,
Becauſe they liuing, cared not to cheriſh
No gentle wits, through pride or couetize,
Which might their names for euer memorize.

Prouide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye liue,
That of the Muſes ye may friended be;
Which vnto men eternitie doe giue:
For they be daughters of Dame Memorie,
And IOVE, the Father of eternitie,
And doe thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie doe choſe.

The ſeauen-fold yron gates of griſly Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad PROSERPINA,
They able are with power of mightie ſpell
To breake, and thence the ſoules to bring away
Out of drad darknes, to eternall day,
And them immortall make, which elſe would die
In foule forgetfulneſſe, and nameleſſe lie.

So whilome raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden-girt ALCMENA, for great merit,
Out of the duſt, to which the OETAEAN wood
Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vitall ſpirit:
To higheſt heauen, where now he doth inherit

All

All happineſſe in HEBES ſiluer bowre,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramoure.

So raiſde they eke faire LEDAS warlike twinnes,
And interchanged life vnto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th'other then beginnes
To ſhew in heauen his brightnes orient;
And they, for pitty of the ſad wayment,
Which ORPHEVS for EVRIDICE did make,
Her back againe to life ſent for his ſake.

So happy are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the PIERIAN ſacred Siſters loue,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they liue for aye aboue,
Where mortall wreakes their blis may not remoue:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meede,
On Nectar and Ambroſia doe feede.

For deeds doe die, how euer noblie donne,
And thoughts of men doe in themſelues decay,
But wiſe words taught in numbers for to runne,
Recorded by the Muſes, liue for aye;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmfull blaſt,
Nor age, nor enuie ſhall them euer waſt.

In vaine doe earthly Princes then, in vaine
Seeke with Pyramides, to heauen aſpired;
Or huge Coloſſes, built with coſtly paine;
Or braſen Pillours, neuer to be fired,
Or Shrines, made of the metall moſt deſired;
To make their memories for euer liue:
For how can mortall immortalitie giue.

Such one MAVSOLVS made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remaine:
Such one MARCELLVS, but was torne with thunder:
Such one LISIPPVS, but is worne with raine:
Such one King EDMOND, but was rent for gaine.
All ſuch vaine moniments of earthlie maſſe,
Deuour'd of Time, in time to nought doe paſſe.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth flie,
Aboue the reach of ruinous decay,
And with braue plumes doth beat the azure skie,
Admir'd of baſe-borne men from farre away:
Then whoſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
To mount to heauen, on PEGASVS muſt ride,
And with ſweet Poets verſe be glorifide.

For not to haue been dipt in LETHE lake,
Could ſaue the ſonne of THETIS from to die;
But that blind Bard did him immortall make,
With verſes, dipt in deaw of CASTALIE:
Which made the Eaſterne Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whoſe vertue found
So braue a Trompe, thy noble acts to ſound.

Therefore in this, halfe happie I doe read
Good MELIBAE, that hath a Poet got,
To ſing his liuing praiſes beeing dead,
Deſeruing neuer here to be forgot,
In ſpight of enuie, that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe, learning lies vnregarded,
And men of Armes doe wander vnrewarded.

Theſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long agoe did grieue the noble ſpright
Of SALOMON, with great indignities;
Who whilome was aliue the wiſeſt wight.
But now his wiſedome is diſproued quight:
For, ſuch as now haue moſt the World at will,
Scorne th'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O griefe of griefes! O gall of all good harts!
To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpiſed bee
Of ſuch as firſt were raiſd for vertuous parts,
And now broad ſpreading, like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoote vp that nigh them planted bee:
O! let not thoſe, of whom the Muſe is ſcorned,
Aliue nor dead, be of the Muſe adorned.

O vile worlds truſt, that with ſuch vaine illuſion,
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and ouerkeſt,
That they ſee not the way of their confuſion,
O vaineneſſe to be added to the reſt,
That do my ſoule with inward griefe infeſt:
Let them behold the pitious fall of mee,
And in my caſe their owne enſample ſee.

And whoſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeate
Of this worlds glorie, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his owne end vnto remembrance call;
That of like ruine he may warned bee,
And in himſelfe be moou'd to pittie mee.

Thus hauing ended all her pitious plaint,
With dolefull ſhrikes ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrowe wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deepe diſmay,
For her departure, had no word to ſay:
But ſate long time in ſenſeleſſe ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her haue ſight.

Which when I miſſed, hauing looked long,
My thought returned grieued, home againe,
Renuing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans pitious paine;
Whoſe words recording in my troubled braine,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through euery part.

So inly grieuing in my groning breſt,
And deepely muzing at her doubtfull ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning, much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Beeing aboue my ſlender reaſons reach:
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eyes ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragicke Pageants ſeeming to appeare.

1

I Saw an Image, all of maſſie gold,
Placed on high vpon an Altar faire,
That all, which did the ſame from far behold,
Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtaire.
Not that great Idoll might with this compare,
To which th'ASSYRIAN Tyrant would haue made
The holy brethren falſlie to haue praid.

But th'Altar, on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (ô great pitty) built of brittle clay,
That ſhortly the foundation decaid,
With ſhowres of heauen & tempeſts worne away:
Then downe it fell, and lowe in aſhes lay,
Scorned of euery one, which by it went;
That I it ſeeing, dearely did lament.

2

NExt vnto this, a ſtately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richeſt ſtone, that might be found,
And nigh vnto the Heauens in height vprear'd,
But placed on a plot of ſandie ground.
Not that great Towre, which is ſo much renownd
For tongues confuſion in holie writ,
King NINVS worke, might be compar'd to it.

But ô vaine labours of terreſtriall writ,
That buildes ſo ſtrongly on ſo fraile a ſoyle,
As with each ſtorme does fall away, and flit,
And giues the fruit of all your trauailes toyle,
To be the prey of Time, and Fortunes ſpoyle!
I ſaw this Towre fall ſuddainly to duſt,
That nigh with griefe thereof my hart was bruſt.

3

THen did I ſee a pleaſant Paradiſe,
Full of ſweet flowres and daintieſt delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deuiſe,
With pleaſures choice to feed his cheerefull ſprights.
Not that, which MERLIN by his Magick ſlights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertaine
His faire BELPHOEBE, could this garden ſtaine.

But ô ſhort pleaſure, bought with laſting paine,
Why will hereafter any fleſh delight
In earthly blis, and ioy in pleaſures vaine,
Sith that I ſaw this garden waſted quight,
That where it was, ſcarce ſeemed any ſight?
That I, which once that beautie did behold,
Could not from teares my melting eyes with-hold.

4

SOone after this, a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding ſtature,
That none durſt view the horror of his face,
Yet was he milde of ſpeech, and meeke of nature.
Not he, which in deſpight of his Creatour,
With railing tearmes defide the Iewiſh hoaſt,
Might with this mightie one in hugeneſs boaſt.

For from the one he could to th'other coaſt,
Stretch his ſtrong thighes, and th'Ocean ouerſtride,
And reach his hand into his enemies hoaſt.
But ſee the end of pompe and fleſhlie pride;
One of his feete vnwares from him did ſlide,
That downe he fell into the deepe Abyſſe,
Where drownd with him is all his earthly bliſſe.

5

THen did I ſee a Bridge, made all of gold,
Ouer the Sea, from one to other ſide,
Withouten prop or pillour it t'vphold,
But like the coloured Rainbowe arched wide.
Not that great Arche, which TRAIAN edifide,
To be a wonder to all age enſuing,
Was matchable to this in equall viewing.

But (ah!) what bootes it to ſee earthly thing
In glorie, or in greatnes to excell,
Sith time doth greateſt things to ruine bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foote not faſtned well,
Gan faile, and all the reſt downe ſhortlie fell,
Ne of ſo braue a building ought remain'd,
That griefe thereof my ſpirit greatly pain'd.

6

I Saw two Beares, as white as any milke,
Lying together in a mightie caue,
Of milde aſpect, and haire as ſoft as ſilke,
That ſalnage nature ſeemed not to haue,
Nor after greedy ſpoile of bloud to craue:
Two fairer beaſts might not elſe-where be found,
Although the compaſt world were ſought around.

But what can long abide aboue this ground
In ſtate of bliſs, or ſtedfaſt happineſſe?
The Caue, in which theſe Beares lay ſleeping ſound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightineſſe
Vpon them fell, and did vnwares oppreſſe,
That for great ſorrow of their ſudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heauie ſpright,
At ſight of theſe ſad ſpectacles forepaſt,
That all my ſenſes were bereaued quight,
And I in mind remained ſore agaſt,
Diſtraught twixt feare and pittie; when at laſt
I heard a voyce, which loudly to me called,
That with the ſuddaine ſhrill I was appalled.

Behold (ſaid it) and by enſample ſee,
That all is vanitie and griefe of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can bee,
But hope of heauen, and hart to God inclind;
For all the reſt muſt needs be left behind.
With that it bade me, to the other ſide
To caſt mine eye, where other ſights I ſpide.

1

VPon that famous Riuers further ſhore,
There ſtood a ſnowie Swan of heauenly hew,

And

And gentle kind, as euer Fowle afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white STRIMONIAN brood might no man view:
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecie
Of his owne death in dolefull Elegie.

At laſt, when all his mourning melodie
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarnd to die,
With loftie flight aboue the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heauen mounted:
Where now he is become an heauenly ſigne;
There now the ioy is his, here ſorrow mine.

2

WHilſt thus I looked, loe, adowne the Lee
I ſaw an Harpe ſtrung all with ſiluer twine,
And made of gold and coſtly Iuorie,
Swimming, that whilome ſeemed to haue been
The Harpe, on which DAN ORPHEVS was ſeene
Wild beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th' Harpe of PHILISIDES now dead.

At length, out of the Riuer it was reard,
And borne aboue the cloudes to be diuin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heauenly noyſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both ioy and ſorrow in my mind:
So now in heauen a ſigne it doth appeare,
The Harpe well knowne beſide the Northerne Beare.

3

SOone after this, I ſaw on th'other ſide,
A curious Coffer made of HEBEN wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worldes good:
Yet through the ouerflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,
That ſight thereof much grieu'd my penſiue thought.

At length, when moſt in perrill it was brought,
Two Angels downe deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtreame it lightly caught,
And twixt their bleſſed armes it carried quight
Abone the reach of any liuing ſight:
So now it is transform'd into that ſtarre,
In which all heauenly treaſures locked are.

4

LOoking aſide, I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for any Princes couch be red,
And deckt with daintie flowres, as if it ſhould
Be for ſome Bride, her ioyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgine ſleeping lay;
A fairer wight ſaw neuer Sommers day.

I heard a voyce that called farre away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe, her Bridegrome was in ready ray
To come to her, and ſeeke her loues delight:
With that ſhe ſtarted vp with cheerefull ſight,
When ſuddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

5

STill as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd, vpon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that bred was of MEDVSAES blood,
On which DAN PERSEVS borne of heauenly ſeed,
The faire ANDROMEDA from perill freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That ſtreames of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (ſmall ioy to him alas)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoyles, which late he did purchas
Through braue atchieuements from his enemies.
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heauen him bore,
And left me here his loſſe for to deplore.

6

LAſtly, I ſaw an Arke of pureſt gold
Vpon a brazen pillour ſtanding hie,
Which th'aſhes ſeem'd of ſome great Prince to hold,
Encloſde therein for endleſſe memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heauens with th' earth did diſagree,
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper bee.

At laſt, me ſeem'd, wing-footed MERCVRIE,
From heauen deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Arke did beare with him aboue the skie,
And to thoſe aſhes gaue a ſecond life,
To liue in heauen, where happineſs is rife:
At which, the earth did grieue exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L: *Enuoy.*

IMmortall ſpirit of PHILISIDES,
Which now art made the heauens ornament,
That whilome waſt the worlds chiefeſt riches;
Giue leaue to him that lou'd thee, to lament
His loſſe by lacke of thee, to heauen hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighes, to deck thy ſable Herſe.

And ye faire Lady, th'honour of your daies,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts ſcorne:
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe,
With ſome few ſiluer-dropping teares t'adorne:
And as ye be of heauenly off-ſpring borne,
So vnto heauen let your high mind aſpire,
And loathe this droſſe of ſinfull worlds deſire.

FINIS.

THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*

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1611.

TO THE RIGHT HONOVrable, the Ladie *Strange*.

(*_*)

MOST BRAVE AND NOBLE Ladie, the things that make yee ſo much honored of the world as ye be, are ſuch, as (without my ſimple lines teſtimonie) are throughly knowne to all men; namely, your excellent beautie, your vertuous behauiour, and your noble match with that moſt honourable Lord, the verie Patterne of right Nobilitie: But the cauſes for which ye haue thus deſerued of mee to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome priuate bands of affinitie, which it hath pleaſed your Ladiſhip to acknowledge. Of which when as I found my ſelfe in no part woorthy, I deuiſed this laſt ſlender meanes, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiſhip, & alſo to make the ſame vniuerſallie knowne to the world; that, by honoring you, they might knowe me, and by knowing me, they might honour you. Vouchſafe noble Lady to accept this ſimple remembrance, though not worthy of your ſelfe, yet ſuch, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, yee may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable euidence of your owne excellent deſerts. So, recommending the ſame to your Ladiſhips good liking, I humblie take leaue.

Your La: humbly euer,

Ed. Sp.

THE TEARES OF THE MVSES.

(***)

RHearse to me, ye sacred Sisters nine,
The golden brood of great APOLLOS wit,
Those pitious plaints and sorrowful sad tine,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the siluer Springs of HELICONS,
Making your musick of hart-breaking mone.

For since the time that PHOEBVS foolish sonne
Y thundered through IOVES auengefull wrath,
For trauersing the charret of the Sunne
Beyond the compasse of his pointed path,
Of you his mournfull Sisters was lamented,
Such mournfull tunes were neuer since inuented.

Nor since that faire CALLIOPE did lose
Her loued Twinnes, the dearlings of her ioy,
Her PALICI, whom her vnkindly foes
The fatall Sisters, did for spight destroy,
Whom all the Muses did bewaile long space;
Was euer heard such wailing in this place.

For all their groues, which with the heauenly noyse
Of their sweet instruments were wont to sound,
And th'hollow hills, from which their siluer voices
Were wont redoubled Ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but rufull cries,
And yelling shrieks throwne vp into the skies.

The trembling streames which wont in chanels cleare
To rumble gently downe with murmur soft,
And were by them right mufull taught to beare
A Bases part amongst their consorts oft;
Now forst to ouerflow with brackish teares,
With troublous noyse did dull their dainty eares.

The ioyous Nymphes, and lightfoote Faeries
Which thither came to heare their musick sweet,
And to the measure of their melodies
Did learne to moue their nimble-shifting feet;
Now hearing them so heauilie lament,
Like heauily lamenting from them went.

And all that else was wont to worke delight
Through the diuine infusion of their skill,
And all that else seemd faire and fresh in sight,
So made by nature for to serue their will,
Was turned now to dismall heauinesse,
Was turned now to dreadfull vglinesse.

Aye me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cause of so impatient plight?
What furie, or what fiend with felon deeds
Hath stirred vp so mischieuous despight?
Can griefe then enter into heauenly harts,
And pierce immortall breasts with mortall smarts?

Vouchsafe ye then, whom onely it concernes,
To me those secret causes to display;
For none but you, or who of you it learnes,
Can rightfully aread so dolefull lay.
Begin thou eldest Sister of the crew,
And let the rest in order thee ensew.

CLIO.

HEare thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Sire that raignst in *Castalie*,
And Mount *Parnasse*, the God of goodly Arts:
Heare and behold the miserable state
Of vs thy daughters, dolefull desolate.

Behold the foule reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day vnto vs wrought,
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented vs themselues to scorne,
Doe seeke to make vs of the world forlorne.

Ne onely they that dwell in lowly duft,
The sonnes of darknes and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou great IOVE by doome vniuft

Didst

Didſt to the type of honour earſt aduaunce;
They now puſt vp with ſdeignfull inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The ſectaries of my celeſtiall skill,
That wont to be the worlds chiefe ornament,
And learned Impes that wont to ſhoote vp ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdoms gouernment,
They vnder keepe, and with their ſpreading armes,
Doe beate their buds, that periſh through their harmes.

It moſt behoues the honourable race
Of mightie Peeres, true wiſedome to ſuſtaine,
And with their noble countenaunce to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gaine:
Or rather learnd themſelues behoues to bee;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they doe eſteeme
Of th'heauenly gift of wiſedomes influence,
And to be learned, it a baſe thing deeme;
Baſe minded they that want intelligence:
For, God himſelfe for wiſedome moſt is praiſed,
And men to God thereby are nigheſt raiſed.

But they doe onely ſtriue themſelues to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanitie;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And onely boaſt of Armes and Anceſtrie:
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe Armes firſt giue
To their Grandſires, they care not to atchiue.

So I, that doe all noble feates profeſſe
To regiſter, and ſound in trumpe of gold,
Through their bad dooings, or baſe ſlothfulneſſe,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better farre it were to hide their names,
Then telling them, to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages haue no light
Of things forepaſt, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkneſſe, and lie hid in ſlime:
Therefore I mourne with deepe harts ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble haue to ſing.

With that ſhe raind ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming teares,
That could haue made a ſtonie hart to weepe,
And all her Siſters rent their golden heares,
And their faire faces with ſalt humour ſteepe.
So ended ſhee: and then the next anew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

MELPOMENE.

O Who ſhall poure into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of teares that neuer may be dride,
A braſen voice that may with ſhrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heauens, and fill the ayer wide,
And yron ſides that ſighing may endure
To waile the wretchednes of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickednesſe,
Deformd with filth and foule iniquitie;
Ah! wretched world, the houſe of heauineſſe,
Fild with the wreaks of mortall miſerie;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of Gods wrath, and ſlaues of ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature vnder sky,
Man without vnderſtanding doth appeare;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freakes is wiſely taught to beare:
Of wretched life the onely ioy ſhe is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

Shee armes the breaſt with conſtant patience,
Againſt the bitter throes of dolours darts,
She ſolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldly ſmarts:
When he is ſad, ſhee ſeeks to make him merie,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be wearie.

But he that is of reaſons skill bereft,
And wants the ſtaffe of wiſedome him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip in midſt of tempeſt left,
Without en helme or Pilot her to ſway,
Full ſad and dreadfull is that ſhips euent:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then doe fooliſh men ſo much deſpiſe
The precious ſtore of this celeſtiall riches?
Why doe they baniſh vs, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt vnhappy wretches,
The which lie drowned in deepe wretchednesſe,
Yet doe not ſee their owne vnhappineſſe.

My part it is, and my profeſſed skill,
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorne,
And fill the Scene with plaints and out-cries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons, to misfortune borne:
But none more tragick matter I can find
Then this, of men depriu'd of ſenſe and mind.

For all mans life me ſeemes a Tragedie,
Full of ſad ſights and ſore Cataſtrophees;
Firſt comming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his dayes, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoyles of fortune and of feare,
And he at laſt laid forth on balefull beare.

So all with rufull ſpectacles is fild,
Fit for MEGERA or PERSEPHONE;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skild,
The flowre of wit, find nought to buſie me:
Therefore I mourne, and pitifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I haue none.

Then gan ſhe wofully to waile, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe:
And all her Siſters thereto anſwering,
Threw forth lowd ſhrickes and drerie dolefull cries.
So reſted ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

THA-

THALIA.

VVHere be the ſweet delights of learnings treasure,
That wont with Comick ſock to beautify (ſure,
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners eyes, and eares with melodie;
In which I late was wont to raigne as Queene,
And maske in mirth with Graces well beſeene:

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is layd abed, and no where now to ſee;
And in her roome vnſeemly Sorrow ſits,
With hollow browes and griſly countenaunce,
Marring my ioyous gentle dalliaunce.

And him beſide ſits vgly Barbariſme,
And brutiſh Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darknes of the deepe Abyſme,
Where beeing bred, he light and heauen does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the faire Scene with rudeneſs foule diſguize.

All places they with folly haue poſſeſt,
And with vaine toyes the vulgar entertaine;
But me haue baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilome wont to wait vpon my traine,
Fine Counterfeſaunce and vnhurtfull Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that elſe the Comick Stage
With ſeaſoned wit and goodly pleaſance graceth,
By which mans life in his likeſt image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced:
And thoſe ſweet wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpiz'd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Natures ſelfe had made
To mock her ſelfe, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter vnder Mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant WILLY, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all ioy and iolly meriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrilitie,
And ſcorning Follie with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of ſhameleſſe ribaudry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learneds taske vpon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreames of Honny & ſweet Nectar flowe,
Scorning the boldnes of ſuch baſe-borne men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhly throwe;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Then ſo himſelfe to mockery to ſell.

So am I made the ſeruant of the manie,
And laughing ſtocke of all that lift to ſcorne,
Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loath'd of lofels as a thing forlorne:
Therefore I mourne and ſorrow with the reſt,
Vntill my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe lowdly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreames of teares abundantly,
And all her Siſters with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingults did ſupply.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grienous plaint, as doth enſew.

EVTERPE.

LIke as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Faire PHILOMELL, when Winters ſtormy wrath
The goodly fields, that earſt ſo gay were dyde
In colours diuers, quite deſpoyled hath,
All comfortleſſe doth hide her cheerleſſe head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whilſt fauourable times did vs afford
Free liberty to chaunt our charmes at will;
All comfortleſſe vpon the bared bow,
Like wofull Culuers doe ſit wayling now.

For far more bitter ſtarme then winters ſtowre
The beautie of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo faire to flowre,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted:
And thoſe yong plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruite or leaues are to be found.

A ſtoddie coldneſs hath benumbd the ſenſe,
And liuely ſpirits of each liuing wight,
And dimd with darknes their intelligence,
Darknes more then *Cymmerians* daily night:
And monſtrous errot flying in the ayre,
Hath mard the face of all that ſeemed fayre.

Image of helliſh horror, Ignorance,
Borne in the boſome of the black Abyſſe,
And fed with Furies milke for ſuſtenance
Of his weake infancie, begot amiſſe
By yawning Sloth on his owne mother Night;
So he his Sonnes both Sire and brother hight.

He, armd with blindnes and with boldnes ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our faire light defaced,
And gathering vnto him a ragged rout
Of Faunes and Satyres, hath our dwellings raced,
And our chaſt bowers, in which all vertue rained,
With brutiſhneſs and beaſtly filth hath ſtained.

The ſacred ſprings of horſe-foote *Helicon*,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreames of pure *Caſtalion*,
The famous witnes of our wonted praiſe,

They trampled haue with their foule footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles haue them made.

Our pleaſant groues, which planted were with paines,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And Arbors ſweet, in which the Shepheards ſwaines
Were wont ſo oft their Paſtoralls to ſing,
They haue cut downe, and all their pleaſance mard,
That now no Paſtorall is to be hard.

In ſtead of them, foule Goblins and Shriekowles,
With fearefull howling doe all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and howles,
The dreadfull accents of their out-cries ſhrill.
So all is turned into wilderneſſe,
Whilſt ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſſe.

And I whoſe ioy was earſt with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits now diſmayd with ſorrow dull,
Doe mone my miſery with ſilence ſoft.
Therefore I mourne and waile inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe the heauens affoord me remedie.

Therewith ſhe wailed with exceeding woe,
And pittious lamentation did make,
And all her Siſters ſeeing her doe ſo,
With equall plaints her ſorrow did partake.
So reſted ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint as doth enſew.

TERPSICHORE.

VVHoſo hath in the lap of ſoft delight (ſweet,
Been long time luld, and fedde with pleaſures
Fearleſſe through his owne fault or Fortunes ſpight,
To tumble into ſorrow and regreet,
If chance him fall into calamitie,
Finds greater burthen of his miſerie.

So we that earſt in ioyance did abound,
And in the boſome of all blis did ſit,
Like virgin Queenes with laurell garlands crownd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.
Sith ignorance our kingdome did confound;
Be now becõme moſt wretched wights on ground.

And in our royall thrones which lately ſtood
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of foule infamie;
Blind Error, ſcornfull Folly, and baſe Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that we ſhould haue by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merry with their fooleries,
They cheerely chaunt, and rimes at randon fling,
The fruitfull ſpawne of their ranke fantaſies:
They feed the eares of fooles with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnifie.

All places they doe with their toyes poſſeſs,
And raigne in liking of the multitude,
The ſchooles they fill with fond new-fangleneſs,
And ſway in Court with pride and raſhnes rude:
Mongſt ſimple Shepheards they do boaſt their skill,
And ſay their muſick matcheth PHOEBVS quill.

The noble harts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vaine,
Faire Ladies loues they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights diſtaine:
Clerks they to loathly idlenes intice,
And fill their bookes with diſcipline of vice.

So euery where they rule and tyrannize,
For their vſurped kingdoms maintenaunce,
The whiles we ſilly Maids, whom they deſpize,
And with reproachfull ſcorne diſcountenaunce,
From our owne natiue heritage exild,
Walke through the world of euery one reuild.

Nor any one doth care to call vs in,
Or once vouchſafeth vs to entertaine,
Vnleſſe ſome one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pitties ſake compaſſion our paine,
And yeeld vs ſome reliefe in this diſtreſſe:
Yet to be ſo reliev'd is wretchedneſſe.

So wander we all carefull comfortleſſe,
Yet none doth care to comfort vs at all;
So ſeeke we helpe our ſorrow to redreſſe,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwere to our call:
Therefore we mourne and pittileſſe complaine,
Becauſe none liuing pittieth our paine.

With that ſhe wept and wofully waymented,
That nought on earth her griefe might pacifie;
And all the reſt her dolefull din augmented,
With ſhrikes and groanes and grieuous agonie.
So ended ſhee: and then the next in rew,
Began her pittious plaint as doth enſew.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from aboue,
Where ye in VENVS ſiluer bowre were bred,
Thoughts halfe diuine, full of the fire of loue,
With beautie kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecuritie poſſeſſe,
Forgetfull of your former heauineſſe.

Now change the tenor of your ioyous layes,
With which ye vſe your loues to deifie,
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praiſe,
Aboue the compaſſe of the arched skie:
Now change your praiſes into pittious cries,
And Eulogies turne into Elegies.

Such as ye wont whenas thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging loue firſt gan you to torment,

And

And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your Loues did take you vnto grace;
Thoſe now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in meaſure moderate,
The tempeſt of that ſtormie paſſion,
And vſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of Louers life in likeſt faſhion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindlie skill,
Baniſht by thoſe that Loue with leawdnes fill.

Loue wont to be ſchoole-maſter of my skill,
And the deuiſefull matter of my ſong;
Sweet Loue deuoyd of villanie or ill,
But pure and ſpotleſſe, as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th'Almighties boſome, where he neſts;
From thence infuſed into mortall breſts.

Such high conceit of that celeſtiall fire,
The baſe-borne brood of blindnes cannot gheſſe,
Ne euer dare their dunghill thoughts aſpire
Vnto ſo loftie pitch of perfectneſſe,
But rime at riot, and doe rage in loue;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behoue.

Faire CYTHEREE, the Mother of delight,
And Queene of beautie, now thou maiſt goe pack:
For lo, thy Kingdome is defaced quight,
Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Sonne, the winged God of Loue,
May now goe prune his plumes like ruffed Doue.

And yee three Twins to light by VENVS brought,
The ſweet companions of the Muſes late,
From whom what-euer thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancie to aggrate;
Go beg with vs, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall any more
Find entertainment, or in Court or Schoole:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meede, is now lent to the foole:
He ſings of loue, and maketh louing layes,
And they him heare, and they him highly praiſe.

With that ſhe poured forth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter teares, and made exceeding mone;
And all her Siſters ſeeing her ſad mood,
With lowd laments her anſwered all at one.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grieuous plaint, as doth enſew.

CALLIOPE.

TO whom ſhall I my cuill caſe complaine,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedie my paine,
Or deignes to pittie a perplexed hart;
But rather ſeekes my ſorrow to augment
With foule reproach, and cruell baniſhment.

For they to whom I vſed to apply
The faithfull ſeruice of my learned skill,
The goodly oſ-ſpring of LOVES progenie,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whoſe liuing praiſes in heroick ſtile,
It is my chiefe profeſſion to compile,

They all corrupted through the ruſt of time,
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,
Or through vnnoble ſloth, or ſinfull crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Haue both deſire of worthy deeds forlorne,
And name of learning vterly doe ſcorne.

Ne doe they care to haue the auncеſtrie
Of th'old Heroës memorizde anew:
Ne doe they care that late poſteritie
Should know their names, or ſpeak their praiſes dew:
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelues ſhalbe forgot ere long.

What booteth it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to haue been nobly bred:
What oddes twixt IVVS and old INACHVS,
Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are ded:
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake?

Or who would euer care to doe braue deed,
Or ſtriue in vertue others to exceell;
If none ſhould yeeld him his deſerued meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of dooing well:
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chuſe goodnes of his owne free-will.

Therefore the nurſe of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of eternitie,
That lowly thoughts lift vp to heauens hight,
And mortall men haue powre to deifie:
BACCHVS and HERCVLES I raiſd to heauen,
And CHARLEMAINE, amongſt the Starris ſeuen.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peeres whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now onely ſeeke for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great reuenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont deuide,
Now Paraſites and Sycophants doe ſhare:
Therefore I mourne and endleſſe ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelfe, and for my Siſters ſake.

With that ſhe lowdly gan to waile and ſhrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of teares did powre,

And all her Siſters with compaſsion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpnes of her ſhowre.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſew.

VRANIA.

VVHat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of Starres conſpiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath pourd on earth this noyous peſtilence,
That mortall minds doth inwardly infect
Wih loue of blindnes and of ignorance,
To dwell in darknes without ſouerance?

What difference twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th'heauenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornaments of wiſdome are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Vnweeting of the danger hee is in,
Through fleſhes frailtie, and deceit of ſin.

In this wide world in which they wretches ſtray,
It is the onely comfort which they haue,
It is their light, their loadſtarre, and their day;
But hell and darknes, and the griſlie graue
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men borne heauenly doth debace.

Through knowledge, we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And iudge of Natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formleſſe mas:
By knowledge we doe learne our ſelues to knowe,
And what to man, and what to God we owe.

From hence, we mount aloft vnto the skie,
And looke into the cryſtall firmament:
There we behold the heauens great Hierarchie,
The Starres pure light, the Spheres ſwift mouement,
The Spirits and Intelligences faire,
And Angels waighting on th'Almighties chaire.

And there, with humble mind and high inſight,
Th'eternall Makers maieſtie wee view,
His loue, his truth, his glorie, and his might,
And mercie more then mortall men can view.
O ſoueraigne Lord, ô ſoueraigne happineſſe,
To ſee thee, and thy mercie meaſureleſſe!

Such happineſs haue they, that doe embrace
The precepts of my heauenlie diſcipline;
But ſhame and ſorrow and accurſed caſe
Haue they, that ſcorne the ſchoole of Arts diuine,
And baniſh me, which doe profeſſe the skill
To make men heauenly wiſe, through humbled will.

How-euer yet they me deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feed on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And pleaſe my ſelfe with mine owne ſelfe-delight,
In contemplation of things heauenlie wrought:
So, loathing earth, I looke vp to the ſky,
And beeing driuen hence, I thither flie.

Thence I behold the miſerie of men,
Which want the blis that wiſdom would them breed,
And like brute beaſts doe lie in loathſome den,
Of ghoſtly darknes, and of gaſtly dreed:
For whom I mourne and for my ſelfe complaine,
And for my Siſters eake whom they diſdaine.

With that, ſhee wept and waild ſo pitiouſly,
As if her eyes had beene two ſpringing wells:
And all the reſt her ſorrow to ſupplie,
Did throw forth ſhrikes and cries and dreery yells.
So ended ſhee, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournfull plaint as doth enſew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A Dolefull caſe deſires a dolefull ſong,
Without vaine art or curious complements:
And ſquallid Fortune into baſenes ſlong,
Doth ſcorne the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for me,
To tell my ſorrowes that exceeding be.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures,
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tunefull Diapaſe of pleaſures;
Now beeing let to runne at libertie
By thoſe which haue no skill to rule them right,
Haue now quite loſt their naturall delight.

Heapes of huge words vphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound though hauing little ſence,
They thinke to be chiefe praiſe of Poëtry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Haue mard the face of goodly Poëſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Whilome in ages paſt none might profeſſe
But Princes and high Prieſts that ſecret skill.
The ſacred lawes therein they wont expreſſe,
And with deepe Oracles their verſes fill:
Then was ſhe held in ſoueraigne dignitie,
And made the nourſling of Nobilitie.

But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintaine,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to be
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands vncleane,
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie;
And treadeth vnder foote her holy things,
Which was the care of Keſars and of Kings.

One onely liues, her ages ornament,
And mirror of her Makers maieſtie,
That with rich bountie and deare cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poëſie:
Ne onely fauours them which it profeſſe,
But is her ſelfe a peereleſs Poëtreſſe.

Mo-

Moſt peereleſſe Prince, moſt peereleſſe Poëtreſſe,
The true PANDORA of all heauenly graces,
Diuine ELIZA, ſacred Empereſſe,
Liue ſhe for euer, and her royall P'laces
Be fild with praiſes of diuineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heauenly writs.

Some few, beſide, this ſacred skill eſteme,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which beeing lightned with her beauties beme,
Are thereby fild with happy influence,
And lifted vp aboue the worldes gaze,
To ſing with Angels her immortall praize.

But all the reſt, as borne of ſaluage brood,
And hauing beene with Acorns alwaies fed,
Can no whit ſauour this celeſtiall food;
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſſe led,
And kept from looking on the lightſome day:
For whom I waile and weepe all that I may.

Eftſoones ſuch ſtore of teares ſhe forth did powre,
As if ſhe all to water would haue gone;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and waile, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did breake.
The reſt, vntold, no liuing tongue can ſpeake.

FINIS.

I 3. VIR-

VIRGILS

GNAT.

LONG SINCE DEDICATED

To the moſt noble and excellent Lord, the Earle *of Leiceſter, deceaſed.*

(*_*)

WRongd, yet not daring to expreſſe my paine,
To you (great Lord) the cauſer of my care,
In clowdie teares my caſe I thus complaine
Vnto your ſelfe, that onely priuie are:
But if that any *Oedipus* vnware,
Shall chaunce, through power of ſome diuining ſpright,
To read the ſecret of this riddle rare,
And knowe the purport of my euill plight,
Let him be pleaſed with his owne inſight,
Ne further ſeeke to gloſe vpon the text:
For griefe enough it is to grieued wight
To feele his fault, and not be further vext.
But what-ſo by my ſelfe may not be ſhowen,
May by this *Gnats* complaint be eaſily knowen.

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now haue plaid (AVGVSTVS) wantonly,
Tuning our ſong vnto a tender Muſe;
And like a cobweb weauing ſlenderly,
Haue onely playd: let thus much then excuſe
This GNATS ſmall Poëme, that th'whole hiſtorie
Is but a ieſt, though enuie it abuſe:
But who ſuch ſports and ſweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter ſeeme then this GNATS idle name.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure,
And for thy worth frame ſome fit Poëtie:
The golden ofspring of LATONA pure,
And ornament of great IOVES progenie,
PHOEBVS ſhall be the Author of my ſong,
Playing on Ivorie harp with ſiluer ſtrong.

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle moode
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beſide
Faire XANTHVS ſprinkled with CHIMAERAS blood;
Or in the woods of *Aſtery* abide:
Or whereas mount *Parnaſſe*, the Muſes brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two hornes diuide,
And the ſweet waues of ſounding *Caſtaly*,
With liquid foote doth ſlide downe eaſily.

Wherefore ye Siſters which the glorie be
Of the *Pierian* ſtreames, fayre NAIADES,
Goe to, and dauncing all in companie,
Adorne that God: and thou holy PALES,
To whom the honeſt care of husbandrie
Returneth by continuall ſucceſſe,
Haue care for to purſue his footing light: (dight.
Through the wide woods, and groues, with green leaues

Profeſſing thee, I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the forreſt wide and ſtarrie ſky:
And thou moſt drad (OCTAVIVS) which oft
To learned wits giu'ſt courage worthily,
O come (thou ſacred child) come ſliding ſoft,
And fauour my beginnings graciouſly:
For not theſe leaues do ſing that dreadfull ſtound,
When Giants blood did ſtaine *Phlegraan* ground.

Nor how th'halfe-horſie people, CENTAVRES hight,
Fought with the bloudie LAPITHAES at bord,
Nor how the Eaſt with tyrannous deſpight
Burnt th'*Attick* towres, and people ſlew with ſword;
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged downe, nor yron bands aboord
The *Pontick* ſea by their huge Nauie caſt,
My volume ſhall renowne, ſo long ſince paſt.

Nor *Helleſpont* trampled with horſes feet,
When flocking *Perſians* did the *Greekes* affray;
But my ſoft Muſe, as for her power moore meet,
Delights (with PHOEBVS friendly leaue) to play
An eaſie running verſe with tender ſweete,
And thou (drad ſacred child) to thee alway,
Let euerlaſting lightſome glorie ſtriue,
Through the worlds endleſſe ages to ſuruiue.

And let an happie roome remaine for thee
Mongſt heauenly ranks, where bleſſed ſoules do reſt;
And let long laſting life with ioyous glee,
As thy due meede that thou deſerueſt beſt,
Hereafter many yeeres remembred be
Amongſt good men, of whom thou oft art bleſt.
Liue thou for euer in all happineſſe:
But let vs turne to our firſt buſineſſe.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,
Vp to the heauenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden Charet gliſtering light:
And faire AVRORA with her roſie heare,
The hatefull darknes now had put to flight,
When as the ſhepheard ſeeing day appeare,
His little Goats gan driue out of their ſtalls,
To feede abroad, where paſture beſt befalls.

To an high mountaines top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſſe did cloathe the open hills:
They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,

Now

Now in the valleyes wandring at their wills,
Spread themselues farre abroad through each descent;
Some on the soft greene grasse feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffes on hie,
Nibble the bushie shrubs, which growe thereby.

Others, the vtmost boughs of trees doe crop,
And brouze the woodbine twigges, that freshly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the vtmost top
Of some soft Willow, or new growen stud;
This with sharpe teeth the bramble leaues doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another, high doth ouerlooke
Her owne like image in a crystall brooke.

O the great happines, which shepheards haue,
Who-so loathes not too much the poore estate,
With mind that ill vse doth before deprave,
Ne measures all things by the costly rate
Of riotise, and semblants outward braue:
No such sad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedie minds of couetous men,
Doe euer creepe into the shepheards den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arayes,
Be not twice steeped in Assyrian die;
Ne glistering of gold, which vnderlayes
The Summer beames, doe blind his gazing eye.
Ne pictures beautie, nor the glauncing rayes
Of precious stones, whence no good commeth by;
Ne yet his cup embost with Imagery
Of Baetvs, or of Alcons vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearles esteemeth hee,
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:
But with pure brest from carefull sorrow free,
On the soft grasse his limbs doth oft display,
In sweet Spring time, when flowres varietie
With sundry colours paints the sprinkled lay:
There lying all at ease, from guile or spight,
With pype of fennie reedes doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himselfe, with palme bedight,
His looser locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milke-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitfull Pales, and the forrest greene,
And darksome caues in pleasant vallies pight,
Whereas continuall shade is to be seene,
And where fresh springing wells, as crystall neate,
Doe alwaies flowe, to quench his thirstie heate.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,
Then he, that with cleane mind and hart sincere,
No greedy riches knowes, nor bloudie strife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleete doth feare,
Ne runnes in perill of foes cruell knife,
That in the sacred temples he may reare
A trophee of his glittering spoyles and treasure,
Or may abound in riches aboue measure.

Of him his God is worshipt with his sythe,
And not with skill of craftsman polished:
He ioyes in groues, and makes himselfe full blythe,
With sundry flowers in wilde fields gathered;
Ne frankincense he from *Panchaa* buyth,
Sweet quiet harbours in his harmeles head,
And perfect pleasure buildes her ioyous bowre,
Free from sad cares, that rich mens harts deuowre.

This all his care, this all his whole endeuour,
To this, his mind and senses he doth bend,
How he may slowe in quiets matchles treasour,
Content with any food that God doth send,
And how his limbs, resolu'd through idle leisour,
Vnto sweet sleepe he may securely lend,
In some coole shadow from the scorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds doe eate.

O flocks! ô Faunes! and ô ye pleasant springs
Of *Tempe*, where the country Nymphs are rife,
Through whose not costly care each shepheard sings
As merry notes vpon his rusticke Fife,
As that *Affrican* Bard, whose fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leades as ioyfull life;
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyle,
In which fond men doe all their dayes turmoyle.

In such delights, whilst thus his careless time
This shepheard driues, vpleaning on his batt,
And on shrill reeds chaunting his rustick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beames full hott,
Into the highest top of heauen gan clime;
And the world parting by an equall lott,
Did shed his whirling flames on either side,
As the great Ocean doth himselfe diuide.

Then gan the shepheard gather into one
His stragling Goates, and draue them to a foord,
Whose cærule stream, rombling in Pibble stone,
Crept vnder mosse as greene as any goord.
Now had the Sun halfe heauen ouergone,
When he is heard back from that water foord,
Draue from the force of Phoebvs boyling ray,
Into thicke shadowes, there themselues to lay.

Soone as he them plac't in thy sacred wood
(O *Delian* Goddesse) saw, to which of yore
Came the bad daughter of old Cadmvs brood,
Cruell Agave, flying vengeance sore
Of king Nictilevs, for the guiltie blood,
Which she with cursed hands had shed before;
There she halfe frantick hauing slaine her sonne,
Did shrowd her selfe, like punishment to shonne.

Heere also playing on the grassie greene,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and swift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dauncing seene.
Not so much did Dan Orphevs represse,
The streames of *Hebrus* with his songs I weene,
As that faire troupe of wooddie Goddesses
Staied thee, (ô Penevs) pouring forth to thee,
From cheerfull lookes, great mirth, & gladsome glee.

The

The verie nature of the place, refounding
With gentle murmure of the breathing ayre,
A pleasant bowre with all delight abounding
In the fresh shadowe did for them prepare,
To rest their limbs with wearinesse redounding.
For first, the high Palme trees with branches faire,
Out of the lowely vallies did arise,
And high shoote vp their heads into the skyes.

And them amongst the wicked Lotos grew,
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
VLYSSES men, whom rapt with sweetnes new,
Taking to hoste, it quite from him did stay,
And eke those trees, in whose transformed hew,
The Sunnes sad daughters waild the rash decay
Of PHAETON, whose limbs with lightening rent,
They gathering vp, with sweet teares did lament.

And that same tree, in which DEMOPHOON,
By his disloyaltie lamented sore,
Eternall hurt left vnto many one:
Who als accompanied the Oake, of yore
Through fatall charmes transformd to such an one:
The Oake, whose Acornes were our foode, before
That CERES seed of mortall men was knowne,
Which first TRIPTOLEME taught how to be sowne.

Here also grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ships braue ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heauenly signe,
Which coueting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountaines touch the starres diuine,
Decks all the forrest with embellishment,
And the blacke Holme that loues the watrie vale,
And the sweet Cypresse, signe of deadly bale.

Emongst the rest, the clambring Yuie grew,
Knitting his wanton armes with grasping hold,
Least that the Poplar happely should rew
Her brothers strokes, whose boughs she doth enfold
With her lythe twigs, till they the top survew,
And paint with pallid greene her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Not yet vnmindfull of her olde reproach.

But the small Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their sundry tunes with sweet consent,
And vnder them a siluer Spring forth pouring
His trickling streames, a gentle murmure sent:
Thereto the frogs, bred in the slimie scowring
Of the moist moores, their iarring voyces bent:
And shrill grashoppers chirped them a round:
All which the ayrie Eccho did resound.

In this so pleasant place, this Shepheards flock
Lay euerie where, their wearie limbs to rest,
On euerie bush, and euerie hollow rock,
Where breathe on them the whistling wind mote best:
The whiles the Shepheard selfe tending his stock,
Sate by the fountaine side, in shade to rest,
Where gentle slumbring sleepe oppressed him,
Displaid on ground, and seized euerie lim.

Of trecherie or traines nought tooke he keepe,
But loosly on the grassie greene dispred,
His dearest life did trust to careless sleepe:
Which weighing down his drouping drowsie hed,
In quiet rest his molten hart did steepe,
Deuoid of care, and feare of all falshed:
Had not inconstant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid strange mischaunce his quietnes to spill.

For at his wonted time, in that same place,
An huge great Serpent all with speckles pide,
To drench himselfe in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himselfe to hide:
He passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie ayre did gride,
And wrapt his scalie boughts with sell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more hauing himselfe enrold,
His glittering breast he lifteth vp on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest aboue spotted with purple die,
On euerie side did shine like scalie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did seeme to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with sterne lookes to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wise long time he did himselfe dispace
There round about, when as at last hee spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captaine, and most trustie guide:
Eftsoones more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his firie eyes on euerie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way
Full sternely rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that any one should dare
To come vnto his haunt: for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which to him Nature had lent:
Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his iawes with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is stained,
And all his folds are now in length outstrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A little noursling of the harmlesse ayre,
A GNAT, vnto the sleepie Shepheard went,
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,
Shewd the two pearles, which sight vnto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing faire,
His little needle there infixing deepe,
Warnd him awake, from death himselfe to keepe.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan vpstare,
And with his hand him rashly bruising, slew,
As in auengement of his heedlesse smart,
That straight the spirit out of his senses flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When suddenly casting aside his view,
He spide his foe with felonous intent,
And feruent eyes to his destruction bent.

All

All ſuddainly diſmaid, and hartleſſe quight,
He fled abacke; and catching haſtie hold
Of a young Alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him gan behold,
What God or Fortune would aſsiſt his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had
To ouercome, that made him leſſe adrad.

The ſcalie back of that moſt hideous Snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aſſaile, he fiercely ſtrake
Whereas his temples did his creaſt-front tyre;
And for he was but ſlowe, did ſloth off ſhake,
And gazing ghaſtly on (for feare and ire
Had blent ſo much his ſenſe, that leſſe he feard;)
Yet when he ſaw him ſlaine, himſelfe he cheard.

By this, the night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of HEREBVS her teemed ſteeds gan call,
And lazie VESPER in his timely howre,
From golden OETA gan proceed withall:
Whenas the Shepheard after this ſharpe ſtowre,
Seeing the doubled ſhadowes lowe to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flocke, does homeward fare,
And vnto reſt his wearie ioynts prepare.

Into whoſe ſenſe ſo ſoone as lighter ſleepe
Was entred, and now looſing euery lim,
Sweet ſlumbring deaw in careleſnes did ſteepe,
The image of that GNAT appeard to him,
And in ſad tearmes gan ſorrowfully weepe,
With griſly countenaunce and viſage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In ſteed of good, haſtning his cruell fate.

Said he, what haue I wretch deſeru'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-caſt,
Whilſt that thy life more deare and precious
Was then mine owne, ſo long as it did laſt?
I now in lieu of paines ſo gracious,
Am toſt in th'ayre with euery windy blaſt:
Thou ſafe deliuered from ſad decay,
Thy careleſs limbs in looſe ſleepe dooſt diſplay.

So liueſt thou: but my poore wretched ghoſt
Is forſt to ferry ouer LETHES Riuer,
And ſpoyld of CHARON, to and fro am toſt.
Seeſt thou not, how all places quake and quiuer,
Lightned with deadly lamps on euery poſt?
TISIPHONE each where doth ſhake and ſhiuer
Her flaming fier brond, encountring me,
Whoſe lockes vncombed cruell Adders be.

And CERBERVS, whoſe many mouthes do bay,
And barke out flames, as if on fire he fed;
Adowne whoſe neck in terrible array,
Ten thouſand Snakes cralling about his hed
Doe hang in heapes, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes doe glifter firie red:
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
With painfull torments to be ſorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks ſo much ſhould faile of meed,
For that I thee reſtord to life againe,
Euen from the doore of death and deadly dreed,
Where then is now the guerdon of my paine?
Where the reward of my ſo pittious deed?
The praiſe of pitty vaniſht is in vaine,
And th'antique faith of Iuſtice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I ſaw anothers fate approaching faſt,
And left mine owne, his ſafety to tender;
Into the ſame miſhap I now am caſt,
And ſhund deſtruction doth deſtruction render:
Not vnto him that neuer hath treſpaſt,
But puniſhment is due to the offender.
Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankfull will may it relent.

I carried am into waſte wilderneſſe,
Waſte wildernes, amongſt *Cymmerian* ſhades,
Where endleſſe paines, and hideous heauineſſe
Is round about me heapt in darkſome glades.
For there huge OTHOS ſits in ſad diſtreſſe,
Faſt bound with Serpents that him oft inuades:
Farre off beholding EPHIALTES tide,
Which once aſſai'd to burne this world ſo wide.

And there is mournfull TITYVS, mindfull yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, ô LATONA faire;
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it,
That made him meate for wild foules of the ayre:
Much doe I feare among ſuch fiends to ſit,
Much doe I feare back to them to repaire,
To the black ſhadowes of the STYGIAN ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing euer-more.

There next the vtmoſt brinke doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whoſe throat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride,
His ſenſe to ſeeke for eaſe turnes euery way:
And he that in auengement of his pride,
For ſcorning to the ſacred Gods to pray,
Againſt a mountaine rolls a mighty ſtone,
Calling in vaine for reſt, and can haue none.

Goe ye with them, goe curſed Damoſells,
Whoſe bridall torches foule ERYNNIS tynde,
And HYMEN at your ſpouſalls ſad, foretells
Tydings of death, and maſſacre vnkind:
With them, that cruell COLCHID mother dwells,
The which conceiu'd in her reuengefull mind,
With bitter wounds her owne deere babes to ſlay,
And murdred troupes vpon great heapes to lay.

There alſo thoſe two *Pandionian* maides,
Calling on ITIS, ITIS euermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they ſlew with guiltie blades:
For whom the *Thracian* king lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulie them vpbraides,
And fluttering, round about them ſtill does ſore:
There now they all eternally complaine
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endleſs paine.

But

But the two brethren borne of CADMVS blood,
Whilſt each does for the Soueraignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth againſt the others bodie bend
His curſed ſteele, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſes doth rend;
That yet they both doe mortall foes remaine,
Sith each with brothers bloudie hand was ſlaine.

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of paine,
Nor change of labour may intreated bee:
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried faine,
Where other Powers farre different I ſee,
And muſt paſſe ouer to th'*Elyſian* Plaine:
There grim PERSEPHONE encountring mee,
Doth vrge her fellow Furies earneſtly,
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaſt ALCESTE liues inuiolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands daies
She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
Lo there liues alſo the immortall praiſe
Of womankind, moſt faithfull to her mate,
PENELOPE: and from her farre awaies
A ruleſſe rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All ſlaine with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And ſad EVRIDICE thence now no more
Muſt turne to life, but there detained bee,
For looking back, beeing forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, ORPHEVS, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthy ſpirit bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadowes goe to ſee,
And could beleeue that any thing could pleaſe
Fell CERBERVS, or *Stygian* Powres appeaſe.

Ne feard the burning waues of *Phlegeton*,
Nor thoſe ſame mournful kingdoms, cou[r]
With ruſtie horrour and foule faſhion,
And deepe digd vawtes, and Tartar couered
With bloodie night, and darke confuſion,
And iudgement ſeates, whoſe Iudge is deadly dred;
A Iudge, that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults, which life hath treſpaſſed before.

But valiant fortune made DAN ORPHEVS bold:
For the ſwift running riuers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wilde beaſts their furie did with-hold,
To follow ORPHEVS muſick through the land:
And th'Oakes deepe grounded in the earthly mold
Did moue, as if they could him vnderſtand:
And the ſhrill woods, which were of ſenſe bereau'd,
Through their hard barke his ſiluer ſound receau'd.

And eke the Moone her haſtie ſteeds did ſtay,
Drawing in teemes along the ſtarrie skie,
And didſt (ô monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly courſe, to heare his melodie?
The ſame was able with like louely lay
The Queene of hell to moue as eaſily,
To yeeld EVRYDICE vnto her fere,
Backe to be borne, though it vnlawfull were.

Shee (Lady) hauing well before approoued,
The fiends to be too cruell and ſeuere,
Obſeru'd th'appointed way, as her behooued,
Ne euer did her eye-ſight turne arere,
Ne euer ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking mooued:
But cruell ORPHEVS, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſſe her, brok'ſt the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'ſt her euer damn'd to be.

Ah! but ſweet loue of pardon worthy is,
And doth deſerue to haue ſmall faults remitted;
If Hell at leaſt things lightly done amis
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both receiued into blis,
And to the ſeates of happy ſoules admitted.
And you, beſide the honourable band
Of great Heroës, doe in order ſtand.

There be the two ſtout ſonnes of AEACVS,
Fierce PELEVS, and the hardie TELAMON,
Both ſeeming now full glad and ioyeous
Through their Sires dreadfull iuriſdiction,
Beeing the Iudge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by ſtrange occaſion,
Renown'd in choyce of happy marriage
Through VENVS grace, and vertues cariage.

For th'one was rauiſht of his owne bond-maid,
The faire IXIONE, captiu'd from *Troy*:
But th'other was with THETIS loue affaid,
Great NEREVS his daughter, and his ioy.
On this ſide them there is a yong-man laid,
Their match in glorie, mightie, fierce and coy:
That from th'Argolick ſhips, with furious ire,
Bett back the furie of the Troyan fire.

O! who would not recount the ſtrong diuorces
Of that great warre, which Troyans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When *Teucrian* ſoyle with bloody riuers ſweld,
And wide *Sigean* ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood out-weld,
Whilſt HECTOR raged with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, woũds in *Greekes* fleet to haue tynd.

For *Ida* ſelfe, in ayde of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountaines miniſtred ſupplies,
And like a kindly nurſe, did yeeld (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nurſeries,
Vnto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the Nauie of their enemies,
And all the *Rhetean* ſhore to aſhes turne,
Where lay the ſhips, which they did ſeeke to burne.

Gainſt which the noble ſonne of TELAMON
Oppoſd himſelfe, and thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battell bad, gainſt whom appeard anon,
HECTOR, the glory of the *Troian* field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth riue
The ratling heauens, and cloudes aſunder driue.

So th'one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips, from turning home againe
To *Argos*, th'other ſtroue for to defend
The force of VVLCANE with his might and maine.
Thus th'one AEACIDE did his fame extend:
But th'other ioy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plaine
Hauing the blood of vanquiſht HECTOR ſhed,
He compaſt *Troy* thrice with his body ded.

Againe great dole on either partie grewe,
That him to death vnfaithfull PARIS ſent;
And alſo him that falſe VLYSSES ſlewe,
Drawne into danger through cloſe ambuſhment:
Therefore from him LAERTES ſonne his vewe
Doth turne aſide, and boaſts his good euent
In working of *Strymonian Rheſus* fall,
And eſt in *Dolons* ſubtile ſurpriſall.

Againe the dreadfull *Cycons* him diſmay,
And blacke *Læſtrigones*, a people ſtout:
Then greedie *Scilla*, vnder whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then doe the *Aetnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deepe *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Laſtly, the ſqualid lakes of *Tartarie*,
And grieſly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There alſo goodly AGAMEMNON boſts
The glorie of the ſtocke of TANTALVS,
And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts,
Vnder whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
The *Dorick* flames conſum'd the *Iliack* poſts.
Ah! but the *Greekes* themſelues more dolourous,
To thee, ô *Troy*, paid penaunce for thy fall,
In th'*Helleſpont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appeare by proofe of their miſchance,
The changefull turning of mens ſlipperie ſtate,
That none, whom fortune freely doth aduance,
Himſelfe therefore to heauen ſhould eleuate:
For loftie type of honour through the glance
Of enuies dart, is downe in duſt proſtrate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanitie,
Shall fall through fortunes mutabilitie.

Th' *Argolicke* power returning home againe,
Enricht with ſpoyles of th'*Ericthonian* towre,
Did happie wind and weather entertaine,
And with good ſpeed the fomie billowes ſcowre:
No ſigne of ſtorme, no feare of future paine,
Which ſoone enſued them with heauie ſtowre.
Nereïs to the Seas a token gaue,
The whiles their crooked keeles the ſurges claue.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or hapleſſe riſing of ſome froward ſtarre,
The heauens on euerie ſide enclowded bee:
Black ſtormes and fogs are blowen vp from farre,
That now the Pylote can no loadſtarre ſee,
But skies and ſeas doe make moſt dreadfull warre;
The billowe ſtriuing to the heauens to reach,
And th'heauens ſtriuing them for to impeach.

And in auengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and ſtarres, and all the heauenly powres
Conſpire in one to wreake their raſh contempt,
And down on them to fall from higheſt towres:
The skie in peeces ſeeming to be rent,
Throwes lightning forth, & haile, & harmfull ſhowres,
That death on euerie ſide to them appeares
In thouſand formes, to worke moſt ghaſtly feares.

Some in the greedy flouds are ſunke and dreint,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are throwne;
Some on th'*Euboick* Cliffs in peeces rent;
Some ſcattred on the *Herceän* ſhores vnknowne;
And many loſt, of whom no monument
Remaines, nor memorie is to be ſhowne:
Whilſt all the purchaſe of the *Phrygian* pray
Toſt on ſalt billowes, round about doth ſtray.

Heere many other like Heroës bee,
Equall in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly ſeates may placed ſee,
Deſcended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in ſoueraigntie,
And doth all Nations vnto her ſubdue:
Heere *Fabij* and *Decij* doe dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of ſtout CAMILL
Doth euer liue, and conſtant CVRTIVS,
Who ſtifly bent his vowed life to ſpill
For Countries health, a gulfe moſt hideous
Amidſt the Towne with his owne corps did fill,
T'appeaſe the Powers; and prudent MVTIVS,
Who in his fleſh endur'd the ſcorching flame,
To daunt his foe by enſample of the ſame.

And here [illegible] CVRIVS, his companion
Of noble [illegible], liues in endleſs reſt;
And ſtout FLAMINIVS, whoſe deuotion
Taught him the fires ſcornd furie to deteſt;
And heere the praiſe of either SCIPION
Abides in higheſt place aboue the beſt,
To whom the ruind walls of *Carthage* vowd,
Trembling their forces, ſound their praiſes lowd.

Liue they for euer through their laſting praiſe:
But I, poore wretch, am forced to retourne
To the ſad lakes, that PHOEBVS ſunny rayes
Doe neuer ſee, where ſoules doe alwaies mourne,
And by the wailing ſhores to waſte my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchleſſe flames doth burne;
By which iuſt MINOS righteous ſoules doth ſeuer
From wicked ones, to liue in bliſſe for euer.

Me therefore thus the cruell fiends of hell
Girt with long ſnakes, & thouſand yron chaines,
Through doome of that their cruell Iudge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient paines,
Cauſe of my death, and iuſt complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poore ghoſt complaines
To be the Authour of her ill vnwares,
That careleſs hear'ſt my intollerable cares.

Them

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee neuer,
And leaue this lamentable plaint behind.
But doe thou haunt the ſoft downe rolling riuer,
And wilde greene woods, and fruitfull paſtures mind,
And let the flitting ayre my vaine words ſeuer.
Thus hauing ſaid, he heauily departed
With pittious cry, that any would haue ſmarted.

Now, when the ſlothfull fit of lifes ſweet reſt
Had left the heauie Shepheard, wondrous cares
His inly grieued minde full ſore oppreſt;
That balefull ſorrow he no longer beares,
For that GNATS death, which deeply was impreſt:
But bends what-euer power his aged yeeres
Him lent, yet beeing ſuch, as through their might
He lately ſlue his dreadfull foe in fight.

By that ſame Riuer lurking vnder greene,
Eftſoones he gins to faſhion forth a place;
And ſquaring it in compaſſe well beſeene,
There plotteth out a tombe by meaſured ſpace:
His yron headed ſpade tho making cleene,
To dig vp ſods out of the flowrie graſſe,
His worke he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiu'd it in his thought.

An heape of earth he hoorded vp on hie,
Encloſing it with banks on euerie ſide,
And thereupon did raiſe full buſily
A little Mount, of greene turfs edifide;
And on the top of all, that paſſers by
Might it behold, the tombe he did prouide
Of ſmootheſt Marble-ſtone in order ſet,
That neuer might his luckie ſcape forget.

And round about he taught ſweet flowres to grow;
The Roſe engrained in pure ſcarlet die,
The Lilly freſh, and Violet belowe,
The Marigold, and cheerfull Roſemarie,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence ſweet gum does flowe,
The purple Hyacinth, and freſh Coſtmarie,
And Saffron ſought for in *Cilician* ſoyle,
And Laurell th'ornament of PHOEBVS toyle.

Freſh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th'auncient Frankincence,
And pallid Iuie building his owne bowre,
And Box yet mindfull of his old offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, luckleſſe Paramour,
Ox-eye ſtill green, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narciſſe*, that in a well
Seeing his beautie, in loue with it fell:

And whatſoeuer other flowre of worth,
And whatſo other herb of louely hew
The ioyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To clothe her ſelfe in colours freſh and new;
He planted there, and reard a mount of earth,
In whoſe high front was writ as doth enſue.

To thee, ſmall GNAT, *in lieu of his life ſaued,*
The Shepheard hath thy deaths record engraued.

FINIS.

THE RUINES OF ROME.

BY *BELLAY.*

1

YE heauenly Spirits, whoſe aſhie cinders lie
Vnder deepe ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall neuer die
Through your faire verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voyce of wight aliue,
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deepe Abyſſes open riue,
That ye may vnderſtand my ſhrieking yell.
Thrice hauing ſeene vnder the heauens veale
Your tombs deuoted compaſs ouer all,
Thrice vnto you with lowd voyce I appeale,
And for your antique furie heere doe call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glorie, faireſt of all earthly thing.

2

Great BABYLON her haughtie walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot vp in ayre;
Greece will the old *Epheſian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurſlings their Pyramides faire;
The ſame yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the ſtorie
Of IOVES great Image in *Olympus* placed,
MAVSOLVS worke will be the *Carians* glorie.
And *Crete* will boaſt the Labyrinth, now raced;
The antique *Rhodian* will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſſe, erect to Memorie;
And what elſe in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will ſing aboue all monuments
Seuen *Romane* Hils, the worlds ſeuen wonderments.

3

Thou ſtranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* her ſeekeſt,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiu'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame old walls, olde arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Olde Palaces, is that, which *Rome* men call.
Behold what wreake, what ruine, and what waſt,
And how that ſhe, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her ſelfe at laſt,
The pray of time, which all things doth deuowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th'onely funerall,
And onely *Rome*, of *Rome* hath victorie:
Ne ought ſaue *Tyber*, haſtning to his fall
Remaines of all: O worlds inconſtancie!
That which is firme, doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and ſtay.

4

Shee, whoſe high top aboue the ſtarres did ſore,
One foote on THETIS, th'other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th'other on the *More*,
Both heauen and earth in roundneſs compaſſing,
IOVE fearing, leaſt if ſhee ſhould greater grow,
The Giants old ſhould once againe vpriſe,

Her whelmd with hills, theſe 7. hils, which be now
Tombes of her greatnes, which did threat the skies:
Vpon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnall*,
Vpon her belly th'antique *Palatine*,
Vpon her ſtomack laid Mount *Quirinall*,
On her left hand the noyſome *Eſquiline*,
And *Celian* on the right; but both her feet,
Mount *Viminall* and *Auentine* doe meet.

5

Who liſts to ſee, what-euer Nature, Art,
And Heauen could doe, ô *Rome*, thee let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatnes he can gheſſe in hart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the ſhade of *Rome*
May of the body yeeld a ſeeming ſight,
Its like a corſe drawne forth out of the tombe
By Magick skill out of eternall night:
The corps of *Rome* in aſhes is entombed,
And her great ſpirit reioyned to the ſpirit
Of this great maſſe, is in the ſame enwombed;
But her braue writings, which her famous merite
In ſpight of time, out of the duſt doth reare,
Doe make her Idole through the world appeare.

6

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddeſſe bright
In her ſwift charret, with high turrets crownd,
Proud that ſo many Gods ſhe brought to light;
Such was this Citie in her good dayes found:
This Citie, more then that great *Phrygian* mother,
Renownd for fruite of famous progenie,
Whoſe greatnes, by the greatnes of none other,
But by her ſelfe her equall match could ſee:
Rome onely might to *Rome* compared bee,
And onely *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heauenly doome decree,
That other earthly power ſhould not reſemble
Her that did match the whole earths puiſſaunce,
And did her courage to the heauens aduaunce.

7

Ye ſacred ruines, and ye tragick ſights,
Which onely doe the name of *Rome* retaine,
Old moniments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes doe maintaine:
Triumphant Arks, ſpyres neighbours to the skie,
That you to ſee doth th'heauen it ſelfe appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flie,
The peoples fable, and the ſpoyle of all:
And though your frames doe for a time make warre
Gainſt time, yet time in time ſhall ruinate
Your workes and names, and your laſt reliques marre.
My ſad deſires, reſt therefore moderate:
For if that time make end of things ſo ſure,
It als will end the paine which I endure.

8

Through armes and vaſſals *Rome* the world ſubdu'd,
That one would weene, that one ſole Cities ſtrength
Both land and ſea in roundnes had ſurwve'd,
To be the meaſure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet ſo fruitfull was
Of vertuous nephewes, that poſteritie
Striuing in power their grandfathers to paſſe,
The loweſt earth ioynd to the heauen hie;
To th'end that hauing all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Common-wealths deuoure,
Yet no time ſhould ſo lowe embaſe their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundation deepe,
Should not her name and endleſs honour keepe.

9

Ye cruell ſtarres, and eke ye Gods vnkind,
Heauen enuious, and bitter ſtepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by courſe of kind
That ye do wield th'affaires of earthly creature;
Why haue your hands long ſithence traueiled
To frame this world that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Romane palaces
Made of ſome matter no leſſe firme & ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voice doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the Moone haue beeing,
Are temporall, and ſubiect to decay:
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing
With ſome, that weene the contrarie in thought;
That all this whole ſhall one day come to nought.

10

As that braue ſonne of *Aeſon*, which by charmes
Atchiu'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of armes
Of Dragons teeth, ſowne in the ſacred ſand;
So this braue Towne, that in her youthly daies
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourſlings praiſe
The firie ſunnes both one and other houſe:
But they at laſt, there being then not liuing
An *Hercules*, ſo ranke ſeed to repreſſe;
Emongſt themſelues with cruell furie ſtriuing,
Mow'd down themſelues with ſlaughter mercileſſe;
Renewing in themſelues that rage vnkind,
Which whilom did thoſe earth-borne brethren blind.

11

MARS, ſhaming to haue giuen ſo great head
To his off-ſpring, that mortall puiſſaunce
Puſt vp with pride of Romane hardiehead,
Seemd aboue heauens powre it ſelfe to aduaunce:
Cooling againe his former kindled heat;
With which he had thoſe Romane ſpirits fild,
Did blowe new fire, and with enflamed breath,

Into

Into the Gothicke cold hot rage inſtild:
Then gan that Nation, th'earths new Giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of warre,
And beating downe theſe walls with furious mood
Into her mothers boſome, all did marre:
To th'end that none, all were it IOVE his fire
Should boaſt himſelfe of the Romane Empire.

12

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hils on hils, to ſcale the ſtarrie skie,
And fight againſt the Gods of heauenly berth,
Whiles IOVE at them his thunder-bolts let flie;
All ſuddenly with lightning ouerthrowne,
The furious ſquadrons downe to ground did fall,
That th'earth vnder her childrens weight did grone,
And th'heauens in glorie triumpht ouer all:
So did that haughtie front which heaped was
On theſe ſeuen Romane hils, it ſelfe vpreare
Ouer the world, and lift her loftie face
Againſt the heauen, that gan her force to feare.
But now the ſcorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods ſecure feare not her force at all.

13

Nor the ſwift furie of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deepe wounds of Victors raging blade,
Nor ruthleſſe ſpoyle of ſouldiers blood-deſiring,
The which ſo oft thee (*Rome*) their conqueſt made;
Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of fortune variable,
Ne ruſt of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor ſpight of men vnſtable,
Nor thou oppoſd gainſt thine owne puiſſance;
Nor th'horrible vprore of windes high blowing,
Nor ſwelling ſtreames of that God ſnakie-paced,
Which hath ſo often with his ouerflowing
Thee drenched, haue thy pride ſo much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they haue thee left,
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee reft.

14

As men in Summer fearleſs paſſe the foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plaine,
And with his tumbling ſtreames doth beare aboord
The ploughmans hope, and ſhepheards labour vaine:
And as the coward beaſts vſe to deſpiſe
The noble Lion after his liues end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vaine foole-hardiſe
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:
And as at *Troy* moſt daſtards of the Greekes
Did braue about the corps of HECTOR cold;
So thoſe which whilome wont with pallid cheeks
The Romane triumphs glory to behold,
Now on theſe aſhie tombes ſhew boldneſs vaine,
And conquerd dare the Conquerour diſdaine.

15

Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye aſhie ghoſts,
Which ioying in the brightnes of your day,
Brought forth thoſe ſignes of your preſumptuous
Which now their duſty reliques doe bewray: (boaſts
Tell me ye ſpirits (ſith the darkſome riuer
Of *Styx*, not paſſable to ſoules returning,
Encloſing you in thrice three wards for euer,
Doe not reſtraine your images ſtill mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps ſome one of you
Yet heere aboue him ſecretly doth hide)
Doe ye not feele your torments to accrew,
When ye ſometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of theſe old *Romane* workes built with your hands,
Now to becom nought elſe, but heaped ſands?

16

Like as yee ſee the wrathfull ſea from farre,
In a great mountaine heapt with hideous noyſe,
Eftſoones of thouſand billowes ſhouldred narre,
Againſt a Rock to breake with dreadfull poyſe:
Like as ye ſee fell BOREAS with ſharpe blaſt,
Toſſing huge tempeſts through the troubled sky,
Eftſoones hauing his wide wings ſpent in waſt,
To ſtop his wearie cariere ſuddenly:
And as yee ſee huge flames ſpred diuerſlie,
Gathered in one vp to the heauens to ſpire,
Eftſoones conſumd to fall downe feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchie aſpire
As waues, as wind, as fire ſpred ouer all,
Till it by fatall doome adowne did fall.

17

So long as IOVES great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heauen doth vs fray,
Heauen had not feare of that preſumptuous might,
With which the Giants did the Gods aſſay.
But all ſo ſoone, as ſcorching Sunne had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to ouerſpred,
The earth out of her maſſie wombe forth ſent
That antique horror, which made heauen adred.
Then was the Germane Rauen in diſguiſe
That Romane Eagle ſeene to cleaue aſunder,
And towards heauen freſhly to ariſe
Out of theſe mountains, now conſumd to powder.
In which the foule that ſerues to beare the lightning,
Is now no more ſeene flying, nor alighting.

18

Theſe heapes of ſtones, theſe old wals which yee ſee,
Were firſt encloſures but of ſaluage ſoyle;
And theſe braue Palaces which maiſtred bee
Of time, were ſhepheards cottages ſomewhile.
Then tooke the ſhepheards Kingly ornament,
And the ſtout hynd armd his right hand with ſteele:
Eftſoones their rule of yeerely Preſidents
Grew great, and ſixe months greater a great deale;
Which made perpetuall, roſe to ſo great might,
That thence th'Imperiall Eagle rooting tooke,
Till th'heauen it ſelfe oppoſing gainſt her might,

Her

Her power to PETERS ſucceſſor betooke;
Who Shepheard-like (as Fates the ſame foreſeeing)
Doth ſhew, that all things turne to their firſt beeing.

19

All that is perfect, which th'heauen beautifies;
All that's imperfect, borne belowe the Moone;
All that doth feed our ſpirits and our eyes;
And all that doth conſume our pleaſures ſoone;
All the mishap, the which our daies outweares,
All the good hap of th'oldeſt times afore,
Rome in the time of her great anceſters,
Like a PANDORA, locked long in ſtore.
But deſtinie this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and euill was encloſed,
Their heauenly vertues from theſe woes aſſoyling,
Caried to heauen, from ſinfull bondage loſed:
But their great ſinnes, the cauſers of their paine,
Vnder theſe antique ruines yet remaine.

20

No otherwiſe then rainie cloud, firſt fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the ayre,
Eſtſoones in compaſs archt, to ſteepe his hed,
Doth plonge himſelfe in THETYS boſome faire;
And mounting vp againe, from whence he came,
With his great belly ſpreds the dimmed world,
Till at the laſt diſſoluing his moiſt frame,
In raine, or ſnowe, or haile he forth is horld;
This Citie, which was firſt but Shepheards ſhade,
Vpriſing by degrees, grew to ſuch height,
That Queene of land and ſea her ſelfe ſhe made.
At laſt not able to beare ſo great weight,
Her power diſperſt, through all the world did vade:
To ſhew that all in th'end to nought ſhall fade.

21

The ſame which PYRRHVS, and the puiſſaunce
Of *Africk* could not tame, that ſame braue Citie,
Which with ſtout courage armd againſt miſchaunce,
Suſtaind the ſhock of common enmitie;
Long as her ſhip toſt with ſo many freakes,
Had all the world in armes againſt her bent,
Was neuer ſeene, that any fortunes wreakes
Could breake her courſe begun with braue intent.
But when the obiect of her vertue failed,
Her power it ſelfe againſt it ſelfe did arme:
As he that hauing long in tempeſt ſailed,
Faine would ariue, but cannot for the ſtorme,
If too great wind againſt the port him driue,
Doth in the port it ſelfe his veſſell riue.

22

When that braue honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with *Africa* and *Byze*,
With *Thames* inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day ariſe;
Her nourſlings did with mutinous vprore
Harten againſt her ſelfe, her conquerd ſpoile,
Which ſhe had wonne from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoyld within a while.
So when the compaſt courſe of th'vniuerſe
In ſixe and thirtie thouſand yeares is runne,
The bands of th'elements ſhall backe reuerſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quite vndonne:
The ſeedes, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* wombe againe be hid.

23

O warie wiſedome of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from ſpoile ſhould be forborne!
To th'end that his victorious people ſhould
With cankring leiſure not be ouerworne;
He well foreſawe, how that the Romane courage,
Impatient of pleaſures faint deſires,
Through idlenes would turne to ciuill rage,
And be her ſelfe the matter of her fires.
For in a people giuen all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As in a vicious body, groſſe diſeaſe
Soone growes through humours ſuperfluitie.
That came to paſſe, when ſwolne with plenties pride,
Nor Prince, nor Peere, nor kin they would abide.

24

If the blind furie, which warres breedeth oft,
Wonts not t'enrage the hearts of equall beaſts,
Whether they fare on foote, or flie aloft,
Or armed be with clawes, or ſcalie creaſts;
What fell ERYNNIS with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noyſome rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruell wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard deſtinie?
Or ſome old ſinne, whoſe vnappeaſed guilt
Powrd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or brothers blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Vpon your walles, that God might not endure,
Vpon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

25

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harpe,
For to awake out of th'infernall ſhade
Thoſe antique CAESARS, ſleeping long in darke,
The which this auncient Citie whilome made:
Or that I had AMPHIONS inſtrument,
To quicken with his vitall notes accord,
The ſtonie ioynts of theſe old walls now rent,
By which th'*Auſonian* light might be reſtord:
Or that at leaſt I could with penſill fine,
Faſhion the pourtraicts of theſe Palacis,

By

By paterne of great VIRGILS ſpirit diuine;
I would aſſay with that which in me is,
To build with leuell of my loftie ſtile,
That which no hands can euermore compile.

26

Who liſt the Romane greatnes forth to figure,
Him needeth not to ſeeke for vſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquare, to meaſure
Her length, her breadth, her deepnes, or her hight:
But him behooues to view in compaſſe round
All that the Ocean graſpes in his long armes;
Be it where th'yeerely ſtarre doth ſcorch the ground,
Or where cold BOREAS blowes his bitter ſtormes,
Rome was th'whole world, & all the world was *Rome*.
And if things nam'd their names doe equalize,
When land and ſea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome*, ye land and ſea comprize:
For th'auncient Plot of *Rome*, diſplaied plaine,
The map of all the wide world doth containe.

27

Thou that at *Rome* aſtoniſht dooſt behold
The antique pride, which menaced the skie,
Theſe haughtie heapes, theſe palaces of old,
Theſe wals, theſe arks, theſe baths, theſe temples hie;
Iudge by theſe ample ruines view, the reſt
The which iniurious time hath quite outworne,
Since of all workmen held in reckning beſt,
Yet theſe old fragments are for pitternes borne:
Then alſo marke, how *Rome* from day to day,
Repayring her decayed faſhion,
Renewes herſelfe with buildings rich and gay;
That one would iudge, that the *Romaine Demon*
Doth yet himſelfe with fatall hand enforce,
Againe on foote to reare her pouldred corſe.

28

Hee that hath ſeene a great Oake dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome Trophees old,
Lifting to heauen her aged hoarie head,
Whoſe foote on ground hath left but feeble hold;
But halfe diſboweld lies aboue the ground,
Shewing her wreathed rootes, and naked armes,
And on her trunke all rotten and vnſound,
Onely ſupports herſelfe for meat of wormes;
And though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt wind,
Yet of the deuout people is ador'd,
And many yong plants ſpring out of her rind:
Who ſuch an Oake hath ſeene, let him record
That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongſt all Cities floriſhed much more.

29

All that which *Egypt* whilome did deuiſe,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embrane,
After th'Ionick, Attick, Doriek guiſe,
Or *Corinth*, skild in curious works to grane:
All that LYSIPPVS practike arte could forme,
APELLES wit, or PHIDIAS his skill,
Was wont this auncient Citie to adorne,
And heauen it ſelfe with her wide wonders fill.
All that which *Athens* euer brought forth wiſe,
All that which *Africk* euer brought forth ſtrange,
All that which *Aſie* euer had of priſe,
Was hers to ſee. O meruailous great change!
Rome, liuing, was the worlds ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds ſole moniment.

30

Like as the ſeeded field greene graſſe firſt ſhowes,
Then from greene graſſe into a ſtalke doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalke into an eare forth growes,
Which eare the fruitfull graine doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the husband mowes
The wauing locks of thoſe faire yellow heares,
Which bound in ſheaues, and layd in comly rowes,
Vpon the naked fields in ſtackes he reares:
So grew the Romane Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe old markes to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by doe ſomewhat pill:
As they which gleane, the reliques vſe to gather,
Which th'husbandman behind him chanſt to ſcater.

31

That ſame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoeuer dooſt abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*:
Ne *Africk* thereof guiltie is, nor *Spayne*,
Nor the bold people by the *Thamis* brinks,
Nor the braue warlike broode of *Alemaine*,
Nor the borne ſouldiour which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou onely cauſe, ô Ciuill furie art,
Which ſowing in th'*Aemathian* fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arme thy hand againſt thy proper hart;
To th'end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatnes growne, through long proſperitie,
Thou then adowne might'ſt fall more horribly.

32

Hope ye my verſes that poſteritie
Of age enſuing ſhall you euer read?
Hope ye that euer immortalitie
So meane Harpes work may chalenge for her meed?
If vnder heauen any endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble doe appeare,
Might well haue hop't to haue obtained it.
Nath'leſſe my Lute, whō PONTVS deigned to giue,

Ceaſe

Ceaſe not to ſound theſe old antiquities:
For if that time doe let thy glory liue,
Well maiſt thou boaſt, how euer baſe thou be,
That thou art firſt, which of thy Nation ſong
Th'olde honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

¶ BELLAY, firſt garland of free Poëſie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitfull of braue wits,
Well worthy thou of immortalitie,
That long haſt traueld by thy learned writs,
Old *Rome* out of her aſhes to reuiue,
And giue a ſecond life to dead decayes:
Needs muſt he all eternitie ſuruiue,
That can to other giue eternall dayes.
Thy dayes therefore are endleſs, and thy praiſe
Excelling all, that euer went before:
And after thee, gins BARTAS hie to raiſe
His heauenly Muſe, th'Almightie to adore.
Liue happy ſpirits, th'honour of your name,
And fill the world with neuer-dying fame.

FINIS.

MVIO-

MVIOPOTMOS,

OR

THE FATE OF THE BVTTERFLY.

By *Edmunde Spenſer.*

Dedicated to the moſt faire and vertuous Lady,
the Ladie CAREY.

Printed by *H. L.* for *Mathew Lownes.*
1611.

TO THE RIGHT VVORTHY and vertuous Ladie; the Lady *Carey*.

MOſt braue and bountifull Lady, for ſo excellent fauours as I haue receiued at your ſweet hands, to offer theſe fewe leaues as in recompence, ſhould bee as to offer flowers to the Gods for their diuine benefites. Therefore I haue determined to giue my ſelfe whollie to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelfe, and abſolutely vowed to your ſeruices: vvhich in all right is euer held for full recompence of debt or damage, to haue the perſon yeelded. My perſon I wot well how little worth it is. But the faithfull mind and humble zeale which I beare vnto your Ladiſhip, may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and vſe the poore ſeruice thereof; which taketh glory to aduance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to ſpend it ſelfe in honouring you: not ſo much for your great bountie to my ſelfe, which yet may not be vnminded, nor for name or kindred ſake by you vouchſafed, being alſo regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye haue by your braue deſerts purchaſt to your ſelfe, and ſpred in the mouthes of all men: vvith which I haue alſo preſumed to grace my verſes, and vnder your Name, to commend to the world this ſmall Poëme. The which beſeeching your Ladiſhip to take in worth, & of all things therein according to your wonted graciouſnes to make a milde conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happineſſe.

(***)

Your La: euer humbly;

Ed. Sp.

L. MVIO-

MVIOPOTMOS:

OR

The Fate of the Butterflie.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd vp through wrathfull NEMESIS deſpight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great eſtate,
Drawne into armes, and proofe of mortall fight,
Through proud ambition, and hart-ſwelling hate,
Whilſt neither could the others greater might
And ideignfull ſcorne endure; that from ſmall iarre
Their wraths at length broke into open warre.

The roote whereof and tragicall effect,
Vouchſafe, ô thou the mournfulſt Muſe of nine,
That wont'ſt the tragick ſtage for to direct,
In funerall complaints and wailefull tine,
Reueale to me, and all the meanes detect,
Through which ſad CLARION did at laſt decline
To loweſt wretchednes; And is there then
Such rancour in the harts of mightie men?

Of all the race of ſiluer-winged Flies
Which doe poſſeſſe the Empire of the ayre,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more fauourable, nor more faire,
Whilſt heauen did fauour his felicities,
Then CLARIÓN, the eldeſt ſonne and heire
Of MVSCAROLL, and in his fathers ſight,
Of all aliue did ſeeme the faireſt wight.

With fruitfull hope his aged breaſt he fed
Of future good, which his young toward yeares,
Full of braue courage and bold hardyhed
Aboue th'enſample of his equall Peares,
Did largely promiſe, and to him fore-red,
(Whilſt oft his hart did melt in tender teares)
That he in time would ſure proue ſuch an one,
As ſhould be worthy of his fathers throne.

The freſh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of luſtfull youth began to kindle faſt,
Did much diſdaine to ſubiect his deſire
To lothſome ſloth, or houres in eaſe to waſt,
But ioy'd to range abroad in freſh attire;
Through the wide compaſs of the ayrie coaſt,
And with vnwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned ſire.

For he ſo ſwift and nimble was of flight,
That from his lower tract he dar'd to ſtie
Vp to the clowdes, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft vnto the cryſtall skie,
To view the workmanſhip of heauens hight:
Whence downe deſcending he along would flie
Vpon the ſtreaming rillets, ſport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day, when ſeaſon milde
With gentle calme the world had quieted,
And high in heauen HYPERION'S fierie childe
Aſcending, did his Beames abroad diſpred,
Whiles all the heauens on lower creatures ſmilde;
Young CLARION with vaunt full luſtiehed,
After his guiſe did caſt abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furniture prepare.

His breaſt-plate firſt, that was of ſubſtance pure,
Before his noble hart he firmely bound,
That mought his life from iron death aſſure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruell wound:
For it by arte was framed, to endure
The bit of balefull ſteele and bitter ſtownd,
No leſſe then that which VVLCANE made to ſhield
ACHILLES life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his ſhoulders broad he threw
An hairie hide of ſome wilde beaſt, whom hee
In ſaluage forreſt by aduenture ſlew,
And reft the ſpoyle his ornament to bee:
Which ſpreading all his back with dreadfull view,
Made all that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Thinke him ALCIDES with the Lyons skin,
When the *Nemean* conqueſt he did win.

Vpon his head his glittering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deuiſe,
And curiouſly engraued, he did ſet:
The metall was of rare and paſſing priee;
Not Bilbo ſteele, nor braſſe from Corinth fet,
Nor coſtly *Oricalche* from ſtrange *Phoenice*;
But ſuch as could both PHOEBVS arrowes wate,
And th'hailing darts of heauen beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either side,
Like two sharpe speares, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine, applyde
To fight, layes forth her threatfull pikes afore,
The engines which in them sad death doe hyde:
So did this flie out-stretch his fearefull hornes,
Yet so as him their terrour more adornes.

Lastly, his shinie wings as siluer bright,
Painted with thousand colours, passing farre
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not halfe so many sundry colours arre
In IRIS bowe, ne heauen doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling starre,
Nor IVNOS Bird in her eye-spotted traine
So many goodly colours doth containe.

Ne (may it be withouten perill spoken)
The Archer God, the sonne of CYTHEREE,
That ioyes on wretched louers to be wroken,
And heaped spoiles of bleeding harts to see,
Beares in her wings so many a changefull token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgiue it vnto mee,
If ought against thine honour I haue told,
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady faire, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly enuide,
And wisht that two such fannes, so silken soft,
And golden faire, her Loue would her prouide,
Or that when them the gorgeous Flie had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would steale them priuily away,
And bring to her so precious a pray.

Report is that dame VENYS on a day,
In spring when flowres doe clothe the fruitfull ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphes to play,
Bad her faire damzels flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array:
Emongst the rest a gentle Nymph was found,
Hight ASTERY, excelling all the crewe
In curteous vsage, and vnstained hewe.

Who beeing nimbler ioynted then the rest,
And more industrious, gathered more store
Of the fields honour, than the others best;
Which they in secret harts enuying sore,
Told VENVS, when her as the worthiest
She praisd, that CVPID (as they heard before)
Did lend her secret ayde, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddesse gathering iealous feare,
Not yet vnmindfull, how not long agoe
Her sonne to PSYCHE secret loue did beare,
And long it close conceald, till mickle woe
Thereof arose, and many a rusfull teare;
Reason with sudden rage did ouergoe,
And giuing hastie credit to th'accuser,
Was led away of them that did abuse her.

Eftsoones that Damzell by her heauenly might,
Shee turn'd into a winged Butterflie,
In the wide ayre to make her wandring flight;
And all those flowres, with which so plentiously
Her lap she filled had, that bred her spight,
She placed in her wings, for memorie
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that flie them in her wings doth beare.

Thus the fresh CLARION beeing readie dight,
Vnto his iourney did himselfe addresse,
And with good speed began to take his flight:
Ouer the fields in his franke lustinesse,
And all the champaine o're he soared light,
And all the countrey wide he did possesse,
Feeding vpon their pleasures bountiouslie,
That none gainsaid, nor none did him enuie.

The woods, the riuers, and the medowes greene,
With his ayre-cutting wings he measured wide,
Ne did he leaue the mountaines bare vnseene,
Nor the ranke grassie fennes delights vntride,
But none of these, how euer sweet they beene,
Mote please his fancie, nor him long abide:
His choicefull sense with euery change doth flit.
No common things may please a wauering wit.

To the gay gardens his vnstaid desire
Him wholly caried, to refresh his sprights:
There lauish Nature in her best attire,
Poures forth sweet odors, & alluring sights;
And Art with her contending, doth aspire,
T'excell the natturall, with made delights:
And all that faire or pleasant may be found,
In riotous excesse doth there abound.

There he arriuing, round about doth flie,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes suruey with curious busie eye,
Of euerie flowre and herbe there set in order;
Now this, now that he tasteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
Ne with his feete their silken leaues deface;
But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And euermore with most varietie,
And change of sweetnesse (for all change is sweet)
He casts his glutton sense to satisfie,
Now sucking of the sap of herbes most meet,
Or of the deaw, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the same bathing his tender feete:
And then he pearcheth on some branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

And then againe he turneth to his play,
To spoyle the pleasures of that Paradise:
The wholsome Salge, and Lauender still gray,
Ranke smelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roses raigning in the pride of May,
Sharpe Isope, good for greene wounds remedies,
Faire Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marioram, and Daysies decking prime.

Coole

Coole Violets, and Orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed Balme, and cheerfull Galingale,
Freſh Coſtmarie, and breathfull Camomill,
Dull Poppy, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Veine-healing Veruen, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Sauorie, and Bazill hartie-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perſeline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreſhing Roſmarine.

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grewe in this Garden, fetcht from farre away,
Of euerie one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warme Sunne he doth himſelfe embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſaunce
Of all his gladfulneſs, and kingly ioyaunce.

What more felicitie can fall to creature,
Then to enioy delight with liberty,
And to be Lord of all the works of Nature,
To raine in th'aire from earth to higheſt ſky,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what euer thing doth pleaſe the eye?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happineſs,
Well worthy he to taſte of wretchedneſs.

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate?
Or who can him aſſure of happy day:
Sith morning faire may bring foule euening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bliſſe alter may?
For thouſand perills lie in cloſe awaite
About vs dailie, to worke our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them auoyde, or remedy prouide.

And whatſo heauens in their ſecret doome
Ordained haue, how can fraile fleſhly wight
Fore-caſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the ayre, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and ſome
Doe ſerue to them, and with importune might
Warre againſt vs the vaſſals of their will.
Who then can ſaue, what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, ô CLARION, though faireſt thou
Of all thy kinde, vnhappy happy Flie,
Whoſe cruell fate is wouen euen now
Of IOVES owne hand, to worke thy miſerie:
Ne may thee helpe the many hartie vow,
Which thy olde Sire with ſacred pietie
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars ſprent:
Nought may thee ſaue from heauens auengement.

It fortuned (as heauens had behight)
That in this garden, where yong CLARION
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight
The foe of faire things, th'author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlaue of ſpight,
Had lately built his hatefull manſion,
And lurking cloſely, in awaite now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the ioyous Butterflie
In this faire plot diſplacing to and fro,
Feareleſſe of foes and hidden ieopardie,
Lord how he gan for to beſtirre him tho,
And to his wicked worke each part apply!
His hart did yerne againſt his hated foe,
And bowels ſo with rankling poyſon ſweld,
That ſcarce the skin the ſtrong contagion held.

The cauſe why he this Flie ſo maliced,
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
ARACHNE, by his meanes was vanquiſhed
Of PALLAS, and in her owne skill confound,
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow neuer ended.

For the *Tritonian* Goddeſſe hauing hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fild,
Came downe to proue the truth, and due reward
For her praiſe-worthy workmanſhip to yield:
But the preſumptuous Damzell raſhly dar'd
The Goddeſſe ſelfe to chalenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of workes with loome, with needle, and with quill.

MINERVA did the challenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their worke they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtorie ſhe will for her tapet take.
ARACHNE figur'd how IOVE did abuſe
EVROPA like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did beare, ſo liuely ſeene,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would weene.

Shee ſeem'd ſtill backe vnto the land to looke,
And her play-fellowes ayde to call, and feare
The daſhing of the waues, that vp ſhe tooke
Her daintie feet, and garments gathered neare:
But (Lord) how ſhe in euery member ſhooke,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appeare,
But a wilde wilderneſs of waters deepe:
Then gan ſhe greatly to lament and weepe.

Before the Bull ſhe pictur'd winged Loue,
With his young-brother Sport, light fluttering
Vpon the waues, as each had been a Doue;
The one his bowe and ſhafts, the other ſpring
A burning Teade about his head did moue,
As in their Sires new loue both triumphing:
And many Nymphes about them flocking round,
And many *Tritons*, which their hornes did ſound.

And round about, her worke ſhe did empale
With a faire border wrought of ſundry flowres,
Enwouen with an Iuie-winding trayle:
A goodly worke, full fit for Kingly bowres,
Such as Dame PALLAS, ſuch as Enuie pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth deuoures,
Could not accuſe. Then gan the Goddeſſe bright
Her ſelfe likewiſe vnto her work to dight.

She made the ſtorie of the old debate,
Which ſhe with NEPTVNE did for *Athens* try:
Twelue Gods doe ſit around in royall ſtate,
And IOVE in midſt with awfull Maieſtie,
To iudge the ſtrife between them ſtirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like viſnomie
Eathe to be knowne; but IOVE aboue them all,
By his great lookes and power Imperiall.

Before them ſtands the God of Seas in place,
Clayming that ſea-coaſt Citie as his right,
And ſtrikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth iſſues a warlike ſteed in ſight,
The ſigne by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which ſaw his wondrous might,
Did ſurely deeme the victorie his due:
But ſeldome ſeene, foreiudgement prooueth true.

Then to herſelfe ſhe giues her *Aegide* ſhield,
And ſteel-head ſpeare, and morion on her hedd,
Such as ſhe oft is ſeene in warlike field:
Then ſets ſhe forth, how with her weapon dredd
Shee ſmote the ground, the which ſtreight forth did
A fruitfull Olyue tree, with berries ſpredd, (yield
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the ſtorie
Shee compaſt with a wreathe of Olyues hoarie.

Emongſt thoſe leaues ſhe made a Butterflie
With excellent deuice and wondrous ſlight,
Fluttring among the Oliues wantonly,
That ſeem'd to liue, ſo like it was in ſight:
The veluet nap which on his wings doth lie,
The ſilken doune with which his backe is dight,
His broad outſtretched hornes, his ayrie thies,
His glorious colours, and his gliſtering eyes.

Which when ARACHNE ſaw, as ouerlaid,
And maſtered with workmanſhip ſo rare,
She ſtood aſtonied long, ne ought gaineſaid,
And with faſt fixed eyes on her did ſtare,
And by her ſilence, ſigne of one diſmaid,
The victorie did yeeld her as her ſhare:
Yet did ſhe inly fret, and felly burne,
And all her bloud to poyſonous rancor turne.

That ſhortly from the ſhape of womanhed,
Such as ſhe was when PALLAS ſhe attempted,
She grew to hideous ſhape of dryrihed,
Pined with griefe of folly late repented:
Eftſoones her white ſtreight legges were altered
To crooked crawling ſhanks, of marrowe empted,
And her faire face to foule and loathſome hewe,
And her fine corpes to a bag of venim grewe.

This curſed creature, mindfull of that olde
Enfeſted grudge, the which his mother felt,
So ſoone as CLARION he did behold,
His hart with vengefull malice inly ſwelt;
And weauing ſtraight a net with manie a fold
About the caue, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine ſmall cords about it ſtretched wide,
So finely ſponne, that ſcarce they could be ſpide.

Not any damzell, which her vaunteth moſt
In skilfull knitting of ſoft ſilken twine;
Nor any weauer, which his worke doth boaſt
In diaper, in damaske, or in lyne;
Nor any skild in workmanſhip emboſt;
Nor any skild in loupes of fingring fine,
Might in their diuers cunning euer dare,
With this ſo curious net-worke to compare.

Ne doe I thinke, that that ſame ſubtile gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God framde craftily,
MARS ſleeping with his wife to compaſſe in,
That all the Gods with common mockerie
Might laugh at them, and ſcorne their ſhamefull ſin,
Was like to this. This ſame he did apply,
For to entrap the careleſſe CLARION,
That rang'd each where without ſuſpicion.

Suſpicion of friend, nor feare of foe,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedome principall:
Litle wiſt he his fatall future woe,
But was ſecure, the liker he to fall,
He likeſt is to fall into miſchaunce,
That is regardleſs of his gouernaunce.

Yet ſtill ARAGNOLL (ſo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking couertly him to ſurpriſe,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dreſt in good order as he could deuiſe.
At length, the fooliſh Flie without foreſight,
As he that did all danger quite deſpiſe,
Toward thoſe parts came flying careleſſly,
Where hidden was his fatall enemy.

Who ſeeing him, with ſecrete ioy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in euerie vaine,
And his falſe hart fraught with all treaſons ſtore,
Was fill'd with hope, his purpoſe to obtaine:
Himſelfe he cloſe vpgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitfull traine
By his there beeing might not be bewraid,
Ne any noyſe, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Foxe, that hauing eſpide,
Where on a ſunny banke the Lambes doe play,
Full cloſely creeping by the hinder ſide,
Lyes in ambuſhment of his hoped pray,
Ne ſtirreth limbe, till ſeeing readie tide,
He ruſheth forth, and ſnatcheth quite away
One of the little yonglings vnawares:
So to his worke ARAGNOLL him prepares.

Who now ſhall giue vnto my heauie eyes
A well of teares, that all may ouerflow?
Or where ſhall I find lamentable cryes,
And mournfull tunes enough my griefe to ſhow?
Helpe ô thou Tragick Muſe, me to deuiſe
Notes ſad enough, t'expreſſe this bitter throw:
For loe, the drerie ſtownd is now arriued,
That of all happineſs hath vs depriued.

The

The luckleſs CLARION, whether cruell Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultleſs him miſled,
Of ſome vngracious blaſt out of the gate
Or AEOLES raine perforce him droue on hed,
Was (O ſad hap and houre vnfortunate)
With violent ſwift flight forth caried
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his finall ouerthroe.

There the fond Flie entangled, ſtrugled long,
Himſelfe to free thereout; but all in vaine.
For ſtriuing more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelfe he tide, and wrapt his winges twaine
In lymie ſnares the ſubtill loupes among;
That in the ende he breatheleſſe did remaine,
And all his youthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercy of th'auenger lent.

Which when the grieſly tyrant did eſpy,
Like a grimme Lyon ruſhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he ſeized greedily
On the reſiſtleſs prey, and with fell ſpight,
Vnder the left wing ſtrooke his weapon ſlie
Into his hart, that his deepe groning ſpright
In bloody ſtreames forth fled into the aire,
His bodie left the ſpectacle of care.

FINIS.

VISIONS

VISIONS OF THE WORLDS VANITIE.

(***)

1

ONe day, whiles that my daily cares did sleepe,
My spirit, shaking off her earthly prison,
Began to enter into meditation deepe
Of things exceeding reach of common reason;
Such as this age, in which all good is geason,
And all that humble is and meane debaced,
Hath brought forth in her last declining season,
Griefe of good minds, to see goodnesse disgraced.
On which when as my thought was throughly placed,
Vnto my eyes strange showes presented were,
Picturing that, which I in mind embraced,
That yet those sights empassion me full nere.
Such as they were (faire Lady) take in worth,
That when time serues, may bring things better forth.

2

In Summers day, when PHOEBVS fairely shone,
I saw a Bull as white as driuen snowe,
With gilden hornes embowed like the Moone,
In a fresh flowring meadow lying lowe:
Vp to his eares the verdant grasse did growe,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatness so did ouer-flowe
That he all wallowed in the weedes downe beaten,
Ne car'd with them his daintie lips to sweeten:
Till that a Brize, a scorned little creature,
Through his faire hide his angry sting did threaten,
And vext so sore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plentious pasture nought him pleased:
So by the small, the great is oft diseased.

3

Beside the fruitfull shore of muddy *Nile*,
Vpon a sunnie banke outstretched lay
In monstrous length, a mightie Crocodile,
That cramd with guiltless blood, and greedy pray
Of wretched people trauailing that way,
Thought all things lesse then his disdainfull pride.
I saw a little Bird, call'd *Tedula*,
The least of thousands which on earth abide,
That forst this hideous beast to open wide
The griesly gates of his deuouring hell,
And let him feede, as Nature doth prouide,
Vpon his iawes, that with blacke venime swell.
Why then should greatest things the least disdaine,
Sith that so small so mightie can constraine?

4

The kingly Bird, that beares IOVES thunder-clap,
One day did scorne the simple Scarabee,
Proud of his highest seruice, and good hap,
That made all other Fowles his thralls to bee:
The silly Flie, that no redresse did see,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring nest,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt vp his young ones, and himselfe distrest;
Ne suffred him in any place to rest,
But droue in IOVES owne lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering also filth him to infest,
Forst with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the Fowle was wroth, said IOVE,
Lo how the least the greatest may reproue.

5

Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,
I saw the fish (if fish I may it cleepe)
That makes the sea before his face to flie,
And with his flaggy finnes doth seeme to sweepe

The

The fomie waues out of the dreadfull deep,
The huge Leuiathan, dame Natures wonder,
Making his sport, that many makes to weepe:
A sword-fish small him from the rest did sunder,
That in his throat him pricking softly vnder,
His wide Abysse him forced forth to spewe,
That all the sea did roare like heauens thunder,
And all the waues were stain'd with filthy hewe.
Heereby I learned haue, not to despise,
What-euer thing seemes small in common eyes.

6

An hideous Dragon, dreadfull to behold,
Whose backe was arm'd against the dint of speare,
With shields of Brasse, that shone like burnisht gold,
And forkhed sting, that death in it did beare,
Stroue with a Spider, his vnequall peare:
And bad defiance to his enemie.
The subtill vermin creeping closely neare,
Did in his drinke shed poyson priuilie;
Which through his entrailes spreading diuersly,
Made him to swell, that nigh his bowels burst,
And him enforst to yeeld the victorie,
That did so much in his owne greatness trust.
O how great vainenesse is it then to scorne
The weake, that hath the strong so oft forlorne!

7

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grewe,
Of wondrous length, and straight proportion,
That farre abroad her daintie odours threwe,
Mongst all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beautie was not any one.
Shortly, within her inmost pith there bred
A little wicked worme, perceiu'd of none,
That on her sap and vitall moysture fed:
Thenceforth her garland so much honoured
Began to die, (ô great ruth for the same)
And her faire locks fell from her loftie head,
That shortly bald, and bared she became.
I, which this sight beheld, was much dismay'd,
To see so goodly thing so soone decay'd.

8

Soone after this, I saw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and bosses gorgeously,
That on his backe did beare (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which shone exceedingly;
That he himselfe through foolish vanitie,
Both for his rich attire and goodly forme,
Was puffed vp with passing surquedry,
And shortly gan all other beasts to scorne.
Till that a little Ant, a silly worme,
Into his nosthrills creeping, so him pained,
That casting downe his towres, he did deforme
Both borrowed pride, and natiue beautie stained.
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith so small thing his happiness may varie.

9

Looking farre forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ship with banners brauely dight,
And flagge in her top-gallant I espide,
Through the maine sea making her merry flight:
Faire blew the wind into her bosome right;
And th'heauens looked louely all the while,
That she did seeme to daunce, as in delight,
And at her owne felicitie did smile.
All suddainly there cloue vnto her keele
A little fish, that men call *Remora*,
Which stopt her course, and held her by the heele,
That winde nor tide could moue her thence away.
Strange thing me seemeth; that so small a thing
Should able be so great an one to wring.

10

A mightie Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Hauing his hunger throughly satisfide,
With pray of beasts, and spoile of liuing blood,
Safe in his dreadless den him thought to hide:
His sternnesse was his praise, his strength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruell clawes.
I saw a Waspe, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battaile euen to his iawes;
Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth drawes,
And his proud hart is fild with fretting ire:
In vaine he threats his teeth, his tayle, his pawes;
And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire;
That dead himselfe he wisheth for despight.
So weakest may annoy the most of might.

11

What time the Romane Empire bore the raine
Of all the world, and florisht most in might,
The Nations gan their soueraigntie disdaine,
And cast to quit them from their bondage quight:
So when all shrouded were in silent night,
The *Galles* were, by corrupting of a maid,
Possest nigh of the Capitoll through slight,
Had not a Goose the treachery bewrayd.
If then a Goose, great *Rome* from ruine stayd,
And IOVE himselfe, the Patron of the place,
Preseru'd from beeing to his foes betrayd,
Why doe vaine men meane things so much deface,
And in their might repose their most assurance,
Sith nought on earth can chalenge long endurance?

12

When these sad sights were ouer-past and gone,
My spright was greatly mooued in her rest,
With inward ruth and deare affection,

To

To ſee ſo great things by ſo ſmall diſtreſt.
Thenceforth I gan in my engrieued breſt
To ſcorne all difference of great and ſmall,
Sith that the greateſt often are oppreſt,
And vnwares doe into danger fall.
And ye, that read theſe ruines tragicall
Learne by their loſſe to loue the lowe degree,
And if that fortune chaunce you vp to call
To honours ſeat, forget not what you bee:
For he that of himſelfe is moſt ſecure,
Shall finde his ſtate moſt fickle and vnſure.

FINIS.

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1

IT was the time, when reſt ſoft ſliding downe
From heauens hight into mens heauie eyes,
In the forgetfulneſſe of ſleepe doth drowne
The carefull thoughts of mortall miſeries:
Then did a Ghoſt before mine eyes appeare,
On that great riuers banke, that runnes by *Rome*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to reare
My lookes to heauen, whence all good gifts doe come;
And crying lowd, Loe now behold (quoth hee)
What vnder this great temple placed is:
Loe, all is nought but flying vanitee.
So I that know this worlds inconſtancies,
Sith onely God ſurmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence doth ſtay.

2

On high hills top I ſaw a ſtately frame,
An hundred cubits high by iuſt aſſize,
With hundreth pillours fronting faire the ſame,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But ſhining cryſtall, which from top to baſe
Out of her wombe a thouſand rayons threw,
One hundred ſteps of *Afrike* gold's enchaſe.
Golde was the Parget, and the ſeeling bright
Did ſhine all ſcaly with great plates of gold;
The floore of Iaſp and Emeraude was dight.
O worlds vaineneſſe! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake ſhooke the hill from loweſt ſeat,
And ouerthrew this frame with ruine great.

3

Then did a ſharped ſpyre of Diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in ſquare, appeare to mee,
Iuſtly proportion'd vp vnto his hight,
So farre as Archer might his leuel loe:
The top thereof a pot did ſeeme to beare,
Made of the metall which we all doe honour,
And in this golden veſſell couched weare
The aſhes of a mightie Emperour.
Vpon foure corners of the baſe were pight,
To beare the frame, foure Lyons great of gold;
A worthy tombe for ſuch a worthy wight.
Alas! this world doth nought but grieuance hold.
I ſaw a tempeſt from the heauen deſcend,
Which this braue monument with flaſh did rend.

4

I ſaw rayſde vp on Iuorie pillowes tall,
Whoſe baſes were of richeſt metalls warke,
The chapters Alablaſter, the fryſes cryſtall,
The double front of a triumphall Arke:
On each ſide purtraid was a Victorie,
Clad like a Nimph, that wings of ſiluer weares,
And in triumphant chayre was ſet on hie,
The auncient glory of the Romane Peares.

No

No worke it ſeem'd of earthly craftſmans wit,
But rather wrought by his owne induſtry.
That thunder-darts for IOVE his ſire doth fit.
Let me no more ſee faire thing vnder ſky,
Sith that mine eyes haue ſeene ſo faire a ſight
With ſuddaine fall to duſt conſumed quight.

5

Then was the faire *Dodonian* tree farre ſeene,
Vpon ſeauen hills to ſpread his gladſome gleame,
And Conquerours bedecked with his greene,
Along the banks of the *Auſonian* ſtreame:
There many an auncient Trophee was addreſt,
And many a ſpoyle, and many a goodly ſhow,
Which that braue races greatnes did atteſt,
That whilome from the *Troyan* bloud did flow.
Rauiſht I was ſo rare a thing to view,
When lo, a barbarous troupe of clowniſh fone
The honour of theſe noble boughs downe threw,
Vnder the wedge I heard the tronke to grone:
And ſince I ſaw the roote in great diſdaine
A twinne of forked trees ſend forth againe.

6

I ſaw a Wolfe vnder a rockie caue
Nurſing two whelps; I ſaw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teate to craue,
While ſhe her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I ſaw her range abroad to ſeeke her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T'embrew her teeth & clawes with lukewarme bloud
Of the ſmall heards, her thirſt for to aſſwage.
I ſaw a thouſand huntſmen, which deſcended
Downe from the mountaines bordring *Lombardie*,
That with an hundred ſpeares her flanke wide rended.
I ſaw her on the Plaine outſtretched lie,
Throwing out thouſand throbs in her owne ſoyle:
Soone on a tree vphangd I ſaw her ſpoyle.

7

I ſaw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings aſſay to mount on hight,
By more and more ſhe gan her wings t'aſſure,
Following th'enſample of her mothers ſight:
I ſaw her riſe, and with a larger flight
To pierce the cloudes, and with wide pinneons
To meaſure the moſt haughty mountaines hight,
Vntill ſhe raught the Gods owne manſions:
There was ſhe loſt, when ſuddaine I beheld,
Where tumbling through the ayre in firie fold;
All flaming downe ſhe on the Plaine was feld,
And ſoone her bodie turn'd to aſhes cold.
I ſaw the fowle that doth the light deſpiſe,
Out of her duſt like to a worme ariſe.

8

I ſaw a riuer ſwift, whoſe fomie billowes
Did waſh the ground-worke of an old great wall;
I ſaw it couer'd all with griſly ſhadowes,
That with black horror did the ayre appall:
Thereout a ſtrange beaſt with ſeauen heads aroſe,
That townes and caſtles vnder her breſt did coure,
And ſeem'd both milder beaſts and fiercer foes
Alike with equall ruine to deuoure.
Much was I mazde, to ſee this monſters kind
In hundred formes to change his fearefull hew,
When as at length I ſaw the wrathfull wind,
Which blows cold ſtorms, burſt out of *Scithian* mew,
That ſperſt theſe clowdes, and in ſo ſhort as thought,
This dreadfull ſhape was vaniſhed to nought.

9

Then all aſtonied with this mightie ghoaſt,
An hideous body big and ſtrong I ſawe,
With ſide-long beard, and locks down hanging loaſt,
Sterne face, and front full of Saturn-like awe;
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd forth a water, whoſe out-guſhing flood
Ran bathing all the creakie ſhore aflot,
Whereon the *Troyan* Prince ſpilt TYRNVS blood;
And at his feete a bitch-wolfe ſucke did yield
To two young babes: his left, the Palme-tree ſtout,
His right hand did the peacefull Oliue wield,
And head with Laurell garniſht was about.
Sudden both Palme and Oliue fell away,
And faire greene Laurell branch did quite decay.

10

Hard by a riuers ſide a virgin faire,
Folding her armes to heauen with thouſand throbs,
And outraging her cheekes and golden haire,
To falling riuers ſound thus tun'd her ſobs.
Where is (quoth ſhe) this whilome honored face?
Where the great glory and the ancient praiſe,
In which all worlds felicitie had place,
When Gods and men my honour vp did raiſe?
Suffis'd it not that ciuill warres me made
The whole worlds ſpoyle, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred HERCVLES to be aſſaid,
With ſeauen heads, budding monſtrous crimes anew,
So many NEROES and CALIGVLAES
Out of theſe crooked ſhores muſt daily raiſe?

11

Vpon an hill a bright flame I did ſee,
Wauing aloft with triple point to skie,
Which like incenſe of precious Cedar tree,
With balmie odours fill'd th'ayre farre and nie.
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Hereout vp to the throne of Gods did flie,
And all the way moſt pleaſant notes did ſing,
Whilſt in the ſmoake ſhe vnto heauen did ſtie.
Of this faire fire the ſcattered rayes forth threw
On euerie ſide a thouſand ſhining beames:

When

When ſudden dropping of a ſiluer dew
(O grieuous chance) gan quench thoſe precious flames;
That it which earſt ſo pleaſant ſent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous ſulphure ſmeld.

12

I ſaw a ſpring out of a rocke forth rayle,
As cleare as Cryſtall gainſt the Sunny beames,
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright PACTOLVS waſheth with his ſtreames;
It ſeem'd that Art and Nature had aſſembled
All pleaſures there, for which mans hart could long;
And there a noyſe alluring ſleepe ſoft trembled,
Of many accords more ſweet then Mermaids ſong:
The ſeates and benches ſhone of Iuorie,
And hundred Nymphes ſate ſide by ſide about;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troupe of Satyres in the place did rout,
Which with their villaine feet the ſtreame did ray,
Threw downe the ſeats, and droue the Nymphs away.

13

Much richer then that veſſell ſeem'd to bee,
Which did to that ſad *Florentine* appeare,
Caſting mine eyes farre off, I chaunſt to ſee,
Vpon the *Latine* Coaſt herſelfe to reare:
But ſuddenly aroſe a tempeſt great,
Bearing cloſe enuie to theſe riches rare,
Which gan aſſaile this ſhip with dreadfull threat,
This ſhip, to which none other might compare.
And finally the ſtorme impetuous
Sunke vp theſe riches, ſecond vnto none,
Within the gulfe of greedy *Nereus*.
I ſaw both ſhip and mariners each one,
And all that treaſure drowned in the maine:
But I the ſhip ſaw after raiſd againe.

14

Long hauing deeply gron'd theſe viſions ſad,
I ſaw a Cittie like vnto that ſame,
Which ſaw the meſſenger of tydings glad;
But that on ſand was built the goodly frame:
It ſeem'd her top the firmament did raiſe,
And no leſſe rich then faire, right worthie ſure
(If ought heere worthy) of immortall dayes,
Or if ought vnder heauen might firme endure.
Much wondred I to ſee ſo faire a wall:
When from the Northerne coaſt a ſtorme aroſe,
Which breathing furie from his inward gall
On all, which did againſt his courſe oppoſe,
Into a clowde of duſt ſperſt in the aire
The weake foundations of this Cittie faire.

15

At length, euen at the time, when MORPHEVS
Moſt truſie doth vnto our eyes appeare,
Wearie to ſee the heauens ſtill wauering thus,
I ſaw TYPHAEVS ſiſter comming neare;
Whoſe head full brauely with a morion hidd,
Did ſeeme to match the Gods in Maieſtie.
She by a riuers banke that ſwift downe ſlidd,
Ouer all the world did raiſe a Trophee hie;
An hundred vanquiſht Kings vnder her lay,
With armes bound at their backs in ſhamefull wiſe;
Whilſt I thus mazed was with great affray,
I ſaw the heauens in warre againſt her riſe:
Then downe ſhe ſtriken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noyſe I wakte in ſudden wonder.

FINIS.

M. THE

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
A clowe of Crystall gainst the Sunny beames;
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright PACTOLVS washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there, which mens hart could hope;
And there a noyse of falling drops resembled
Of many accords more sweete then Musicall;
The Lettice and bent on the side of leone;
And hyacint, Narcisse, and lilie white shone,
Then from the hills were tumbling streames,
A temple

12

When in deaw dropping out of yuorie dew
(O grieuous chance) you quench those precious flames;
That so which can so pleasant fruit bring forth,
Of nothing now but moane and playnte shall breath.

I saw a spring out of a rocke forth rayle,
A cleare Crystall gainst the Sunny beames;
The bottome yellow, like the golden grayle
That bright PACTOLVS washeth with his streames;
It seem'd that Art and Nature had assembled
All pleasures there, which mens hart could hope;
And there a noyse of falling drops resembled
Of many accords more sweete then Musicall;
The Lettice and bent on the side of leone;
And hyacint, Narcisse, and lilie white shone,
Then from the Nimphs were tumbling streames,
A temple

13

And all that treasure drowned in the same;
But I the ship saw with a lasting fame.

14

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH.

Formerlie translated.

1

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So many strange things happened me to see;
As much it grieueth me to thinke thereon.
At my right hand a Hynde appear'd to mee,
So faire as mote the greatest God delite;
Two eager dogs did her pursue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force so in their cruell race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beast,
That at the last, and in short time I spide,
Vnder a Rocke where she alas oppress,
Fell to the ground, and there vntimely dide.
Cruell death vanquishing so noble beautie;
Oft makes me waile so hard a destinie.

2

After at Sea a tall ship did appeare;
Made all of Heben and white yuorie,
The sailes of gold, of silke the tackle were,
Milde was the winde, calme seem'd the sea to be,
The skie each where did show full bright and faire;
With rich treasures this gay ship fraighted was:
But sudden storme did so turmoyle the ayre,
And tumbled vp the sea, that she (alas!)
Strake on a Rock; that vnder water lay,
And perished past all recouerie.
O how great ruth and sorrowfull assay,
Doth vexe my spirit with perplexitie,
Thus in a moment to see lost and drown'd
So great riches, as like cannot be found.

3

The heauenly branches did I see arise
Out of the fresh and lustie Laurell tree;
Amidst the young greene wood: of Paradise
Some noble plant I thought my selfe to see:
Such store of birds therein yshrowded weare,
Chaunting in shade their sundry melodie,
That with their sweetnesse I was ratisht nere.
While on this Laurell fixed was mine eye,
The skie gan euery where to ouer-cast,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When sudden flash of heauens fire out brast,
And rent this royall tree quite by the roote,
Which makes me much and euer to complaine:
For no such shadow shall be had againe.

4

Within this wood, out of a rocke did rise
A spring of water, mildly rumbling downe,
Whereto approched not in any wise
The homely shepheard, nor the rider clowne;
But manie Muses, and the Nymphes withall,
That sweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the soft sounding of the waters fall,
That my glad hart thereat did much reioyce.
But while therein I tooke my chiefe delight,
How (alas!) the gaping earth deuoure
The spring, the place, and all cleane out of sight:
Which yet aggreeues my hart euen to this houre;
And wounds my soule with rufull memorie;
To see such pleasures gone so suddenly.

5

I saw a Phœnix in the wood alone;
With purple wings, and crest of golden hewe;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of some heauenly wight I had the yewe;

Vntill he came vnto the broken tree,
And to the spring, that late deuoured was.
What say I more? each thing at last we see
Doth passe away: the Phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the tree destroyd, the water dride,
Himselfe smote with his beake, as in disdaine,
And so forth-with in great despight he dide:
That yet my hart burnes in exceeding paine,
For ruth and pitty of so hapless plight.
O let mine eyes no more see such a sight.

6

At last, so faire a Ladie did I spie,
That thinking yet on her, I burne and quake;
On hearbs and flowres she walked pensiuely,
Mild, but yet loue she proudly did forsake:
White seem'd her robes, yet wouen so they were,
As snow and golde together had been wrought.
Aboue the waste a darke clowde shrouded her,
A stinging Serpent by the heele her caught;
Where-with she languisht as the gather'd flowre,
And well assur'd she mounted vp to ioy.
Alas, on earth so nothing doth endure,
But bitter griefe and sorrowfull annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with stormes of fortune variable.

7

When I beheld this tickle trustlesse state
Of vaine worlds glory, flitting too and fro,
And mortall men tossed by troublous fate
In restlesse seas of wretchednes and woe,
I wish I might this wearie life forgoe,
And shortly turne vnto my happy rest,
Where my free spirit might not any moe
Be vext with sights, that doe her peace molest.
And ye faire Ladie, in whose bountious breast
All heauenly grace and vertue shrined is;
When ye these rimes doe read, and view the rest,
Loathe this base world, and thinke of heauens blis:
And though ye be the fairest of Gods creatures,
Yet think, that death shall spoile your goodly features.

FINIS.